THE PEPPERELL CHILDREN.

Source-Readers in American History — No. 2

CAMPS AND FIRESIDES OF THE REVOLUTION

SELECTED AND ANNOTATED BY

ALBERT BUSHNELL HART

OF HARVARD UNIVERSITY

WITH THE COLLABORATION OF

MABEL HILL

OF THE LOWELL NORMAL SCHOOL

WITH MANY ILLUSTRATIONS

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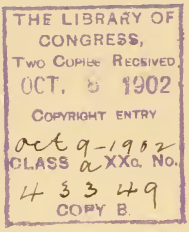

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Preface

THE second volume of Source-Readers is, like the first, wholly made up of pieces written at the time of the events and incidents here described. The language is modernized wherever necessary, and many unfamiliar words have been replaced by such as are more familiar to children; the spelling also has been brought to the reader's standard, except in a few cases where the old form seemed quaint and not likely to affect a child's habits of writing. Nothing has anywhere been added for spice or for the sake of making a good story. From a careful reading of these extracts, and of many more for which room could not be found, I feel sure that the actual deeds, experiences, and life of our ancestors were in themselves so interesting, often so romantic, that the records of them need no recasting. The pieces are, of course, not all of equal literary merit; but I have tried to exclude all writers who did not express themselves in good, reasonably straightforward English, such as cannot harm the growing style of children.

ALBERT BUSHNELL HART.

CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS,
July, 1901.

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INTRODUCTION FOR TEACHERS

By Mabel Hill

This Source Reader is intended to serve a twofold purpose. The book in the first place is a Reader, answering the demands of modern reading-books. Its literary flavor, its strong phraseology, its wholesome vocabulary, and its diversity in style combine to give it a character stamped with the hall-mark of good English.

In the second place, the material is so chosen that the volume may be used in correlation with any course in historical study which includes the late colonial and revolutionary periods, and which deals with the subject in an elementary manner in the classes of graded grammar schools. Moreover, as the sketches, for the most part anecdotal or narrative, are the original expressions of chief actors or eyewitnesses of the scenes described, the book forms a small library of source material, thereby solving in part the problem of how to make possible some use of first-hand material in the public schools.

The time was when to "read through" a reading-book, page by page, was the ambition of every teacher for each individual pupil. This is no longer deemed important or wise; the real requirement is that the child shall know how to read intelligently, and that his reading shall open his eyes toward a larger mental horizon. Each requirement, in a measure, involves the other; the expression depends upon the thought and the interest in the thought; while the thought itself cannot be properly interpreted without the

proper emphasis, clear enunciation, and liquid flow of full sentence expressions. Here, in the Source Reader, we find a book of such character that the thought may be copartner with the work of the history lesson ; and this gives it an illumination not otherwise to be commanded. The moment the interest is aroused, the act of reading well will follow from sheer force of circumstance. This copartnership with the work along historical lines gives the added emphasis of interest to the reading lessons.

The material in the Source Reader is so chosen that each selection has its place in the annals of the colonial and revolutionary periods. Here we have at hand the desired correlative material, in its chronological relations. Here are stories and sketches, so transliterated from the early orthography and changed from the old-fashioned printing, that it is possible for children from ten to twelve years old to read the text intelligently. The very grouping of these selections is unique, as the titles of each part will indicate upon examination. Teachers who are working in the earlier grammar grades, where the objective side of history is borne in mind, so that a clear mental picture of the time may be produced, will find a fresh invoice of delightful literary material in the first two parts, *Home Life*, and *Highways and Byways*. Take for instance the very first selection, entitled "Thrifty Quaker Housekeeping." The charm of Hannah Penn's personality pervades the whole letter ; while her mention of domestic utensils and household articles gives much valuable information regarding the details of living.

We find herein ample material for pleasant conversation concerning old-time house furnishings ; and along with Benjamin Franklin's entertaining account of London shopping ("Presents from London"), it forms a capital inventory of articles used by dame and maiden for personal or home decorations. No matter how youthful the little girl, or

how dignified the school-teacher, the two will meet on common grounds of interest as they read together these rare accounts of colonial shopping, ever dear to woman's heart. It is a pleasure, too, to meet the honored Franklin in a domestic moment, when his interest in old china, his appreciation of artistic designs, and his admiration for becoming frocks for the fair sex give the student a new and perhaps closer insight into the personal tastes of the great diplomat. The teacher will find that the girls, after reading a half-dozen such records, will discover a new and wholesome interest in the home side of history.

The book abounds in stories equally adapted to boys, tales which set the pulse throbbing, and stir the very depths of boy nature. In Parts III and IV, where the relations between the Indians and the white men are described, both in times of peace and during the wars between France and England, the selections seem especially suggestive in their correlation with any ordinary text-book of history. Turn to Peter Kalm's various narratives of Indian life, and not one of them will fail to stir the imagination as well as to develop the historical sense. John Bertram's sketch of "Indian Hospitality" will suggest a scheme for a make-believe Indian hunting ground, which will serve as a pastime for many a holiday to come. The pupil who loves adventure will find delight in "How Mackinac was Taken and Detroit was Saved," where Jonathan Carver tells the story of Pontiac, and how the wily chief was outwitted. Over and over again the lover of adventure will find tales of wonder in this volume to open bright eyes still wider, if the teacher will but guide to text and page.

The chapters are so arranged chronologically, that from day to day the Source Reader may supplement the work of the history recitation. Not only in the opening selections, where we find the characteristics of colonial life accurately

portrayed through narratives setting forth the commercial, social, literary, and religious tendencies of the period, but as the history of the American colonist grows more tangled with national political affairs, the sketches are admirably adapted to throw light upon the conditions in this country during the "Old French War." Parkman himself has not told the story of the brave Wolfe with more thrilling touch than is here reproduced from the pen of John Knox, one of the party who stormed the Plains of Abraham.

The sketches taken from personal letters, diaries, journals, or documentary accounts have not only their own individual charm to catch the appreciation of the child reader, and to implant an interest in colonial affairs, but the fact that the writings are part of the literary products of the colonial period gives them a value in themselves.

The extreme care with which the author has edited these pages, that the story may appear in the modern clothes of orthography, punctuation, and type, has not taken away the flavor of the original text; the thought and expression have been preserved intact; and, indeed, few serious changes of words and sentences have been found necessary.

The reading matter grows in interest as we turn the pages. Parts V, VI, VII, and VIII are rife with the spirit of '76, as their titles suggest: *Getting Ready for the Revolution; Revolutionary Incidents; In Camp; In the Field.* Each terse term quickens the imagination as it suggests what is to follow.

As the class studies the American Revolution, becoming more and more enthusiastic with patriotic sympathy, it is well that its attention should be called to such a sketch as is given by Governor Hutchinson, under the title of "A Furious Mob." To most questions there are two sides to consider, and a broader-minded point of view will be held by the boy or girl "historian" who knows something of the

over-patriotic Sons of Liberty. As the battles and sieges of the War of Independence are discussed in their turn, this volume becomes an open commentary with its valuable anecdotes, making real the life of battle-field and camp. Thatcher's "Amenities of Camp Life" gives an interesting and curious picture of what we may suppose to have been the daily life at Valley Forge, in 1779. What a surprise to the young reader it will be to find Mrs. Washington sharing that winter of hardship with her husband and gallant soldiers! How entertaining to read of the dignified review of the revolutionary brigade as it drew up before General Washington and the visiting chiefs! On a later page, a brave story is told by Madame Riedesel, as she describes her journey with the Hessian army, under the command of her husband. The famous Burgoyne surrender is thus made very human, by this short sketch of "A German Lady's Campaign."

The poetry of the volume has literary merit of itself in many instances, but its great value lies in the lusty outpourings of warrior, sailor, or patriot whose blood tingles with the spirit of the age. It would be well, perhaps, to have the class commit the lines of *Yankee Doodle* to memory, that our first American "battle-song" may be handed down with accuracy to the next generation.

Although the scope of this book permits a variety in kinds of writing, as well as in style, the literature is never beyond the intellectual grasp of children from ten to fifteen years of age. If the sketch be descriptive in character, the clear-cut picture is drawn in simple language; if narrative, the story-teller sets forth his tale in plain, forceful words. The colonial pen was dipped in the ink of earnest feeling, and the simplicity of the Anglo-Saxon vocabulary best fitted the trend of the thought of our early American writers. The literary expression of David Humphreys, Thomas Hutchinson, Francis Goelet, John Adams, or Timothy Dwight is

the natural output of a mental activity, marked by peculiarly virile language, and imbued with a rare combination of imagination and dramatic emotion.

The inborn capability of children to live in all ages through mental vision and imaginary personality demands something more than is offered in most text-books. Through these sketches of the Source Reader the opportunity is given to visualize the past. It is youth's happy privilege to be king or patriot as the story inspires; moreover, it is the teacher's privilege to aid that inspiration. She must interpret the story in such a manner that a wider knowledge, a keener appreciation of the subject, shall follow; and she will appeal to the principles for which the volume was conceived and executed.

As a companion book to historical work the Source Reader affords a large field of fresh material; as a reading-book it is rich with extracts from masters of English who wrote because the New World had caught them in its spirit of venture, enterprise, and freedom.

CAMPS AND FIRESIDES OF THE REVOLUTION

PART I

HOME LIFE

1. Thrifty Quaker Housekeeping

By Mistress Hannah Penn (1700)

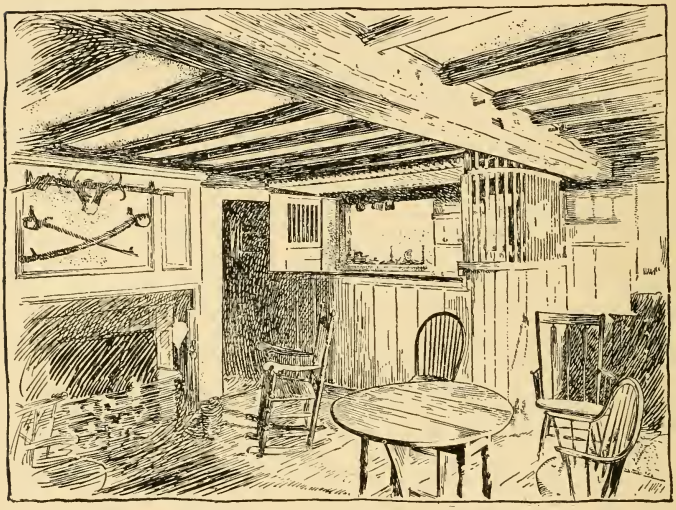
Third-day, forenoon.

"Third-day" was Tuesday: the Quakers would not use the ordinary names of the days of the week or of months, because they were named for heathen gods.

I have so long expected the return of our people and barge, that I am now much concerned at the disappointment. I have sent Sam to Burlington to inquire, and, if he hears not there, to come through to thee. There is much to do before my husband's return, which will, if well, be this week. If the servants had come as intended, I thought to have sent Mary down again for things we much wanted. As now I cannot send her, I must desire thee to send the two pair of pewter candle-sticks, some great candles which I bid John bespeak, also some green ones, and a dozen pounds smaller ditto. Send the largest pewter basin, and buy a new earthen one to wash in, also one of the stands to hold it.

Call Betty Webb to thy assistance. Let her send two mops to wash house with, four silver salts, and the two-handle porringer that is in my closet, the looking-glass that is in the hall, if it can be carefully put

up, and the piece of dried beef. If any ship with provisions comes from Rhode Island, I would have thee buy a firkin, or two or three, as price and worth is, of good butter; also cheese and candles for the winter's store, if any such opportunity presents itself before our coming down.



A COLONIAL KITCHEN.

We are all, through mercy, well here. My husband went to Woodbridge; he sets out from New York on 5th day. Nothing else, but my love to thee and friends.

I am thy friend, H. Penn.

P.S. I believe thou hast been sometimes too lonely; thou mayst expect they will fill the house again about 2d day. If the barge is already come, send the things above mentioned first to S. Jennings.

THE bearer brings Jack word that his wife Parthenia is sold to Barbadoes, which makes him desire to return. I am loath to let him go, because our washing approaches, but I should be glad to have right information as to how long it will be ere she goes?

Jack and Parthenia, slaves of different masters.

If there were time for it, and I were fully satisfied of her honesty, I should be willing to have her up by the boat to help about washing; but I am in a little doubt concerning her, having lost more wearing linen since I was in that town than in all the years of my life before. I cannot charge her with it, but I desire thou wilt send for Betty Webb, and press her to express her inward thoughts about her, and then you may act accordingly. Let her (E. Webb) look into the store-room for a parcel of clean white curtains, and send them carefully; also a pair of pewter candle-sticks, old fashion, that came from hence to be mended; and a little more oil from Ann Parson's for my husband's leg; it is in a fine way of doing well.

Pray give Ann my kind love. I should be very glad to see her here, to see her boy, who thrives every day now. We are all, through mercy, well. Send up about ten yards of frieze for servants, of that sort that wants using most, and some four or six blue shirts if there.

A kind of cloth.

We want a dozen of Madeira wine, which thou mayst send for G. Emlen or some other to help draw it. As to the oil John spoke of, we had it there, but did not know of it, not having opened the chest in which it was.

Our love to Edward Singleton: we are glad to hear he has got abroad. Our love to thee, and friends.

Thy friend, H. P.

P.S. — Let Robert call at Cousin Asheton's for things she has of mine, and a paper or two of smallest pins.

2. A Wig and a Conscience

By Samuel Sewall (1701)

The fashion of big, curly wigs came into England about 1670. Good old Sewall thought it was wicked, and tried to prevent his neighbors from having wigs.

Having last night heard that Josiah Willard had cut off his hair (a very full head of hair) and put on a wig, I went to him this morning. When I told his mother what I came about, she called him. Whereupon I inquired of him what extreme need had forced him to put off his own hair and put on a wig? He answered, none at all; he said that his hair was straight, and that it parted behind.

He seemed to argue that men might as well shave their hair off their head, as off their face. I answered that boys grew to be men before they had hair on their faces; and that half of mankind never have any beards. I told him that God seems to have created our hair as a test, to see whether we can bring our minds to be content at what he gives us; or whether we would be our own carvers and come back to him for nothing more. We might dislike our skin or nails, as he disliked his hair; but in our case no thanks are due to us, that we cut them not off; for pain and danger restrain us. Your duty, said I, is to teach men self-denial. I told him,

Joshua Green's wig.

further, that it would be displeasing and burdensome to good men for him to wear a wig; and they that care not what men think of them, care not what God thinks of them.

I told him that he must remember that wigs were condemned by a meeting of ministers at Northampton. I told him of the solemnity of the covenant which he and I had lately entered into, which put upon me the duty of discoursing to him.

He seemed to say that he would leave off his wig when his hair was grown again. I spoke to his father of it a day or two afterwards and he thanked me for reasoning with his son.

He told me his son had promised to leave off his wig when his hair was grown to cover his ears. If the father had known of it, he would have forbidden him to cut off his hair. His mother heard him talk of it; but was afraid to forbid him, for fear he should do it in spite of her, and so be more faulty than if she had let him go his own way.

3. A Poor Man's Possessions

By John Seccomb (1730)

This piece shows the household furniture and utensils of colonial times. Father Abbey was a bedmaker and sweeper at Harvard

To my dear wife,
My joy and life,
I freely now do give her
My whole estate,
With all my plate,
Being just about to leave her.

My tub of soap,
A long cart rope,

College for many years. This is what the poet thought his will might have contained.

A frying pan and kettle,
An ashes pail,
A threshing flail,
An iron wedge and beetle.

Two painted chairs,
Nine warden pears,
A large old dripping platter,
This bed of hay,
On which I lay,
An old saucepan for butter.

He should have said, "On which I lie."

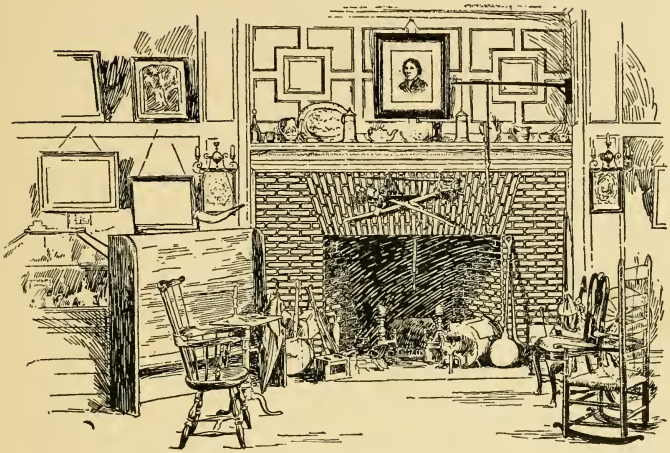
A little mug,
A two-quart jug,
A bottle full of brandy,
A looking glass,
To see your face,
You'll find it very handy.

A musket true
As ever flew,
A pound of shot and wallet,
A leather sash,
My calabash,
My powder horn and bullet.

A greasy hat,
My old tom-cat,
A yard and half of linen,
A woolen fleece,
A pot of grease,
In order for your spinning.

A small tooth comb,
An ashen broom,

A candlestick and hatchet,
A coverlid
Striped down with red,
A bag of rags to patch it.



A POOR MAN'S UTENSILS.

A ragged mat,
A tub of fat,
A book put out by Bunyan,
Another book
By Robin Cook,
A skein or two of spunyarn,

An old black muff,
Some garden stuff,
A quantity of borage,
Some devil's weed
And burdock seed,
To season well your porridge.

A chafing dish,
With one salt fish,
If I am not mistaken,
A leg of pork,
A broken fork,
And half a flitch of bacon.

A spinning wheel,
One peck of meal,
A knife without a handle,
A rusty lamp,
Two quarts of samp,
And half a tallow candle.

My pouch and pipes,
Two oxen tripes,
An oaken dish well carved,
My little dog
And spotted hog,
With two young pigs just starved.

This is my store,
I have no more,
I heartily do give it,
My years are spun,
My days are done,
And so I think to leave it.

Thus father Abbey left his spouse,
As rich as church or college mouse,
Which is sufficient invitation
To serve the college in his station.

4. Israel Putnam and the Wolf

By David Humphreys (about 1740)

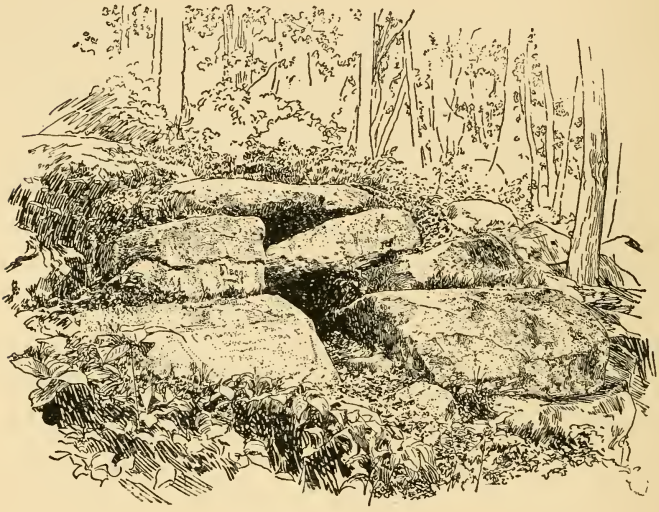
In the year 1739, he removed from Salem to Pomfret, an inland fertile town in Connecticut, forty miles east of Hartford. Having here purchased a considerable tract of land, he applied himself successfully to agriculture.

The first years on a new farm are not, however, exempt from disasters and disappointments, which can only be remedied by stubborn and patient industry. Our farmer was sufficiently occupied in building a house and barn, felling woods, making fences, sowing grain, planting orchards, and taking care of his stock. He had to encounter, in turn, the calamities occasioned by drought in summer, blast in harvest, loss of cattle in winter, and the desolation of his sheepfold by wolves. In one night he had seventy fine sheep and goats killed, besides many lambs and kids wounded. This havoc was committed by a she wolf, which, with her whelps, had for several years infested the vicinity. The young were commonly destroyed by the vigilance of the hunters, but the old one was too wise to come within reach of gunshot. Upon being closely pursued, she would generally fly to the western woods, and return the next winter with another litter of whelps.

Stock = cattle.

This wolf at length became such an intolerable nuisance that Mr. Putnam entered into a combination with five of his neighbors to hunt alternately until they could destroy her. Two of the six, taking turns, were to be constantly in pursuit. It was known, that, having lost the toes from one foot, by a steel trap, she made one track shorter than the other. By these

tracks the pursuers recognized, in a light snow, the route of this dangerous animal. Having followed her to the Connecticut river, and found she had turned back in a direct course towards Pomfret, they immediately returned. By ten o'clock the next morning the bloodhounds had driven her into a den, about three miles distant from the house of Mr. Putnam.



PUTNAM'S WOLF DEN.

The people soon collected with dogs, guns, straw, fire, and sulphur, to attack the common enemy. With this apparatus, several unsuccessful efforts were made to force her from the den. The hounds came back badly wounded, and refused to return. The smoke of blazing straw had no effect. Nor did the fumes of burnt brimstone, with which the cavern was filled, compel her to quit the retirement.

Wearied with such fruitless attempts (which had brought the time to ten o'clock at night), Mr. Putnam tried once more to make his dog enter, but in vain. He proposed to his negro man to go down into the cavern and shoot the wolf: the negro declined the hazardous service. Then it was that the master, angry at the disappointment, and declaring that he was ashamed to have a coward in his family, resolved himself to destroy the ferocious beast, lest she should escape through some unknown fissure of the rock.

His neighbors strongly remonstrated against the perilous enterprise: but he knew that wild animals were frightened by fire, and provided several strips of birch bark, the only combustible material which he could obtain that would afford light in this deep and darksome cave. He prepared for his descent by taking off his coat and waistcoat, and fastening a long rope around his legs, by which he might be pulled back, at an agreed signal. He entered head-foremost, with the blazing torch in his hand.

The opening of the den, on the east side of a very high ledge of rocks, is about two feet square. From thence it descends obliquely fifteen feet, then running horizontally about ten more, it ascends gradually sixteen feet towards its termination. The sides of this subterranean cavity are composed of smooth and solid rocks, which seem to have been divided from each other by some former earthquake. The top and bottom are also of stone. The entrance, in winter, is covered with ice, and exceedingly slippery. In no place is the cave high enough for a man to raise himself upright, nor in any part is it more than three feet in width.

After groping his passage to the horizontal part of

the den, the most terrifying darkness appeared in front of the dim circle of light afforded by his torch. It was silent as the house of death. None but monsters of the desert had ever before explored this solitary mansion of horror. Cautiously proceeding onward and coming to the ascent, he slowly mounted on his hands and knees, until he discovered the glaring eyeballs of the wolf, which was sitting at the extremity of the cavern.

Startled at the sight of fire, she gnashed her teeth, and gave a sudden growl. As soon as he had made the necessary discovery, he kicked the rope as a signal for pulling him out. The people at the mouth of the den had listened with painful anxiety. Hearing the growling of the wolf, and supposing their friend to be in the most imminent danger, they drew him forth with such celerity that his shirt was stripped over his head, and his skin severely lacerated. After he had adjusted his clothes, and loaded his gun with nine buckshot, holding a torch in one hand and the musket in the other, he descended the second time. When he drew nearer than before, the wolf assumed a still more fierce and terrible appearance. Howling, rolling her eyes, snapping her teeth, and dropping her head between her legs, she was evidently on the point of springing at him.

At the critical instant he levelled and fired at her head. Stunned with the shock, and suffocated with the smoke, he immediately found himself drawn out of the cave. After he had refreshed himself, and permitted the smoke to disappear, he went down the third time. Once more he came within sight of the wolf, which appeared very passive: he applied the torch to her nose, and perceiving that she was dead,

he took hold of her ears. Then he kicked the rope (still tied round his legs), and the people above, with small exultation, dragged them both out together.

5. All Kinds of Paper

Some wit of old — such wits of old there were —
Whose hints show'd meaning, whose allusions care,
By one brave stroke to mark all human kind,
Call'd clear blank paper every infant mind;
Where still, as opening sense her dictates wrote,
Fair virtue put a seal, or vice a blot.

The thought was happy, pertinent, and true;
Methinks a genius might the plan pursue.
I (can you pardon my presumption?) I —
No wit, no genius, yet for once will try.

Various the papers various wants produce,
The wants of fashion, elegance, and use.
Men are as various; and if right I scan,
Each sort of *paper* represents some *man*.

Pray note the fop — half powder and half lace —
Nice as a band-box were his dwelling-place:
He's the *gilt paper*, which apart you store,
And lock from vulgar hand in the 'scrutoire.

Mechanics, servants, farmers, and so forth,
Are *copy-paper*, of inferior worth;
Less prized, more useful, for your desk decreed,
Free to all pens, and prompt at every need.

The wretch, whom avarice bids to pinch and spare,
Starve, cheat, and pilfer, to enrich an heir,
Is coarse *brown paper;* such as pedlars choose
To wrap up wares, which better men will use.

Take next the miser's contrast, who destroys
Health, fame, and fortune, in a round of joys.
Will any paper match him? Yes, throughout,
He's a true *sinking paper*, past all doubt.

The retail politician's anxious thought
Deems *this* side always right, and *that* stark naught;
He foams with censure; with applause he raves —
A dupe to rumors, and a tool of knaves;
He'll want no type his weakness to proclaim,
While such a thing as *foolscap* has a name.

The hasty gentleman, whose blood runs high,
Who picks a quarrel, if you step awry,
Who can't a jest, or hint, or look endure:
What is he? What? *Touch-paper* to be sure.

What are our poets, take them as they fall,
Good, bad, rich, poor, much read, not read at all?
Them and their works in the same class you'll find;
They are the mere *waste-paper* of mankind.

Observe the maiden, innocently sweet,
She's fair *white-paper*, an unsullied sheet;
On which the happy man, whom fate ordains,
May write his *name*, and take her for his pains.

One instance more, and only one I'll bring;
'Tis the *great man* who scorns a little thing,

Whose thoughts, whose deeds, whose maxims are his own,
Form'd on the feelings of his heart alone:
True genuine *royal-paper* is his breast:
Of all the kinds most precious, purest, best.

6. Making Fun of the Parson

By Joseph Green (about 1750)

Mather Byles was a witty minister in Boston who loved to write verses. One of his friends wrote this parody on a poem of Byles. The "muse" was Byles's favorite cat.

In David's Psalms an oversight
Byles found one morning at his tea,
Alas! that he should never write
A proper psalm to sing at sea.

Thus ruminating on his seat,
Ambitious thoughts at length prevail'd.
The bard determined to complete
The part wherein the prophet fail'd.

He sat awhile and stroked his muse,
Then taking up his tuneful pen,
Wrote a few stanzas for the use
Of his seafaring brethren.

The task perform'd, the bard content,
Well chosen was each flowing word;
On a short voyage himself he went,
To hear it read and sung on board.

Most serious Christians do aver,
(Their credit sure we may rely on,)
In former times that after prayer,
They used to sing a song of Zion.

Our modern parson having pray'd,
Unless loud fame our faith beguiles,
Sat down, took out his book and said,
"Let's sing a psalm of Mather Byles."

The parson used to read a line or two at a time, and the congregation followed in song.

At first, when he began to read,
Their heads the assembly downward hung.
But he with boldness did proceed,
And thus he read, and thus they sung.

THE PSALM

With vast amazement we survey
The wonders of the deep,
Where mackerel swim, and porpoise play,
And crabs and lobsters creep.

Fish of all kinds inhabit here,
And throng the dark abode.
Here haddock, hake, and flounders are,
And eels, and perch and cod.

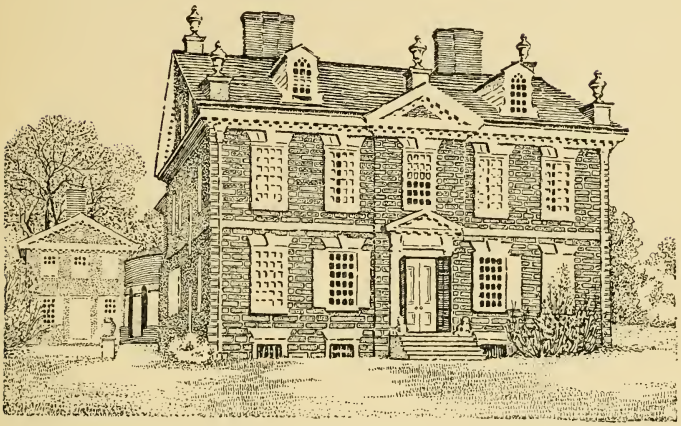
From raging winds and tempests free,
So smoothly as we pass,
The shining surface seems to be
A piece of Bristol glass.

But when the winds and tempests rise,
And foaming billows swell,
The vessel mounts above the skies,
And lower sinks than hell.

Our heads the tottering motion feel,
And quickly we become
Giddy as new-born calves, and reel
Like Indians drunk with rum.

What praises then are due that we
Thus far have safely got,
Amarescoggin tribe to see,
And tribe of Penobscot.

Indian tribes in Maine.



A FINE OLD COLONIAL HOUSE (CHEW MANSION).

7. Social Pleasures in Philadelphia

By John Adams (1774)

Written by John Adams while a delegate from Massachusetts to the First Continental Congress.

Dined with Mr. Miers Fisher, a young Quaker and a lawyer. We saw his library which is good. But this plain Friend and his plain, though pretty wife, with her *thees* and *thous*, had provided us the most costly entertainment: ducks, hams, chickens, beef, pig, tarts, creams, custards, jellies, fools, trifles, floating islands, beer, porter, punch, wine, and a long etc.

We had a large collection of lawyers at table. We had much conversation upon the practice of law in our

different provinces, but at last we got swallowed up in politics.

The drinking habits of the time were shocking. Total abstainers from intoxicants were almost unknown, and liquor was served even at funerals.

Thursday. — Dined at Mr. Powell's with many others. A most sinful feast again! Everything which could delight the eye or allure the taste: curds and cream jellies, sweetmeats of various sorts, twenty sorts of tarts, fools, trifles, floating islands, whipped syllabubs, etc., etc., Parmesan cheese, punch, wine, porter, beer, etc. At evening we climbed up the steeple of Christ Church with Mr. Reed, from whence we had a clear and full view of the whole city and of Delaware River.

Saturday. — Dined at home. Several other gentlemen dined with us upon salt fish. Rambled in the evening with Mr. Joe Reed. Mr. Reed returned with Mr. Adams and me to our lodgings, and a very sociable, agreeable, and talkative evening we had.

Samuel Adams.

Sunday. — Dined at Mr. Willing's, who is a judge of the supreme court here, with the gentlemen from Virginia, Maryland, and New York. A most splendid feast again — turtle and everything else.

The lawyer who wrote the lines was a Mr. Peters.

Mr. Willing told us a story of a lawyer here who, the other day, gave him the following answer to the question, Why the lawyers were so increased in number?

> "You ask me why lawyers so much are increased,
> Tho' most of the country already are fleeced;
> The reason, I'm sure, is most strikingly plain; —
> Tho' sheep are oft sheared, yet the wool grows again;
> And tho' you may think e'er so odd of the matter,
> The oftener they're fleeced, the wool grows the better.
> Thus downy-chinned boys, as oft I have heard,
> By frequently shaving, obtain a large beard."

Mr. Willing is the most sociable, agreeable man of all. He told us a law of this place, that whereas oys-

ters, between the months of May and September, were found to be unwholesome food, if any were brought to market, they should be forfeited and given to the poor.

We drank coffee, and then Reed, Cushing, and I strolled to the Moravian evening lecture, where we heard soft, sweet music, and a Dutchified English prayer and preachment.

Monday. — Dined with Mr. Dickinson at his seat at Fair Hill. Mr. Dickinson has a fine place, a beautiful prospect of the city, the river, and the country, fine gardens, and a grand library. Mr. Dickinson is a very modest man and very talented, as well as agreeable. He has an excellent heart, and the cause of his country lies near it.

John Dickinson, a very eminent member of the Continental Congress.

8. A Virginia Ball and Virginia Belles

By Philip Fithian (1774)

Tuesday, January 18. — Mrs. Carter and the young ladies came home last night from the ball, and brought with them Mrs. Lane. They tell us there were upwards of seventy at the ball; forty-one ladies; that the company was genteel; and that Colonel Harry Lee, from Dumfries, and his son Harry, who was with me at college, were also there.

Mrs. Carter made this an argument, and it was a strong one indeed, that to-day I must dress and go with her to the ball. She added also that she desired my company in the evening when she should come

home, as it would be late. After considering a while I consented to go, and was dressed.

We set away from Mr. Carters at two. Mrs. Carter and the young ladies went in the chariot, Mrs. Lane in a chair, and myself on horseback.

As soon as I had handed the ladies out, I was saluted by Parson Smith. I was introduced into a small room where a number of gentlemen were playing cards (the first game I have seen since I left home) to lay off my boots, riding-coat, &c. Next I was directed into the dining-room to see young Mr. Lee. He introduced me to his father.

With them I conversed till dinner, which came in at half after four. The ladies dined first, when some good order was preserved. When they rose, each nimblest fellow dined first. The dinner was as elegant as could be well expected when so great an assembly were to be kept for so long a time. For drink, there were several sorts of wine, good lemon punch, toddy, cider, porter, &c.

About seven, the ladies and gentlemen began to dance in the ball-room, — first, minuets, one round; second, jigs; third, reels; and last of all, country-dances. They struck up marches occasionally. The music was a French-horn and two violins.

The ladies were dressed gay and splendid, and when dancing, their silks and brocades rustled and trailed behind them. But all did not join in the dance, for there were parties made up in rooms, some at cards, some drinking for pleasure, some toasting the sons of America, some singing "Liberty Songs" as they called them, in which six, eight, ten, or more would put their heads near together and roar.

Among the first of these vociferators was a young

THE CUSTIS CHILDREN.

Scotchman, Mr. Jack Cunningham. He was noisy, droll, waggish, yet civil in his way, and wholly inoffensive. I was solicited to dance by several, Captain Chelton, Colonel Lee, Harry Lee, and others. But George Lee, with great rudeness, as though half-drunk, asked me why I would come to the ball and neither dance nor play cards? I answered him shortly (for his impudence moved my resentment), that my invitation to the ball would justify my presence. I said that he was ill qualified to direct my behaviour who made so indifferent a figure himself. Parson Smith's and Parson Gibbern's wives danced, but I saw neither of the clergymen either dance or game.

At eleven Mrs. Carter call'd upon me to go. I listened with gladness to the summons, and with Mrs. Lane in the chariot, we rode home. The evening was sharp and cold. I handed the ladies out, waited on them to a warm fire, then ran over to my own room, which was warm and had a good fire. Oh how welcome! Better this than to be at the ball, in some corner nodding, and awakened now and then by a midnight yell! In my room by half after twelve, and exceeding happy that I could break away without rudeness.

Saturday, January 29. — The weather is as wintry here in every respect as I have ever known it in New-Jersey. Mr. Carter has a cart and three yoke of oxen which every day bring in four loads of wood, Sundays excepted, and yet these very severe days we have none to spare. And indeed I do not wonder, for in the great house, schoolhouse, kitchen, &c., there are twenty-eight steady fires, and most of these are very large!

Thursday, March 3. — After breakfast, Mr. Lane left us. He was dressed in black superfine broadcloth, gold-laced hat, laced ruffles, black silk stockings. To his brooch on his bosom, he wore a major's badge inscribed, "*Virtute and Silento*" cut in a golden medal. Certainly he was fine! "By Upright ness and Quiet."

Friday, June 24. — To-day Mr. Christian's dance takes place here. He came before breakfast. Miss Jenny Washington came also, and Miss Priscilla Hale while we were at breakfast. Miss Washington is about seventeen. She has not a handsome face, but is neat in her dress, of an agreeable size, well proportioned, and has an easy winning manner. She is not forward to begin a conversation, yet when spoken to she is extremely affable, without assuming any girlish affectation, or pretending to be overcharged with wit. She has but lately had an opportunity for instruction in dancing, yet she moves with propriety when she dances a minuet, and without any flirts or capers when she dances a reel or country-dance.

She plays well on the harpsichord and spinet. She understands the principles of music, and therefore performs her tunes in perfect time. Neglect of this always makes music intolerable, but it is a fault almost universal among young ladies in the practice. She sings likewise to her instrument, has a strong, full voice, and a well-judging ear. Most of the Virginia girls think it labor quite sufficient to thump the keys of a harpsichord into the air of a tune mechanically. They think it would be slavery to submit to the drudgery of acquiring vocal music.

Her dress is rich and well-chosen, but not tawdry, nor yet too plain. She appears to-day in a chintz cotton gown with an elegant blue stamp, a sky-blue

silk quilt, and spotted, figured apron. Her hair is a light brown, it was craped up, with two rolls at each side, and on the top was a small cap of beautiful gauze and rich lace, with an artificial flower interwoven. Her person and carriage at a small distance resemble not a little my much respected Laura. But on close examination her features are something masculine, while those of Laura are mild and delicate.

Fithian afterward married Laura.

Mr. Christian very politely requested me to open the dance by stepping a minuet with this amiable girl. I excused myself by assuring him that I never was taught to dance. Miss Hale is about fourteen, and is a slim, and silent girl. She has black eyes, and black hair, and a good set of eyebrows, which are esteemed in Virginia essential to beauty. She looks innocent of every human failing, does not speak five words in a week, and I dare say from her carriage that her modesty is perfect. She is dressed in a white Holland gown, cotton, quilted very fine, a lawn apron, has her hair craped up, and on it a small tuft of ribbon for a cap. She is but just initiated into the school, and only hobbles yet.

Once I saw her standing. I rose immediately and begged her to accept my chair. She answered most kindly, "Sir, I thank you." That was all I could extract from this wonder of the sex for the two days she staid, and I seemed to have an equal share in the favors of her conversation. So that in describing the mental faculties of Miss Hale, it is sufficient to say that I think she is far removed from most of the foibles of women. Some time after these, came Colonel Lee's chariot with five young misses.

These five, with Miss Washington and Miss Hale and Miss Nancy Carter and Bob are Mr. Christian's

scholars in this school, except Miss Turburville who is just now up the country with an uncle, where she is to stay some time, together with Miss Corbin. Miss Betsy Lee is about thirteen, a tall, slim, genteel

JANE BONNER.

girl. She is very far from Miss Hale's taciturnity, yet is by no means disagreeably forward. She dances extremely well, and is just beginning to play the spinet. She is dressed in a neat calico gown, has very light hair done up with a feather, and her whole carriage is

easy and graceful. The other Miss Lees are small. Towards evening came in George Lee, and Mr. Grubb, an English gentleman. The company danced after candle-light a minuet round, three country-dances, and several reels, when we were rung to supper. After supper we sat till twelve drinking loyal toasts.

Sunday, July 10. — A Sunday in Virginia doesn't seem to wear the same dress as our Sundays to the northward. Generally here, by five o'clock on Saturday every face (especially among the negroes) looks festive and cheerful. All the lower class of people, and the servants, and the slaves, consider it as a day of pleasure and amusement, and spend it in such diversions as they severally choose. The gentlemen go to church to be sure, but they make that itself a matter of convenience, and account the church a useful weekly resort to do business.

9. Young Yankees A-frolicking

By Thomas Anbury (1777)

Anbury, a captain in the British army, was taken prisoner with Burgoyne's army, and his experience of New England was gained while crossing Massachusetts and while a prisoner in Cambridge.

The weather has been very severe of late, and there have been great falls of snow. But now it is more pleasant and serene. The north winds blow very sharp; the snow is about two or three feet thick on the ground. The inhabitants instead of riding in small open carriages, like the Canadians, have large sleighs that will contain ten or twelve persons. These are drawn by two and sometimes four horses.

But parties of young folks are more accustomed to go a-frolicking. As this is a singular custom, I shall describe it to you. When the moon is favorable, a

number of young men and women, to the number of thirty or forty, set off in sleighs, about seven o'clock in the evening.

They join some other party, perhaps at the distance of eighteen or twenty miles, where they dance and make merry till daylight. Then they return and follow their common daily affairs as if they had rested all night. It is not uncommon, an hour or two after daylight, to be awakened by the singing and noise they make, and by the bells fastened to the horses, on the return of some of these parties.

The lower classes of the New Englanders are impertinently curious and inquisitive. At a house where Lord Napier was quartered, with other officers, a number of the inhabitants flocked to see a lord. They imagined he must be something more than man.

They were continually looking in at the windows, and peeping at the room door, saying, "I wonder which is the lord!" At last four women, intimate friends of the landlord, got into the room. One of them, with a twang peculiar to the New Englanders, said: "I hear you have got a lord among you. Pray now, which may he be?"

His lordship, by the bye, was all over mire, and scarcely dry from the heavy rain that had fallen during the day's march. He whispered your friend Kemmis, of the 9th regiment, to have a little mirth with them.

He accordingly got up, and pointed to his lordship. In a voice and manner as if he was herald at arms, he informed them that "that was the Right Honorable Francis Lord Napier of, etc., etc., etc.," going through all his lordship's titles, with a whole catalogue of additions.

After he had finished, the women looked very attentively at his lordship. While he and the other officers were laughing at the adroitness of Kemmis, the women got up. One of them, lifting up her hands and eyes to heaven, with great astonishment exclaimed: "Well, for my part, if that be a lord, I never desire to see any other lord but the Lord Jehovah," and instantly left the room.

10. A Fire in Charleston

By Elkanah Watson (1778)

I AGAIN crossed Cooper's river to the plantation of a Mr. Townsend, where we had left our horses. I here examined an orchard of eleven hundred orange trees, in full bearing. The fruit proved rather bitter to the taste, but exceedingly beautiful. In December one of Mr. Brown's brigs was burnt in sight of the town. Several of his ships had, however, arrived.

In the intervals of business I mingled, with delight, in the elegant and gay society of this refined city. My prospects were brilliant and auspicious, when a deep public and private calamity cast a dark pall over the whole. I had passed the evening of the 15th of January, '78, with a brilliant party, at the splendid mansion of a wealthy merchant of the city. In two hours after we had left the scene of elegant refinement, the stately edifice, the rich furniture, and all its gorgeous appliances were wrapt in flames.

In the midhours of a cold and tempestuous night, I was aroused by the cry of fire, and by a loud knocking at the door, with the appalling intelligence —

"The town's in flames." I pressed forward to the scene of one of the most terrific conflagrations that probably ever visited Charleston. The destruction was frightful. The fire raged with unmitigated fury for seventeen hours. Every vessel, shallop, and negro boat was crowded with the distressed inhabitants. Many who, a few hours before, retired to their beds wealthy, were now reduced, by the all-devouring element, to poverty.

After laboring at the fire for many hours, I returned to my quarters to obtain a brief rest. I had scarcely seated myself before a man rushed in, exclaiming — "Your roof is on fire!" The mass of the conflagration was yet afar off, but it rained fire, as it were. When we had extinguished the flame on the roof, I thought it time to remove my trunk, containing funds to a large amount. Not being able to procure assistance, I was forced to shoulder it myself. Staggering under my load (a burden which, in ordinary times, I could scarcely have lifted), I proceeded along Main-street.

The fire had extended far and wide, and was bearing down, in awful majesty, a sea of flame. Almost the whole of this spacious street exhibited, on one side, a continuous and glaring blaze. My heart sickened at beholding half-dressed matrons, delicate young ladies and children, wandering about unprotected, and in despair.

I soon found myself prostrated on the ground, alongside of my trunk, by the explosion of a large building. Fortunately quite uninjured, I hastened on until I reached an elegant house in the suburbs of the city. Without hesitation I entered it, and, seeing no one, went into a splendid parlor, put my trunk in

a closet, locked the door, and put the key in my pocket.

Early the next morning I went in pursuit of my trunk. I everywhere saw heart-rending spectacles amid the smoking ruins, and the constant falling of walls and chimneys. I reached the house where I had left my trunk, which I then first discovered was the residence of Governor Rutledge. A young gentleman answered my knock, of whom I requested my trunk. He eyed me with attention. Casting a suspicious glance upon my person and clothes, he replied, that not knowing me, he could not deliver it. My face and hand had been injured, and my clothes torn in the confusion of the fire. I was mortified, but conscious that my appearance justified his suspicion.

I forthwith proceeded to a friend, borrowed a clean shirt and decent clothes (my own being locked up in the Governor's parlor) got shaved and powdered, and again proceeded after my trunk. I knocked with confidence, was politely received by the same young gentleman, who evidently did not recall my features. I was ushered into the presence of the Governor.

I stated to him where I had placed my trunk, and was apologizing for the liberty, when he interrupted me, remarking that the fearful crisis justified me. He continued — "Sit down, sir — will you take a glass of wine? My secretary informed me that a person called for the trunk an hour or two ago, but not liking his appearance he had declined delivering it." The Governor was much amused at understanding that I was the person who had called. I record this incident to show the importance of outward appearance to a man's success in the world, and more particularly, among strangers.

OLDTIME CHILDREN.

11. A Witchcraft Trial

(1730)

This piece is supposed to have been written by Benjamin Franklin.

Burlington, Oct. 12. — Saturday last at Mount-Holly, about eight miles from this place, nearly three hundred people were gathered together to see an experiment or two tried on some persons accused of witchcraft. It seems the accused had been charged with making their neighbor's sheep dance in an uncommon manner, and with causing hogs to speak, and sing psalms, &c. to the great terror and amazement of the king's good and peaceable subjects in this province.

The belief in witchcraft was a terrible delusion, often leading to such shameful acts as are described. Sometimes witches were hung on evidence which now would carry no weight.

The accusers were very positive that if the accused were weighed in scales against a Bible, the Bible would prove too heavy for them; or that, if they were bound and put into the river, they would swim. The said accused, desirous to make their innocence appear, voluntarily offered to undergo the said trials, if two of the most violent of their accusers would be tried with them. Accordingly the time and place were agreed on, and advertised about the country.

The accusers were one man and one woman, and the accused the same. When the parties met, and the people got together, a grand consultation was held, before they proceeded to trial. In this it was agreed to use the scales first; and a committee of men were appointed to search the men, and a committee of women to search the women, to see if they had anything of weight about them, particularly pins.

After the scrutiny was over, a huge great Bible belonging to the justice of the place was provided, and a lane through the populace was made from the

justice's house to the scales. These were fixed on a gallows erected for that purpose opposite to the house, that the justice's wife and the rest of the ladies might see the trial without coming amongst the mob.

Then came out of the house a grave tall man carrying the Holy Writ before the supposed wizard, &c. (as solemnly as the sword-bearer of London before the Lord Mayor). The wizard was first put in the scale, and over him was read a chapter out of the books of Moses, and then the Bible was put in the other scale (which being kept down before), was immediately let go. To the great surprise of the spectators, flesh and bones came down plump, and outweighed that great good book by abundance.

After the same manner the others were served, and their lumps of mortality severally were too heavy for Moses and all the prophets and apostles. This being over, the accusers and the rest of the mob, not satisfied with this experiment, would have the trial by water. Accordingly a most solemn procession was made to the millpond; where both accused and accusers were bound hand and foot, and severally placed in the water, lengthways, from the side of a barge or flat. They had for security only a rope about the middle of each, which was held by some in the flat.

The accuser man being thin and spare, with some difficulty began to sink at last; but the rest, every one of them, swam very light upon the water. A sailor in the flat jumped out upon the back of the man accused, thinking to drive him down to the bottom; but the person bound, without any help, came up some time before the other.

The woman accuser, being told that she did not sink, wished to be ducked a second time; when she swam

again as light as before. Upon this she declared, that she believed the accused had bewitched her to make her so light, and that she would be ducked again a hundred times until the devil were ducked out of her.

The accused man, being surprised at his own swimming, was not so confident of his innocence as before, but said, "If I am a witch, it is more than I know." The more thinking part of the spectators were of opinion, that any person so bound and placed in the water (unless they were mere skin and bones) would swim till their breath was gone, and their lungs filled with water.

12. Negro Servants and Slaves

By Peter Kalm (1748)

This piece is perhaps not so interesting to read as some of the other extracts; but you ought to know that our forefathers kept slaves, and often treated them very cruelly. Of course slavery is contrary to Christianity and to popular government.

The negroes or blacks are in a manner slaves; for when a negro is once bought, he is the purchaser's servant as long as he lives, unless he is given to another or made free. However, it is not in the power of the master to kill his negro for a fault, but he must leave it to the magistrates to proceed according to the laws. Formerly the negroes were brought over from Africa, and bought by almost every one who could afford it. The Quakers alone scrupled to have slaves; but they are no longer so nice, and they have as many negroes as other people. However, many people cannot conquer the idea that it is contrary to the laws of Christianity to keep slaves.

There are likewise several free negroes in town, who have been lucky enough to get a very zealous Quaker for their master, who gave them their liberty

after they had faithfully served him for some time. At present they seldom bring over any negroes to the English colonies, for those who were formerly brought thither have multiplied considerably.

A man who kills his negro must suffer death for it: there is not however an example here of a white man's having been executed on this account. A few years ago it happened that a master killed his slave; his friends and even the magistrates secretly advised him to leave the country, as otherwise they could not avoid taking him prisoner. He would then be condemned to die according to the laws of the country, without any hopes of saving him.

This lenity was employed towards him, that the negroes might not have the satisfaction of seeing a master executed for killing his slave; for this would lead them to all sorts of dangerous designs against their masters, and to value themselves too much.

The negroes were formerly brought from Africa, as I mentioned before; but now this seldom happens, for they are bought in the West Indies, or American Islands, where they were originally brought from their own country. It has been found that on transporting the negroes from Africa immediately into these northern countries, they have not such a good state of health as when they gradually change places, and are first carried from Africa to the West Indies, and from there to North America.

The price of negroes differs according to their age, health, and abilities. A full-grown negro costs from forty pounds and upwards to a hundred of Pennsylvania currency. $200.

A negro boy, or girl, of two or three years old, can hardly be got for less than eight or fourteen pounds in Pennsylvania currency. $40 to $70.

Not only the Quakers, but likewise several Christians of other denominations, sometimes set their negroes at liberty, in the following manner: when a gentleman has a faithful negro who has done him great services, he sometimes declares him free at his death. This is however very expensive; for they are obliged to make a provision for the negro thus set at liberty, to afford him subsistence when he is grown old, that he may not be driven by necessity to wicked actions, or be at any body's charge; for these free negroes become very lazy and indolent afterwards.

The children of the free negro during his servitude are all slaves, though their father be free. On the other hand those negro children are free whose parents are at liberty. The negroes in the North American colonies are treated more mildly, and fed better than those in the West Indies. They have as good food as the rest of the servants. They possess equal advantages in all things, except their being obliged to serve their whole lifetime, and get no other wages than what their master's goodness allows them: they are likewise clad at their master's expense.

On the contrary, in the West Indies, and especially in the Spanish Islands, they are treated very cruelly; therefore no threats make more impression upon a negro here than that of sending him over to the West Indies, in case he would not reform. It has likewise been frequently found by experience, that when you show too much remissness to these negroes, they grow so obstinate, that they will no longer do any thing but of their own accord. A strict discipline is very necessary, if their masters expect to be satisfied with their services.

PART II

HIGHWAYS AND BYWAYS

13. A Merchant's Voyage and Cargo

By Giles Shelley (1699)

A letter written by a ship's captain to his owners a short time before reaching New York. It shows how far ships travelled in those days, and what they brought home.

I am just now come to anchor at Cape May. Since I left you at Cape Bon-Esperance I went from thence to Madagascar, where I sold your goods for seventeen bales of muslin, fine and coarse, and twenty-four bales of white calicoes; one ton of elephants' teeth; about two or three hundred weight of opium; one bale painted calicoes, &c. Which goods I have now on board.

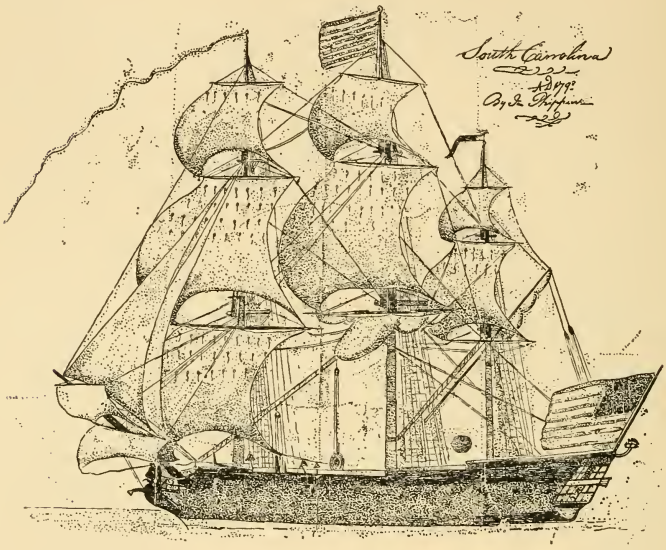
Sometime afterward I took on board seventy-five passengers, went to Port Dolphin, and there went ashore. I provisioned the ship and bought a few negroes, and some pigs of tooth and egg.

"Tooth and Egg": a kind of metal.

From thence I went to Cyan and landed twenty-two passengers. The remainder are now on board and most of them are bound for Virginia and Delaware with Andrew Graverard who is here with us. I have for their passages about twelve thousand pieces of eight and about three thousand Lyon dollars.

Pieces of eight, *i.e.* a Spanish dollar.

My carpenter, the tailor, and one man more are dead. Thomas Pringle and three men more left me at Madagascar. If you think fit you may let my wife know of my arrival, for I have not written to her.



A MERCHANT SHIP.

Captain Burges arrived at St. Maries the day I sailed from thence. He hath sold his goods very well. No other vessel arrived while I was there. I have but twenty-three negroes on board for the benefit of the owners.

Slaves.

Each bale of muslin one with the other I bought for one hundred pieces in a bale; the calico for one hundred twenty pieces in a bale. I desire you to send by the bearer to me at Cape May. Unless I

should be stopped by contrary winds here, I shall be very soon at Sandy Hook. Our ship is very foul and leaky.

Make what dispatch you can for fear some of my passengers should betray us. I have hired Mr. Graverard on his voyage to Virginia to pilot us in here, for which I must pay him. It is a dangerous place and very foggy rainy weather.

I think it needless to enlarge any more at present, but wish all were safe ashore. Then doubt not but the voyage would prove satisfactory, which hath been the utmost care of

Sir, Your Humble Servant,
GILES SHELLEY.

14. The Fashions

BY JOSEPH T. BUCKINGHAM (1731)

A MAN'S CRITICISM

These extracts are taken from a newspaper of the time, and are a kind of joke; but they describe some of the oddities of the dress of the time.

I HAVE no objections to make to the tippet; it may be made an elegant and beautiful ornament. In winter the sable is wonderfully graceful and a fine help to the complexion. In summer the colors and compositions are to be adapted with judgment, neither dull without fancy, nor gaudy without beauty. I have seen too many of the last; but, as I believe them to be the first trial of a child's genius in such performances, I only give this hint for their amendment.

As the breast knot allows a good deal of ingenuity in the delicate choice of colors and disposition of figure, I think it may be indulged, but very sparingly,

A WELL-DRESSED GENTLEMAN.
(NICHOLAS BOVLSTON.)

and rather with a carelessness than the least affectation. It seems there is a fashion even in the colors of ribbons, and I have observed a beautiful purple to be lately the general mode. It is not the beauty of the color that recommends it, so much as the symbol it is said to bear.

I come now to the head-dress, the very highest point of female elegance. Here I find such a variety of modes, such a medley of decoration, that it is hard to know where to fix. Lace and cambric, gauze and fringe, feathers and ribbons, create such a confusion, occasion such frequent changes, that it defies art, judgment, or taste, to recommend them to any standard, or reduce them to any order. One ornament of the hair is styled the "horns," and has been long in vogue.

The hat and peruke, which has been some time made part of a lady's riding equipage, is such an odd kind of affectation, that I hardly know under what species to range it. It is such an enemy to female beauty, it is so foreign to every amiable grace, it adds such a masculine fierceness to the figure, and such a boldness to every feature, that neither decency nor elegance can justify it.

Peruke = wig.

The riding habit simply, with the black velvet cap and white feather, is, in my opinion, the most elegant dress that belongs to a lady's wardrobe; there is a grace and gentility in it that all other dresses want. It displays the shape and turn of the body to great advantage, and betrays a negligence that is perfectly agreeable. This fashion was certainly invented by a woman of taste, and I am pleased to see the ladies in general so well reconciled to it.

It argues something like good sense in their choice still remaining. She, who makes her whole actions

most conformable to that standard, will always be most secure of conquests and reputation.

A WOMAN'S CRITICISM

You seem to blame us for our innovations and fleeting fancy in dress, which you are most notoriously guilty of, who esteem yourselves the mighty, wise, and head of the species. Therefore I think it highly necessary that you show us the example first, and begin the reformation among yourselves, if you intend your observations shall have any weight with us.

I leave the world to judge whether our petticoat resembles the dome of St. Paul's nearer than you in your long coats do the Monument, or (not to borrow similes from abroad) our Beacon.

You complain of our masculine appearance in our riding habit. We think it is but reasonable that we should make reprisals upon you, for the invasion of our dress and figure, and the advances you make in effeminacy, and your degeneracy from the figure of man.

Can there be a more ridiculous appearance than to see a smart fellow within the height of five feet immersed in a huge long coat to his heels, with cuffs to the arm-pits, the shoulders and breast fenced against the inclemencies of the weather by a monstrous cape, or rather short cloak, shoe toes pointed to the heavens in imitation of the Laplanders, with buckles of a harness size?

I confess the beaux with their toupee wigs make us extremely merry; and frequently put me in mind of my favorite monkey, both in figure and apishness. Were it not for a reverse of circumstance, I should be apt to mistake it for "pug," and treat him with the same familiarity.

15. A Practical Joke

By William Black (1744)

We took barge to go on board the *Margaret*, then lying off the mouth of the river. In an hour we were out of sight of Annapolis; at four we were at dinner. Properly speaking some of us made but one meal a day, and that lasting from morning to night.

The biscuit barrel, standing open upon deck by the pump, every other minute one hand or another would be diving in it. You might hear our grinders like so many hogs under a peach tree in a very high wind.

Biscuit—that is, ship's biscuit or pilot-bread: a sort of hard-baked big round cracker.

Towards the going down of the sun we saw a boat and canoe fishing inshore. We hailed them with, "Have you got any fish?" They returned with, "Have you got any rum?" We answered, "Yes, will you come on board and taste it?"

Then they untied and made directly for us, but were very much surprised with the manner of reception they met with. We had the blunderbush ready loaded and aimed on the side while they were to board us. Mr. Littlepage, who was to act the part of the lieutenant of a man of war, was furnished with four loaded pistols and the like number of swords.

A blunderbush, or blunderbuss, was a kind of large pistol, with a flaring muzzle.

With his laced hat and romantic countenance he made an appearance much like another Black-beard. Several more of our company were armed each with a drawn sword and cocked pistol. Several pistols, three fowling pieces loaded, and some drawn swords were lying in view on a table on the main deck.

A famous pirate.

In this manner were we equipped and stationed ready to receive the poor fishermen. When they

ABIGAIL BISHOP'S DRESS.

came near enough to observe our postures, they immediately lay on their oars and paddles with no small concern to know what we were. In a little time the ebb tide drew them alongside, and Littlepage asked them in a sailor-like manner if they would come on board and serve his majesty. To this they made no reply, but kept gazing at us like so many thunderstruck persons. At last, with a discharge of our great gun and small arms, flourishing our swords round our heads, we asked them to come on board directly, else we would sink them.

The joke was to make the fishermen believe that the jokers were members of a "press gang," a body of sailors from a ship-of-war, out to sweep up seafaring men and compel them to serve in the royal navy.

On hearing this, as if recovered from a trance, they called out to one another with signs of the greatest fear imaginable in their countenances: "Pull about! Pull about! for God's sake!" With all the eagerness possible they set to pulling and paddling as if pursued by a Spanish privateer.

A call was made to haul up the barge and man her. This being done, Littlepage and myself got in with each a pair of pistols and a sword and made directly after them. Upon this, they quickened if possible their strokes, pulling for life directly to the shore. Now and then one or other of them would look behind and then cry out, "Pull away! Pull away! or we are all taken."

At last they gained the shore. As soon as their vessels struck the ground they got their jackets on their shoulders, and without the least care of their craft made directly for the woods. We were pursuing, hallowing, and brandishing our swords, and they were flying with their whole might, now looking behind them to see how near we were, then before them to see how far they were from the shore.

It was a scene sufficient to create pleasure and a

laugh in gentlemen less blithe and gaily disposed than these honorable commissioners. When they gained the land we turned and lay on our oars (for all we wanted was to surprise them a little). As soon as their fear and terror allowed them time to look behind, they rallied.

As they were now in safety on solid land and in some measure freed from that dreadful apprehension of serving his majesty, they opened on us all at once, like so many hounds on a warm scent. They called us a parcel of scoundrels, and told us that if we would only come ashore man for man they would teach us what it was to fire guns at people and frighten them in so unaccountable a manner.

Billingsgate means abusive language.

After exchanging a little Billingsgate with them we returned on board, where we found the rest of our company very much pleased with the adventure. Night appeared cloudy, and it looked very squally when I betook myself to my cabin. In a very little time I got into the drowsy god's dominions, where let me rest till you turn over the leaf.

16. Presents from London

By Benjamin Franklin (1758)

Written by Franklin to his wife, Mrs. Deborah Franklin.

I SEND you by Captain Budden a large case, and a small box. In the large case is another small box, containing some English china; namely, melons and leaves for a dessert of fruit and cream, or the like; a bowl remarkable for the neatness of the figures, made at Bow, near this city; some coffee cups of the same; a Worcester bowl, ordinary.

To show the difference of workmanship, there is something from all the china works in England; and one old true china basin mended, of an odd color.

The same box contains four silver salt ladles, newest but ugliest fashion; a little instrument to core apples; another to make little turnips out of great ones; six coarse breakfast cloths; (they are to spread on the tea-table, for nobody breakfasts here on the bare table, but on the cloth they set a large tea-board with the cups).

There is also a little basket, a present from Mrs. Stevenson to Sally, and a pair of garters for you, which were knit by the young lady, her daughter, who favored me with a pair of the same kind. They are the only ones I have been able to wear; as they need not to be bound tight, the ridges in them prevent their slipping. We send them therefore as a curiosity for the form, more than for the value. Goody Smith may, if she pleases, make such for me hereafter. My love to her.

In the great case, besides the little box, is contained some carpeting for a best room floor. There is enough for one large or two small ones. It is to be sewed together, the edges first turned down, and care taken to make the figures meet exactly; there is bordering for the same. This was my fancy.

Also two large fine Flanders bedticks, and two pair of large superfine blankets, two fine damask tablecloths and napkins, and forty-three ells of Ghentish sheeting Holland. These you ordered.

Ell = yard.

There are also fifty-six yards of cotton, printed curiously from copper plates, a new invention, to make bed and window curtains; and seven yards of chair bottoms, printed in the same way, very neat.

Cotton was then a rare material.

These were my fancy; but Mrs. Stevenson tells me I did wrong not to buy both of the same color. Also seven yards of printed cotton, blue ground, to make you a gown.

I bought it by candlelight, and liked it then, but not so well afterwards. If you do not fancy it, send it as a present from me to sister Jenny. There is a better gown for you, of flowered tissue, sixteen yards, of Mrs. Stevenson's fancy, cost nine guineas; and I think it a great beauty. There was no more of the sort, or you should have had enough for a suit.

$47.

There are also snuffers, a snuffstand, and extinguisher, of steel, which I send for the beauty of the work. The extinguisher is for spermaceti candles only, and is of a new contrivance, to preserve the snuff upon the candle. There is some music Billy bought for his sister, and some pamphlets for the Speaker and for Susy Wright.

A mahogany box and a little shagreen box, with microscopes and other optical instruments loose, are for Mr. Alison, if he likes them; if not, put them in my room till I return. I send the invoice of them, and I wrote to him formerly the reason of my exceeding his orders. There are also two sets of books, a present from me to Sally, *The World* and *The Connoisseur*. My love to her.

I forgot to mention another of my fancyings, namely, a pair of silk blankets, very fine. They are of a new kind, were just taken in a French prize, and such were never seen in England before. They are called blankets, but I think they will be very neat to cover a summer bed, instead of a quilt or counterpane. I had no choice, so you will excuse the soil on some of the folds; your neighbour Foster can get it off. I

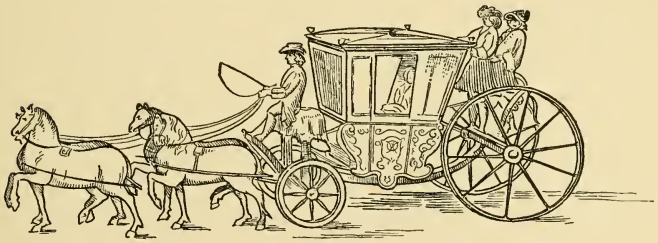
also forgot, among the china, to mention a large fine jug, to stand in the cooler.

I fell in love with it at first sight; for I thought it looked like a fat jolly dame, clean and tidy, with a neat blue and white calico gown on, good natured and lovely, and put me in mind of — somebody. It has the coffee cups in it, packed in best crystal salt, of a peculiar nice flavor, for the table, not to be powdered.

I hope Sally applies herself closely to her French and music, and that I shall find she has made great proficiency. The harpsichord I was looking at, and which was to have cost me forty guineas, Mr. Stanley advises me not to buy; and we are looking out for another, one that has been some time in use, and is a tried good one, there being not so much dependence on a new one, though made by the best hands.

A harpsichord was a kind of little piano.

$200.



A TRAVELLING COACH.

Sally's last letter to her brother is the best written that of late I have seen of hers. I only wish she were a little more careful of her spelling. I hope she continues to love going to church, and would have her read over and over again the "Whole Duty of Man," and the "Lady's Library."

Look at the figures on the china bowl and coffee

cups, with your spectacles on; they will bear examining.

I have made your compliments to Mrs. Stevenson. She is indeed very obliging, takes great care of my health, and is very attentive when I am in any way ill. But yet I have a thousand times wished you with me, and my little Sally with her ready hands and feet to do, and go, and come, and get what I wanted. There is a great difference in sickness when one cannot be nursed with that tender attention which proceeds from sincere love.

17. In the Woods

By Andrew Burnaby (1760)

Burnaby was an English traveller who saw much that other people missed.

One of the chief articles for exportation are masts for the royal navy. These are made of white pine, and are, I believe, the finest in the world, many of them forty yards long, and as many inches in diameter.

They never cut them down but in times of deep snow, as it would be impossible in any other season to get them down to the river. When the trees are fallen, they put on seventy or eighty yoke of oxen, and drag them along the snow. It is exceedingly difficult to put them first in motion, which they call raising them. When they have once effected this, they never stop upon any account whatsoever till they arrive at the water side.

Frequently some of the oxen are taken ill; upon which they immediately cut them out of the gears, and are sometimes obliged, I am told, to sacrifice five or six yoke of them.

The forests, where these masts grow, are reserved to the crown, which appoints a surveyor of them, commonly the governor of this province.

This is not the only expedient employed by government for the preservation of such trees as may be of use for the royal navy. There is an act of parliament, I believe, which prohibits, under pain of certain fines and penalties, the cutting down, or destroying, of any white pine tree, of specified dimensions, growing outside the boundaries of any town, without his majesty's license, in any of the provinces of New England, New York, or New Jersey.

This restriction is absolutely necessary, whether considered as securing a provision for the navy, or as a check upon that very destructive practice, taken from the Indians, of fire-hunting. It used to be the custom for large companies to go into the woods in the winter, and to set fire to the brush and underwood in a circle of several miles. This circle gradually contracting itself, the deer, and other wild animals inclosed, naturally retired from the flames, till at length they got herded together in a very small compass.

When the Revolution cut off the supply of great trees, it is said that many British ships were lost because they could no longer get good masts.

Then, blinded and suffocated by the smoke, and scorched by the fire, which every moment came nearer to them, they forced their way, under the greatest trepidation and dismay, through the flames. As soon as they got into the open daylight again, they were shot by the hunters, who stood without and were in readiness to fire upon them.

The trees included within the circle, although not absolutely burnt down, were so dried and injured that they never vegetated any more; and the fire not only contracted itself inwardly, but also dilated outwardly, and sometimes continued burning for several

weeks, till rain or some accidental circumstance put it out; there is no measuring the injury and devastation it occasioned in the woods.

I was once a spectator of a similar fire in Virginia, which had happened through accident. Nothing could be more awful and tremendous than the sight. It was of great extent, and burned several weeks before the inhabitants could subdue it. They effected it at last by cutting away the underwood in wide and long avenues, to leeward of the fire, by which it was prevented from communicating or spreading any farther. In Virginia there is an express act of assembly, passed in the 12th year of his late majesty, to forbid this practice.

18. All Sorts of Advertisements

From the Newspapers (1740–1751)

What was wanted was the service of an indentured servant.

If any person has a Jersey, English, or Irish boy's time to dispose of, that can shave or cook, he may hear of a purchaser by enquiring of the printer hereof.

Whereas I the subscriber on or about the 25th of October last past, purchased of a certain William Tough, of Salem, in West-New-Jersey, a negro woman slave, which he the said William warranted to be sound and in good order. In consideration whereof I passed my note to him for the payment of twenty-five pounds next May.

The next day after the purchase of said negro I discovered she was much troubled with fits, whereby she is rendered unable to perform any service, and I am much deceived and imposed upon in the purchase.

These are therefore to forewarn all persons not to be concerned with or take any assignment of the said note from the said William Tough for I am determined not to pay the same, until a trial at law be had thereupon. JONATHAN STRAINGE.

The Elizabeth-Town lottery is proposed to begin drawing the first Tuesday in May next, if it be full by that time. A small number of the tickets yet remaining unsold, those who incline to become adventurers are desired to be expeditious.

Lotteries were very common, even for colleges and parsonages.

A Jersey boy's time for seven years, to be sold. Enquire of the printer.

Notice is hereby given that there is now in the jail a negro man, says he came from Albany, and his master's name is Millor. He is a middle-sized fellow, aged about twenty-eight or thirty years, has cuts in his face, and laughs much; but has no clothes fit to describe him by.

The owner is desired to fetch him away, and pay the charges. JOSEPH HOLLINSHEAD, Sheriff.

Our readers are cautioned to beware of a new parcel of counterfeit New Jersey fifteen shilling bills, just beginning to appear among us. They are in imitation of the newest money, dated July 2, 1746, and may be known by these particulars.

The paper money was roughly printed, and could easily be imitated.

The paper of the counterfeits is thin and smooth, and when looked through in the light appears fair and free from knots. The paper of the true bills is thicker, rougher, and when looked through in the light appears clouded and uneven. The counterfeits are wholly done from a copper-plate, the back as well as the foreside; the true bills are printed from common types, in the common printing-press.

The three crowns by the side of the arms in the counterfeits are unlike each other, and are more round than those in the true bills. The flowers above and below those crowns in the counterfeit are nothing like.

In the counterfeits the letters of the word shillings are larger. There are many other marks by which they may be distinguished, but these, we hope, will be sufficient at present.

The sale of slaves at auction (vendue) was a common incident of the times.

To be sold at public vendue, on Friday the 29th, at the house of Mr. Joseph Johnson, in Newark, two negro men who understand mining; as also the utensils belonging to the mine, in Kingsland's lands, with pots and kettles, &c. As also the remaining part of the lease of said mine, which is nearly two years.

Linsey-woolsey was cloth woven in hand looms, half linen and half wool.

Run away on the 14th of last month from Abraham Lord, of Piles-Grove, Salem county, an Irish servant man, named Daniel Foy, of a middle stature, pale complexion, about twenty-six years of age, well-set, speaks but middling English, and has been on the expedition against Canada. Had on when he went away, a linsey-woolsey blue grey coat, with large brass buttons, a grey cloth jacket, buck-skin breeches, felt hat, grey cotton cap, and a red silk handkerchief. He has two pair of stockings with him, one grey worsted, ribbed, the other blue yarn. Whoever takes up and secures said servant, so that his master may have him again, shall have three pounds reward, and reasonable charges paid by ABRAHAM LORD.

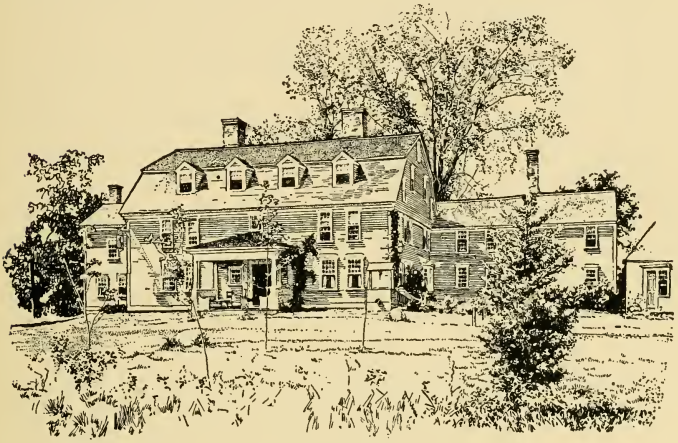
White servants who left their masters before their

Ran away on the 20th from Nathan Watson, of Mount-Holly, an Irish servant man, named Christopher Cooney, a short well-set fellow, about twenty-six years of age, of a pale complexion, short brown curled

hair, had lost one of his under fore teeth, and has had his right leg broke, and walks with his toe turned outward.

term of service had expired were liable to pursuit, capture, and punishment, like slaves.

Had on when he went away, a new castor hat, a red great coat, a light colored fustian coat and jacket, new copper colored broadcloth breeches, lined with leather, new black and white yarn stockings, old shoes, newly soled. He was some time past a hostler



THE WAYSIDE INN.

at Jonathan Thomas's, in Burlington. Whoever takes up and secures said servant, so that his master may have him again, shall have forty shillings reward, and reasonable charges, paid by. NATHAN WATSON.

Lost, last fall, in Morris-Town, in East-Jersey, a dog, of the pointer kind, all white, his tail docked and has had his off thigh broken; answers to the name of Cato. Whoever brings the said dog to Mr. Waters at Elizabeth-Town Point, shall have five shillings reward.

The reward for the dog is one-eighth that for the man.

A negro found wandering about might be arrested and lodged in jail, simply on the chance that he was a fugitive slave.

Now in the custody of Thomas Smith, sheriff of Cape-May county, a run-away negro man, who goes by the name of Jupiter Hazard, is about twenty-seven years of age, not very black, of a middle size, and well built. Had on when taken up, a flannel shirt, leather breeches with a fob in the waist-band, shoes and stockings, both very good, the stockings of a blue color, bathmetal buckles, a good felt hat and worsted cap. He speaks English like a country-born negro who has lived some time among the Dutch.

He had a bundle with him, which contained two white shirts, a dimity jacket and breeches, a white handkerchief, a linen cap, and a pocket-book with four dollars in it, and a pair of silver knee-buckles, marked N. S. He seems to have travelled, for he gives a good account of Rhode Island, New York, Pennsylvania, Shrewsbury, and other places: says his master's name is John Bannister, and that he lives at Piscataway, in Rhode Island Government.

19. A Rousing Whaling Song

By John Osborn (about 1750)

At that time whales were still abundant in the North Atlantic Ocean.

When spring returns with western gales,
And gentle breezes sweep
The ruffling seas, we spread our sails
To plough the watery deep.

For killing northern whales prepared,
Our nimble boats on board,
With craft and rum (our chief regard)
And good provisions stored.

Cape Cod, our dearest native land,
We leave astern, and lose
Its sinking cliffs and lessening sands
While Zephyr gently blows.

Bold, hardy men, with blooming age,
Our sandy shores produce;
With monstrous fish they dare engage,
And dangerous callings choose.

Now towards the early dawning east
We speed our course away,
With eager minds and joyful hearts,
To meet the rising day.

Then as we turn our wandering eyes,
We view one constant show;
Above, around, the circling skies,
The rolling seas below.

When eastward, clear of Newfoundland,
We stem the frozen pole,
We see the icy islands stand,
The northern billows roll.

As to the north we make our way,
Surprising scenes we find;
We lengthen out the tedious day,
And leave the night behind.

Now see the northern regions, where
Eternal winter reigns:
One day and night fills up the year,
And endless cold maintains.

We view the monsters of the deep,
Great whales in numerous swarms;
And creatures there, that play and leap,
Of strange, unusual forms.

When in our station we are placed,
And whales around us play,
We launch our boats into the main,
And swiftly chase our prey.

In haste we ply our nimble oars,
For an assault designed;
The sea beneath us foams and roars,
And leaves a wake behind.

A mighty whale we rush upon,
And in our irons throw:
She sinks her monstrous body down
Among the waves below.

And when she rises out again,
We soon renew the fight;
Thrust our sharp lances in amain,
And all her rage excite.

Enraged, she makes a mighty bound;
Thick foams the whitened sea;
The waves in circles rise around,
And widening roll away.

She thrashes with her tail around,
And blows her reddening breath;
She breaks the air, a deafening sound,
While ocean groans beneath.

From numerous wounds, with crimson flood,
She stains the frothy seas,
And gasps, and blows her latest blood,
While quivering life decays.

With joyful hearts we see her die,
And on the surface lay; *I.e.* lie.
While all with eager haste apply,
To save our deathful prey.

20. Life in Boston

By Francis Goelet (1750)

Boston, the metropolis of North America is considered the largest town upon the continent. It has about three thousand houses in it, nearly two thirds of which are wooden, framed, and covered with clapboards. Some of them are very spacious buildings, and with their gardens about them cover a great deal of ground. They are for the most part two and three stories high, and most of them have sash windows. Goelet was a sea-captain, on a visit from New York.

The brick buildings are much better and more strongly built, more after the modern taste, all sashed and pretty well ornamented. They have also yards and gardens adjoining them. All the streets are very irregular; though the main streets are broad and paved with stone, the cross streets are narrow and paved, except towards the outskirts of the town.

The town extends about two miles in length, north and south. It is in some places half a mile, and in others three fourths of a mile, broad. It has one main street running the whole length of the town from north to south, and tolerably broad. The present Washington Street.

The situation of the place is extremely pleasant, being on a neck of land, with tide flowing on each side. That part of the town may be called an island, for the water which parts it from the main continent is only about twenty feet across, with drawbridges; and the tide runs very strong through the bridge.

The harbor is defended by a strong castle of a hundred guns, built upon an island where the shipping must pass by and within hail. This situation is extraordinary, for it commands the harbor on every side; it is well built and kept in exceedingly good order.

The tide in the harbor rises about twelve or thirteen feet perpendicularly at the full and change of the moon, and thus is very inconvenient for loaded vessels, since there is not more than twelve feet of water at the end of the Long Wharf. This wharf is noted as the longest in North America, for it is nearly half an English mile in length and runs directly out from shore. One side is full of warehouses from one end to the other.

The Bostoniers build a vast number of vessels for sale, from small sloops up to topsail vessels. They are noted for good sailing vessels.

This place has about twelve meeting-houses and three Episcopal churches, which are all very indifferent buildings, of no kind of architecture, but very plain. At the North end of the town they have a chime of bells, which are very poor. They have only one market, which is all built of brick, about eighty feet long and arched on both sides. It is two stories high and has the upper part sashed. It contains several of the public offices of the town.

The old State House.

They have also a town-house built of brick, situated in King Street. It is a very grand brick building,

arched all round, and two stories high, sashed above. Its lower part is always open, for it is intended to be an exchange. The merchants in fair weather carry on their business in the open street, at the eastern-most end. In the upper story are the council and assembly, chambers, etc. It has a neat cupola, sashed all round, which on rejoicing days is illuminated. As to government, Boston is dependent and subordinate to England for its laws, being under the king's government. The governor is a person appointed from home to represent his Majesty. The laws are made by the two houses of the legislature, the council and the great and general assembly. The former is like the English House of Lords, and the latter like the Commons. Unless the governor signs the bill, it does not pass into a law.

I.e. days of rejoicing.

I.e. from England.

The Boston people are very strict observers of the Sabbath day. While service is going on no persons except doctors are allowed on the streets. If you are found upon the streets and the constables meet you, they compel you to go either to an Episcopal church or to the Congregational meeting, as you choose.

A TAVERN SIGN.

Also in swearing, if you are caught you must pay a crown for every oath, on being convicted thereof, without further dispute.

Captain Goelet wrote "catch'd" for caught.

21. A Storm at Sea

By Philip Freneau

Freneau was born in France, but became a noted newspaper man, author, and poet in America.

Happy the man who, safe on shore,
  Now trims, at home, his evening fire;
Unmov'd he hears the tempest roar,
  That on the tufted groves expire;
    Alas! on us they doubly fall,
    Our feeble bark must bear them all.

Now to their haunts the birds retreat,
  The squirrel seeks his hollow tree,
Wolves in their shaded caverns meet,
  All, all are blest but wretched we —
    For, doom'd a stranger to repose,
    No rest the unsettled ocean knows.

Whilst o'er the dark abyss we roam,
  Perhaps, whate'er the pilots say,
We saw the sun's descending gloom,
  No more to see the rising ray;
    But buried low, by far too deep,
    On coral beds unpitied sleep!

But what a strange uncoasted strand
  Is that where death permits no day,
No charts we have to mark that land,
  No compass to direct the way!
    What pilot shall explore that realm,
    What new Columbus take the helm!

While death and darkness both surround,
  And tempests rage with lawless power,
Of friendship's voice I hear no sound,
  No comfort in this dreadful hour —

What friendship can in tempests be,
What comforts on this angry sea!

The barque accustom'd to obey,
No more the trembling pilots guide,
Alone she gropes her trackless way,
While mountains burst on every side.
Thus skill and science both must fall,
And ruin is the lot of all.

22. Saved from Niagara

By Peter Kalm (1750)

It was formerly thought impossible for anybody living to come at the island that is in the middle of the fall: but an accident that happened twelve years ago or thereabouts, made it appear otherwise. The history is this.

The island is Goat island, long since joined to the American side by bridges.

Two Indians of the Six Nations went out from Niagara fort to hunt upon an island that is in the middle of the river or strait above the great fall.

On this island used to be abundance of deer. They took some French brandy with them from the fort, which they tasted several times as they were going over the carrying place. When they were in the canoe, they took now and then a dram, and so went along up the strait towards the island where they proposed to hunt. Growing sleepy they laid themselves down in the canoe, which getting loose drove back with the stream, farther and farther down, till it came near that island that is in the middle of the fall.

Here one of them, awakened by the noise of the fall, cries out to the other, that they were gone! yet they tried if possible to save life. This island was nearest, and with much working they got on shore there. At first they were glad; but when they had considered everything, they thought themselves hardly in a better state than if they had gone down the fall. They had now no other choice, than either to throw themselves down the cliff, or to perish with hunger.

But hard necessity put them on invention. At the lower end of the island the rock is perpendicular, and no water is running there. This island has plenty of wood, they went to work directly and made a ladder or shrouds of the bark of linden-tree (which is very tough and strong). They made it so long that with it they could reach the water below.

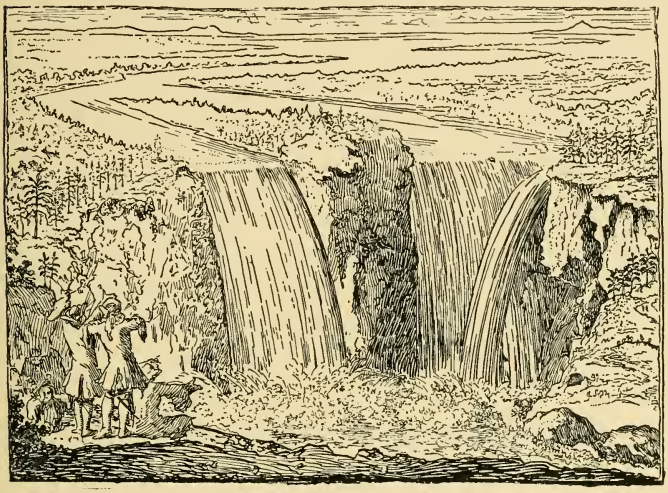
One end of this bark ladder they tied fast to a great tree that grew at the side of the rock above the fall, and let the other end down to the water. So they went down along their new-invented stairs, and when they came to the bottom in the middle of the fall, they rested a little. As the water next below the fall is not rapid, as before mentioned, they threw themselves out into it, thinking to swim on shore.

I have said before, that one part of the fall is on one side of the island, the other on the other side. Hence it is, that the waters of the two cataracts running against each other, turn back against the rock that is just under the island. Therefore, hardly had the Indians begun to swim, before the waves of the eddy threw them with violence against the rock from whence they came.

They tried it several times, but at last grew weary;

and were so often thrown against the rock, that they were much bruised, and the skin of their bodies torn in many places. So they were obliged to climb up their stairs again to the island, not knowing what to do. After some time they perceived Indians on the shore, to whom they cried out.

These saw and pitied them, but gave them little hopes of help; yet they made haste down to the fort,



AN EARLY PICTURE OF NIAGARA.

and told the commander where two of their brethren were. He persuaded them to try all possible means of relieving the two poor Indians; and it was done in this manner.

The water that runs on the east side of this island is shallow, especially a little above the island towards the eastern shore. The commandant caused poles to be made and pointed with iron. Two Indians deter-

mined to walk to this island by the help of these poles, to save the other poor creatures, or perish themselves.

They took leave of all their friends as if they were going to death. Each had two such poles in his hands, to set against the bottom of the stream, to keep them steady. So they went and got to the island, and having given poles to the two poor Indians there, they all returned safely to the main.

Those two Indians who in the above mentioned manner were first brought to this island, are yet alive. They were nine days on the island, and almost starved to death. Now since the way to this island has been found, the Indians go there often to kill deer, which have tried to cross the river above the fall, and were driven upon the island by the stream: but if the king of France would give me all Canada, I would not venture to go to this island; and were you to see it, sir, I am sure you would have the same sentiment.

23. A Tornado and a Waterspout

By Oliver Hart (1752)

Carolina.

This province is subject to frequent and dreadful tempests of thunder and lightning, in May, June, July and August.

For several days together, about the middle of July, 1752, the mercury never fell below ninety-nine or one hundred degrees. Very little rain fell between that time and September the 14th, when the wind in the afternoon began to blow with great violence from the north-east and continued increasing till the morning

of the 15th, when its force was irresistible. It stopped the course of the Gulf stream, which poured in upon us like a torrent, filling the harbor in a few minutes. Before eleven o'clock, A.M. all the vessels in the harbor were on shore, except the "Hornet" man of war, which rode it out by cutting away her masts.

All the wharfs and bridges were ruined, and every house and store upon them beaten down, as were also many houses in the town, with abundance of roofs, chimneys, &c. Almost all the tiled or slated houses were uncovered, and great quantities of merchandise in the stores of the Bay-street were damaged by their doors being burst open. The town was likewise overflowed, the water having risen ten feet above high-water mark at spring-tides.

Nothing was to be seen but ruins of houses, canoes, wrecks of boats, masts, yards, barrels, staves, &c. floating and driving with great violence through the streets, and round about the town. The inhabitants found themselves in the midst of a tempestuous sea; the violence of the wind continued; the tide (according to its common course) was expected to flow, till after one o'clock; and many of the people were up to their necks in water in their houses. Hence they began now to despair of life.

Here we must record as signal an instance of the immediate interposition of Divine Providence as ever appeared. They were soon delivered from their apprehensions; for, about ten minutes after eleven o'clock, the wind veered to east, southeast, south, and southwest very quick. Then (though its violence continued, the sea still beating and dashing with amazing impetuosity) the waters fell about five feet in the space of ten minutes. Without this sudden and unex-

pected fall, every house and inhabitant of this town must, in all probability, have perished.

This shifting of the wind left the stream of the Gulf of Florida, to follow its wonted course. Before three o'clock, P.M. the hurricane was entirely over. Many people were drowned, and others much hurt by the fall of houses. For about forty miles round Charlestown, there was hardly a plantation that did not lose every out-house upon it, and the roads, for years afterwards, were encumbered with trees blown and broken down.

Whirlwinds are sometimes felt here; a most violent one of that kind, commonly known under the title of Typhones, passed down Ashley River on the 4th of May, 1761; and fell upon the shipping in Rebellion Road, with such fury as to threaten the destruction of a large fleet, lying there, ready to sail for Europe. This terrible phenomenon was seen by many of the inhabitants of Charlestown, coming down Wappoo Creek. It resembled a large column of smoke and vapor, whose motion, as well as that of the neighboring clouds, was very irregular and tumultuous. The clouds appeared to be driving down nearly in the same direction, and with great swiftness.

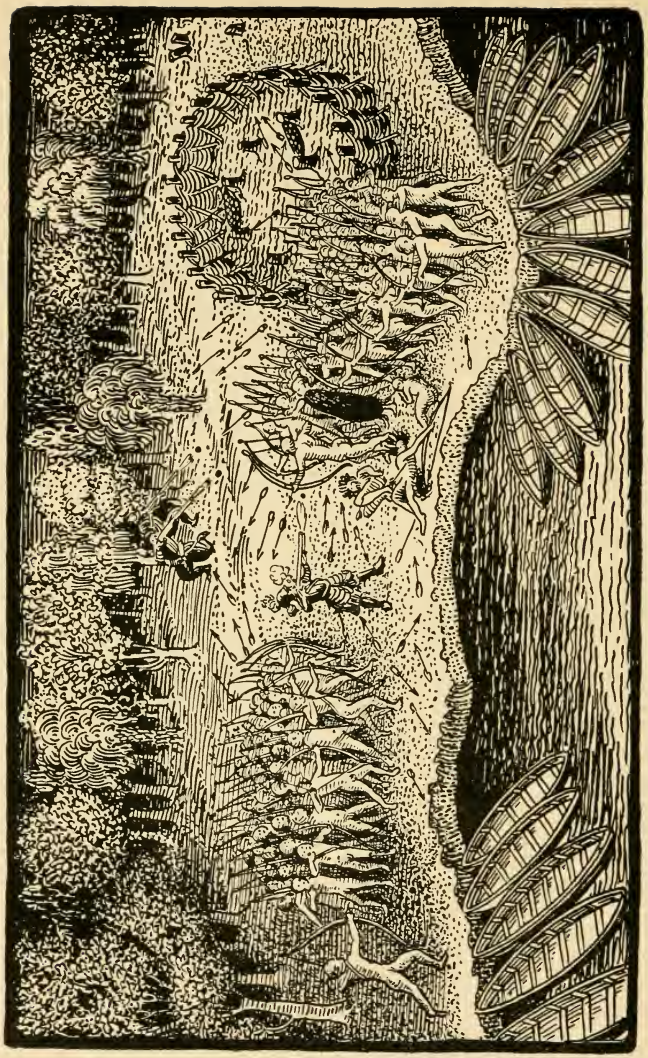
The quantity of vapor which composed this impetuous column, and its prodigious velocity, gave it such a surprising momentum, as to plow Ashley River to the bottom. That it laid the channel bare, many people were eye-witnesses. When it was coming down Ashley River, it made so great a noise as to be heard by most of the people in town, who took it for a constant thunder. It increased in size in its progress to the road.

As it passed the town, it was met by another gust,

which came down Cooper River. This was not of equal strength or impetuosity with the other; but, upon their meeting together, the tumultuous and whirling agitations of the air were seemingly much greater, insomuch that the froth and vapor seemed to be thrown up to a great height towards the middle. The clouds, that were now driving in all directions to this place, appeared to be precipitated, and whirled round at the same time with incredible velocity.

Immediately after, it fell on the shipping in the road, and was scarce three minutes in its passage. Five vessels were sunk outright; his Majesty's ship the Dolphin and many others lost their masts. This tremendous column was seen, at noon, upwards of thirty miles south-west from Charlestown, where it arrived about twenty-five minutes after two. It made an avenue in its course of a great width, tearing up trees, houses, and every thing that opposed it; great quantities of leaves, branches of trees, and even large limbs, were seen furiously driven about, and agitated in the body of the column as it passed along.

The sky was overcast and cloudy all the forenoon; about one o'clock it began to thunder, and continued more or less till three. By four o'clock the wind was quite fallen, the sun shone out, and the sky was clear and serene. We could scarce believe that such a scene had been so recently exhibited, were not the sinking and dismantled vessels so many striking and melancholy proofs of its reality.



CHAMPLAIN AND THE INDIANS.

PART III

THE INDIANS

24. Indian Children sold as Slaves

By Caleb Heathcote and William Johnson (1715)

I have been told, my lord, that the reasons which the Indians give for their breach with Carolina is the injustice which has been done them by taking away their land without its being fairly purchased or paid for. They complain also that their children were many of them bound out for a limited time to be taught and instructed by the Christians. The Indians complain that, contrary to the intent of their agreement, these children were transported to other plantations and sold as slaves.

This part is written by Colonel Heathcote to the ministry in England.

This terrible injustice and breach of faith was one of the faults of our ancestors. Can you wonder that the Indians made war after such an act of cruelty?

I don't know but there may be some truth in what they allege. I make bold most humbly to offer your lordship my opinion thereon. I do humbly suppose it might be very advisable to quench the fire already begun and prevent the like grounds of complaint hereafter.

His majesty would be pleased with as little loss of time as may be. It might be advisable to direct all the governors on this continent to send for the sachems and heads of the Indians in their respective govern-

ments. After renewing the covenant chain with them, as they call it, a strict inquiry should be made into all their complaints and grievances. This should be done both with regard to their lands and on other accounts. Assure them of redress. Let them know that 'tis his majesty's express commands to have it so.

Something of this sort, my lord, would be very proper to do. Thus we may, if possible, keep the Indians quiet and in good temper, till we have our country better settled and secured and the French rooted out. Then we may expect to have the heathen on better terms, although justice ought forever to be done them.

This part is by Colonel William Johnson to Governor Clinton of New York.

I am very glad your Excellency has given orders to have the Indian children returned, who are kept by the traders as pawns or pledges as they call it. Rather they have been stolen from them.

The parents came at the appointed time to redeem the children, but they sent them away beforehand. They were children of our friends and allies.

If they are not returned next spring it will confirm what the French told the Six Nations. They told them that we looked upon them as our slaves or negroes. This affair cost me a great deal of trouble at that time to reconcile the Indians.

25. Indian Hospitality

By John Bartram (1743)

Bartram was a botanist who liked to wander

After having enjoyed this enchanting prospect we descended easily for several miles, over good land producing sugar-maples, many of which the Indians

had tapped to make sugar of the sap; we also saw oaks, hickory, white walnuts, plums and some apple trees, full of fruit. The Indians had set long bushes all round the trees at a little distance, I suppose to keep the small children from stealing the fruit before it were ripe. about the country.

Here we halted and turned our horses to grass, while the inhabitants cleared a cabin for our reception. They brought us victuals, and we dispatched a messenger immediately to Onondago to let them know how near we were; it was only four miles away. All the Indians, men, women and children came to gaze at us and our horses. The little boys and girls climbed on the roofs of their cabins, about ten in number, to enjoy a fuller view.

We set out about ten, and travelled over good land all the way, mostly an easy descent, down the east hill, over ridges of lime-stone rock, into the fine vale where this capital (if I may so call it) is situated.

We alighted at the council house, where the chiefs were already assembled to receive us, which they did with a grave cheerful complaisance, according to their custom. They showed us where to lay our baggage, and to repose ourselves during our stay with them; they set apart the two end apartments of this large house.

The Indians that came with us, were placed over against us: this cabin is about eighty feet long, and seventeen broad, the common passage about six feet wide; and the apartments on each side five feet high, raised a foot above the passage by a long sapling hewed square, and fitted with joists that go from it to the back of the house; on these joists they lay large pieces of bark, and on extraordinary occasions they This is the so-called "Long House" of the Six Nations.

spread mats made of rushes, which favor we had. On these floors they sit or lie down every one as he will. The apartments are divided from each other by boards or bark, six or seven feet long, from the lower floor to the upper, on which they put their lumber. When they have eaten their hominy, they can put the bowl over head, having not above five feet to reach.

They sit on the floor sometimes at each end, but mostly at one. They have a shed to put their wood into in the winter, or in the summer, to sit to converse or play; it has a door to the south. All the sides and roof of the cabin are made of bark, bound fast to poles set in the ground, and bent round on the top, or set aflat, for the roof, as we set our rafters.

Over each fire place they leave a hole to let out the smoke, which in rainy weather they cover with a piece of bark. This they can easily reach with a pole to push it on one side or quite over the hole.

The town in its present state is about two or three miles long, yet the scattered cabins on both sides the water, are not above forty in number, many of them hold two families. All stand single, and rarely above four or five near one another. The whole town is a strange mixture of cabins, interspersed with great patches of high grass, bushes and shrubs, some of peas, corn and squashes.

At night, soon after we were laid down to sleep, and our fire was almost burnt out, we were entertained by a comical fellow, disguised in as odd a dress as Indian folly could invent. He had on a clumsy vizard of wood colored black, with a nose four or five inches long, a grinning mouth set awry, furnished with long teeth. Round the eyes, circles of bright brass, surrounded by a larger circle of white paint.

From his forehead hung long tresses of buffaloes' hair, and from the back part of his head ropes made of the plaited husks of Indian corn. I cannot recollect the whole of his dress, but it was equally uncouth. He carried in one hand a long staff, in the other a calabash gourd with small stones in it, for a rattle; this he rubbed up and down his staff.

He would sometimes hold up his head and make a hideous noise like the braying of a donkey. He came in at the further end, and made this noise at first, whether it was because he would not surprise us too suddenly I can't say. I asked Conrad Weiser, who as well as myself lay next the alley, what noise that was? and Shickalamy the Indian chief, our companion, who I supposed, thought me somewhat scared, called out, "Lie still, John." I never heard him speak so much plain English before.

AN INDIAN CHILD.

The jack-pudding presently came up to us, and an Indian boy came with him and kindled our fire, that we might see his glittering eyes and antick postures as he hobbled round the fire. Sometimes he would turn the buffaloes' hair on one side that we might

We say antic or fantastic.

Phiz=face.

take the better view of his ill-favored phiz. When he had tired himself, which was sometime after he had well tired us, the boy that attended him struck two or three smart blows on the floor, at which the hobgoblin seemed surprised, and on repeating them he jumped fairly out of doors and disappeared.

I suppose this was to divert us and get some tobacco for himself, for as he danced about he would hold out his hand to any he came by to receive this gratification, and as often as any one gave it he would return an awkward compliment. By this time I found it no new diversion to any one but myself; and after the farce we endeavored to compose ourselves to sleep.

26. Esquimaux and their Children

By William Douglass (1749)

Douglass was a New England doctor who wrote a rambling book about everything in America.

The Esquimaux are a particular kind of American savages, who live only near the water, and never far in the country, on Terra Labrador, between the most outward point of the mouth of the river St. Lawrence and Hudson's bay.

The Esquimaux are entirely different from the Indians of North-America, in regard to their complexion and their language. They are almost as white as Europeans, and have little eyes: the men have likewise beards. The Indians, on the contrary, are copper-colored, and the men have no beards.

This is a mistake.

Their houses are either caverns or clefts in the mountains, or huts of turf above ground. They never sow or plant vegetables, living chiefly on various kinds of whales, on seals, and walruses.

Sometimes they likewise catch land animals, on which they feed. They eat most of their meat quite raw. Their drink is water; and people have likewise seen them drinking the, sea-water which was like brine.

Their shoes, stockings, breeches, and jackets, are made of seal-skins well prepared, and sewed together with sinews of whales, which may be twisted like threads, and are very tough. Their clothes, the hairy side of which is turned outwards, are sewed together so well, that they can go up to their shoulders in the water without wetting their under clothes. Under their upper clothes, they wear shirts and waistcoats made of sealskin, prepared so well as to be quite soft.

The present Esquimaux dress is the same.

I saw one of their women's dresses; a cap, a waistcoat, and coat, made all of one piece of seal-skin well prepared, soft to the touch, and the hair on the outside. There is a long train behind at their coats, which scarce reach them to the middle of the thigh before; under it they wear breeches and boots, all of one piece.

The shirt I saw was likewise made of a very soft seal's skin. The Esquimaux women are said to be handsomer than any of the American Indian women, and their husbands are accordingly more jealous in proportion.

I have likewise seen an Esquimaux boat. The outside of it consists entirely of skins, the hair of which has been taken off; and the sides of the skins on which they were inserted are turned outwards, and feel as smooth as vellum. The boat was near fourteen feet long, but very narrow, and very sharp-pointed at the extremities.

This is the kayack.

In the inside of the boat they place two or three thin boards, which give a kind of form to the boat. It is quite covered with skins at the top, excepting, near one end, a hole big enough for a single person to sit and row in, and keep his thighs and legs under the deck. The figure of the hole resembles a semicircle, the base or diameter of which is turned towards the larger end of the boat. The hole is surrounded with wood, on which a soft folded skin is fastened with straps at its upper end.

When the Esquimaux makes use of his boat, he puts his legs and thighs under the deck, sits down at the bottom of the boat, draws the skin before-mentioned around his body, and fastens it well with the straps. The waves may then beat over his boat with considerable violence, and not a single drop comes into it; the clothes of the Esquimaux keep the wet from him. He has an oar in his hand, which has a paddle at each end; it serves him for rowing, and keeps the boat balanced during a storm. The boat will contain but a single person. Esquimaux have often been found safe in their boats many miles from land, in violent storms, where ships found it difficult to save themselves. Their boats float on the waves like bladders, and they row them with incredible velocity. They have boats of different shapes. They have likewise larger boats of wood covered with leather, in which several people may sit, and in which their women commonly go to sea.

Bows and arrows, javelins and harpoons, are their arms. With the harpoons they kill whales, and other large marine animals. The points of their arrows and harpoons are sometimes made of iron, sometimes of bone, and sometimes of the teeth of the walrus.

Their quivers are made of seal-skin. The needles with which they sew their clothes are likewise made of iron, or of bone. All their iron they get, by some means or other, from the Europeans.

They sometimes go on board the European ships, in order to exchange some of their goods for knives and other iron. But it is not advisable for Europeans to go on shore, unless they be numerous; for the Esquimaux are false and treacherous, and cannot suffer strangers among them.

If they find themselves too weak, they run away at the approach of strangers; but if they think they are an over-match for them, they kill all that come in their way, without leaving a single one alive. The Europeans, therefore, do not venture to let a greater number of Esquimaux come on board their ships than they can easily master. If they are ship-wrecked on the Esquimaux coasts, they may as well be drowned in the sea as come safe to the shore: this fate many Europeans have experienced.

The European boats and ships which the Esquimaux get into their power, are immediately cut in pieces, and robbed of all nails and other iron, which they work into knives, needles, arrowheads, &c. They make use of fire for no other purposes but working iron, and preparing the skins of animals. Their meat is eaten all raw.

When they come on board a European ship, and are offered some of the sailors' meat, they never will taste of it till they have seen some Europeans eat it. Though nothing pleases other savage nations so much as brandy, yet many Frenchmen have assured me that they never could prevail on the Esquimaux to take a dram of it. Their mistrust of other nations

is the cause of it; for they undoubtedly imagine that they are going to poison them, or do them some hurt; and I am not certain whether they do not judge right.

They have no earrings, and do not paint the face like the American Indians. For many centuries past they have had dogs whose ears are erected, and never hang down. They make use of them for hunting, and instead of horses in winter, for drawing their goods on the ice.

They themselves sometimes ride in sledges drawn by dogs. They have no other domestic animals. There are indeed plenty of reindeer in their country: but it is not known that either the Esquimaux or any of the Indians in America, have ever tamed them.

For the use of those who are fond of comparing the languages of several nations, I have here inserted a few Esquimaux words, communicated to me by the Jesuit Saint Pie. One, *kombuc;* two, *tigal;* three, *ké;* four, *missilagat;* water, *sillalokto;* rain, *killaluck;* heaven, *taktuck*, or *nabugakshe;* the sun, *shikonak*, or *sakaknuk;* the moon, *takock;* an egg, *manneguk;* the boat, *kagack;* the oar, *pacotick;* the knife, *shavié;* a dog, *mekké*, or *timilok;* the bow, *petiksick;* and arrow, *katso;* the head, *niakock;* the ear, *tchiu;* the eye, *killik*, or *shik;* the hair, *nutshad;* a tooth, *ukak;* the foot, *itikat.* Some think that they are nearly the same nation with the *Greenlanders*, or *Skralingers;* and pretend that there is a great affinity in the language.

27. On the War Path

By Peter Kalm (1749)

July 5th. Whilst we were at dinner, we several times heard a repeated disagreeable outcry, at some distance from the fort, in the river Woodcreek: Mr. Lusignan, the governor, told us this cry was no good omen, because he could conclude from it that the Indians, whom he escaped near Fort Anne, had completed their design of revenging the death of one of their brethren upon the English. Their shouts showed that they had killed an Englishman.

Not many people ever got so near a murder by the Indians without being themselves murdered.

AN INDIAN SAMP BOWL. (KING PHILIPS'S.)

As soon as I came to the window, I saw their boat, with a long pole at one end, on the extremity of which they had put a bloody skull. As soon as they were landed, we heard that their party, six in number, had continued their journey (from the place where we had marks of their passing the night), till they came within the English boundaries. There they found a man and his son employed in mowing the corn.

They crept on towards this man, and shot him dead upon the spot. This happened near the very village, where the English, two years before, killed the brother of one of these Indians, who were then gone out to

attack them. According to their custom the Indians cut off the skull of the dead man, and took it with them, together with his clothes and his son, who was about nine years old.

As soon as they came within a mile of Fort St. Frederic, they put the skull on a pole, in the fore part of the boat, and shouted as a sign of their success. They were dressed in shirts as usual, but some of them had put on the dead man's clothes, one his coat, the other his breeches, another his hat. Their faces were painted with vermillion, with which their shirts were marked across the shoulders.

Most of them had great rings in their ears, which seemed to be a great inconvenience to them, as they were obliged to hold them when they leaped, or did anything which required a violent motion. Some of them had girdles of the skins of rattlesnakes, with the rattles on them. The son of the murdered man had nothing but his shirt, breeches and cap, and the Indians had marked his shoulders with red.

When they got on shore, they took hold of the pole on which the skull was put, and danced and sung at the same time. Their view in taking the boy, was to carry him to their habitations, to educate him instead of their dead brother, and afterwards to marry him to one of their relations.

Notwithstanding they had perpetrated this act of violence in time of peace, contrary to the command of the governor in Montreal, and to the advice of the governor of St. Frederic, yet the latter could not at present deny them provisions, and whatever they wanted for their journey, because he did not think it advisable to exasperate them.

When they came to Montreal, the governor called

them to account for this action, and took the boy from them, whom he afterwards sent to his relations. Mr. Lusignan asked them, what they would have done to me and my companions, if they had met us in the desert? They replied, that as it was their chief intention to take their revenge on the Englishmen in the village where their brother was killed, they would have let us alone. It much depended on the humor they were in, just at the time when we first came to their sight. However, the commander and all the Frenchmen said, that what had happened to me was infinitely safer and better.

28. Wampum

By Peter Kalm (1749)

Among the numerous shells which are found on the seashore, there are some which by the English here are called clams, and which bear some resemblance to the human ear. They have a considerable thickness, and are chiefly white, excepting the pointed end, which both without and within has a blue color, between purple and violet.

Wampum was the only thing like money that the Indians had; but they traded skins with each other, and at the white settlements.

They are met with in vast numbers on the seashore of New York, Long Island, and other places. The shells contain a large animal, which is eaten both by the Indians and Europeans settled here.

A considerable commerce is carried on in this article, with such Indians as live farther up the country. When these people inhabited the coast, they were able to catch their own clams, which at that time made a great part of their food; but at

present this is the business of the Dutch and English who live in Long Island and other maritime provinces.

As soon as the shells are caught, the fish is taken out of them, drawn upon a wire, and hung up in the open air, in order to dry by the heat of the sun. When this is done, the flesh is put into proper vessels, and carried to Albany upon the river Hudson; there the Indians buy them, and reckon them one of their best dishes.

Besides the Europeans, many of the native Indians come annually down to the seashore, in order to catch clams, proceeding with them afterwards in the manner I have just described.

The shells of these clams are used by the Indians as money, and make what they call their wampum; they likewise serve their women for an ornament, when they intend to appear in full dress. These wampums are properly made of the purple parts of the shells, which the Indians value more than the white parts.

A traveller, who goes to trade with the Indians, and is well stocked with them, may become a considerable gainer; but if he take gold coin, or bullion, he will undoubtedly be a loser; for the Indians, who live farther up the country, put little or no value upon these metals which we reckon so precious, as I have frequently observed in the course of my travels.

The Indians formerly made their own wampum, though not without a deal of trouble; but at present the Europeans employ themselves that way; especially the inhabitants of Albany, who get a considerable profit by it.

29. How to Build a Bark Canoe

By Peter Kalm (1749)

The birch-bark canoe, the most ingenious and most beautiful of the Indian's inventions, was so broad that it could float in shallow streams, and so light that one man could easily carry it from one stream across the portage to the next stream.

About two o'clock this afternoon we arrived at Fort Anne. We stayed here all this day, and the next, in order to make a new boat of bark, because there was no possibility of going down the river without it.

The making of our boat took up half yesterday, and all this day. To make such a boat, they pick out a thick tall elm, with a smooth bark, and with as few branches as possible. This tree is cut down, and great care is taken to prevent the bark from being hurt by falling against other trees, or against the ground. For this reason some people do not cut down the trees, but climb to the top of them, split the bark, and strip it off, which was the method our carpenter took. The bark is split on one side, in a straight line along the tree, as long as the boat is intended to be; at the same time, the bark is carefully cut off a little way on both sides of the slit, that it may more easily separate.

The bark is then peeled off very carefully, and particular care is taken not to make any holes in it; this is easy when the sap is in the trees, and at other seasons the tree is heated by the fire, for that purpose. The bark thus stripped off is spread on the ground, in a smooth place, turning the inside downwards, and the rough outside upwards; and to stretch it better, some logs of wood or stones are carefully put on it, which press it down. Then the sides of the bark are gently bent upwards, in order to form the sides of the boat; some sticks are then fixed into the ground, at

the distance of three or four feet from each other, in the curved line, which the sides of the boat are intended to make, supporting the bark intended for the sides. The sides of the bark are then bent in the form which the boat is to have, and according to that form the sticks are either put nearer or further off.

The ribs of the boat are made of thick branches of hickory, which are tough and pliable. They are cut into several flat pieces, about an inch thick, and bent into the form which the ribs require, according to their places in the broader or narrower part of the boat. When thus bent, they are put across the boat, upon the back, or its bottom, pretty close, about ten inches from each other.

The upper edge on each side of the boat is made of two thin poles, of the length of the boat, which are put close together, on the side of the boat, and are flat, where they are to be joined. The edge of the bark is put between these two poles, and sewed up with threads, mouse-wood bark, or other tough bark, or with roots.

But before it is thus sewed up, the ends of the ribs are likewise put between the two poles on each side, taking care to keep them at some distance from each other. After that is done, the poles are sewed together, and when bent properly, both their ends join at each end of the boat, where they are tied together with ropes. To prevent the widening of the boat at the top, three or four bands are put across it, from one edge to the other, at the distance of thirty or forty inches from each other.

These bands are commonly made of hickory, on account of its toughness and flexibility, and have a good length. The ends are put through the bark

on both sides, just below the poles which make the edges; they are bent up above those poles and twisted round the middle part of the bands, where they are carefully tied by ropes. As the bark at the two ends of the boat cannot be put so close together as to keep the water out, the crevices are stopped up with the crushed or pounded bark of the red elm. Some pieces

A BIRCH CANOE.

of bark are put upon the ribs in the boat, without which the foot would easily wear through the thin and weak bark below, which forms the bottom of the boat.

For better security some thin boards are commonly laid at the bottom, which may be trod upon with more safety. The side of the bark which has been upon the wood, thus becomes the outside of the boat, be-

cause it is smooth and slippery, and cuts the water more easily than the other. The building of these boats is not always quick; for sometimes it happens that after peeling the bark off an elm, and carefully examining it, it is found pierced with holes and splits, or it is too thin to venture one's life in.

In such a case another elm must be looked for; and it sometimes happens that several elms must be stripped of their bark, before one is found fit for a boat. That which we made was big enough to bear four persons, with our baggage, which weighed somewhat more than a man.

All possible care must be taken in rowing on the rivers and lakes of these parts with a boat of bark. For as the rivers, and even the lakes, contain numbers of broken trees, which are commonly hidden under the water, the boat may easily run against a sharp branch. This would tear half the boat away, if you rowed on very fast. The people in it would be in great danger, where the water is very deep, especially if such a branch held the boat.

To get into such a dangerous boat must be done with great care, and for the greater safety, without shoes. For with the shoes on, and still more with a sudden leap into the boat, the heels may easily pierce through the bottom of the boat. This might sometimes be attended with very disagreeable circumstances, especially when the boat is near a rock, and close to a sudden depth of water; and such places are common in the lakes and rivers here.

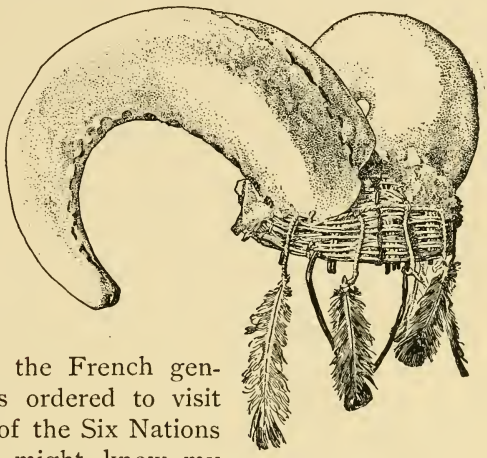
30. Indian Speeches

By George Washington (1754)

About two miles from this, on the southeast side of the river, lives Shingiss, King of the Delawares. We called upon him to invite him to a council at Logstown. Shingiss attended us to Logstown. As soon as I came into town I went to Monacatoocha (as the Half-King was out hunting). I informed him that I was sent as a messenger to the French general, and was ordered to visit the sachems of the Six Nations so that they might know my errand.

Washington, then only twenty-two years old, was sent out by the British to warn the French not to build forts on the Allegheny and Ohio rivers.

Half-King, a famous Indian chief.



AN INDIAN HEAD-DRESS.

I gave him a string of wampum and a twist of tobacco, and desired him to send for the Half-King, and for other sachems, which he promised to do by a runner in the morning. I invited him and the other great men present to my tent, where they stayed about an hour, and returned.

In dealing with the Indians presents always must be given.

About three o'clock this evening, the Half-King came to town. I went up and invited him, with an interpreter, privately to my tent. I desired him to

relate some of the particulars of his journey to the French commandant, and of his reception there.

When he went to the fort, he said he was received in a very stern manner by the late commander, who asked him very abruptly what he had come about and told him to declare his business. So the Half-King said he made the following speech: —

"Fathers, I am come to tell you your own speeches, what your own mouths have declared.

In conference with other Indians, or with white men, the Indians gave symbolical presents, — a hatchet for war, a belt for peace, etc.

"Fathers, in former days you set a silver dish before us, wherein there was a leg of a beaver. You desired all the nations to come and eat of it, to eat in peace and plenty and not to be churlish to one another.

"And you said that if any such disturbing person should be found, you there laid down, by the edge of the dish, a rod with which you would scourge them.

"And you said that if your own father should get foolish in your old days, you desired that we might use it upon you as well as on others.

"Now, fathers, it is you who are the disturbers in this land, by coming and building your towns, and taking our land away unknown to us and by force.

"The Great Being above allowed the land to be a place of residence for us. So, fathers, I desire you to withdraw, just as I have desired our brothers the English to withdraw, for I will keep you at arm's length.

"I am not afraid to send you off this land."

That is, the French commander said that the Indians had accepted wampum

The French general made this reply: —

"Now, my child, I have heard your speech; you spoke first but it is my time to speak now. Where is my wampum that you took away with the marks of towns on it? This new wampum with which you

have ordered me off the land, I do not know that wampum. But you need not put yourself to the trouble of speaking, for I will not hear you.

from the French towns, and therefore could not complain of them.

"I am not afraid of flies or mosquitoes, for that is what Indians are. I tell you I will go down the Ohio river and build upon it according to my command.

"If the river should be blocked up, I have forces sufficient to burst it open and tread under my feet all that oppose me, together with their allies. My force is as the sand upon the sea shore. Therefore here is your wampum; I sling it at you.

"If people will be ruled by me they may expect kindness, but not otherwise."

31. How the Trader Fleeced the Indian

By Mrs. Anne Grant (about 1740)

Indian.—"Brother, I am come to trade with you; but I forewarn you to be more moderate in your demands than formerly."

Trader.—"Why, brother, are not my goods of equal value with those you had last year?"

Indian.—"Perhaps they may be; but mine are more valuable now because more scarce. The Great Spirit who has withheld from you strength and ability to provide food and clothing for yourselves, has given you cunning and art to make guns and provide scaura; and by speaking smooth words to simple men, when they have swallowed madness, you have by little and little purchased their hunting grounds, and made them

"Scaura" is the Indian name for rum.

corn lands. Thus the beavers grew more scarce, and the deer flee farther back; yet after I have reserved skins to buy my blanket and the clothing of my wife, I will exchange the rest."

Trader. — "Be it so, brother: I came not to wrong you, or to take your furs against your will. It is true the beavers are few, and you go further for them. Come, brother, let us deal fair first, and smoke friendly afterwards. Your last gun cost fifty beaver skins; you shall have this for forty; and you shall give marten and racoon skins in the same proportion for powder and shot."

Indian. — "Well, brother, that is fair. Now for two silver bracelets, with long pendent ear-rings of the same, such as you sold to Cardarani in the sturgeon-month last year, how much will you demand?"

i.e. the month when sturgeon were plenty.

Trader. — "The skins of two deer for the bracelets, and those of two fawns for the ear-rings."

Indian. — "That is a great deal; but wampum grows scarce, and silver never rusts. Here are the skins."

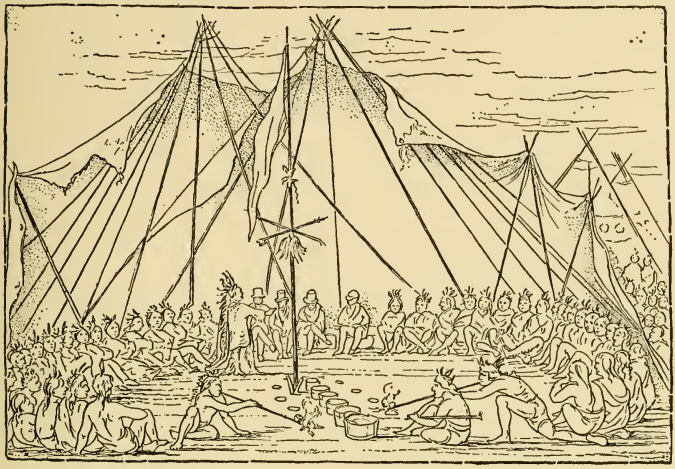
Trader. — "Do you buy any more? Here are knives, hatchets, and beads of all colours."

Indian. — "I will have a knife and a hatchet; but must not take more; the rest of the skins will be little enough to clothe the women and children, and buy wampum. Your beads are of no value, no warrior who has slain a wolf will wear them."

Trader. — "Here are many things good for you, which you have not skins to buy; here is a looking-glass, and here is a brass kettle, in which your woman may boil her maize, her beans, and above all her maple sugar. Here are silver brooches, and here are pistols for the youths."

Indian. — "The skins I can spare will not purchase them."

Trader. — "Your will determines, brother; but next year you will want nothing but powder and shot, for you have already purchased your gun and ornaments. If you will purchase from me a blanket to wrap round you, a shirt and blue stroud for garments for yourself



A FUR TRADER'S CAMP.

and your woman; and the same for leggings, this will pass the time, and save you the great labour of dressing the skins, and making the thread for your clothing: which will give you more fishing and shooting time, in the sturgeon and bear months."

Indian. — "But the custom of my fathers!"

Trader. — "You will not break the custom of your fathers, by being thus clad for a single year. They did not refuse those things which were never offered to them."

Indian. — "For this year, brother, I will exchange my skins; in the next I shall provide apparel more befitting a warrior. One pack alone I will reserve to dress for a future occasion. The summer must not find a warrior idle."

Then the poor Indian gets very drunk and sells his valuables for a trifle.

Trader. — "The governor has forbid bringing scaura to steal away the wisdom of the warriors; but we white men are weak and cold; we brings kegs for ourselves, lest death arise from the swamps. We will not sell scaura; but you shall taste some of ours in return for the venison with which you have feasted us."

Indian. — "Brother, we will drink moderately."

32. How Mackinac was taken and Detroit was saved

By Jonathan Carver (1764)

Carver made a tour among the Indians of the far Northwest, and learned to know them well.

Michillimackinac, from whence I began my travels, is a fort composed of a strong stockade, and is usually defended by a garrison of one hundred men. It contains about thirty houses, one of which belongs to the Governor, and another to the Commissary. Several traders also dwell within its fortifications, who find it a convenient situation to traffic with the neighbouring nations.

Michillimackinac, in the language of the Chipéway Indians, signifies a Tortoise; and the place is supposed to receive its name from an island, lying about six or seven miles to the north-east, within sight of the fort, which has the appearance of that animal.

During the Indian war that followed soon after the conquest of Canada in the year 1763, under the direction of Pontiac, a celebrated Indian warrior, it was taken by surprise in the following manner.

The Indians having settled their plan, drew near the fort, and began a game at ball, a pastime much used among them, and not unlike tennis. In the height of their game, at which some of the English officers, not suspecting any deceit, stood looking on, they struck the ball, as if by accident, over the stockade; this they repeated two or three times, to make the deception more complete.

At length, having by this means lulled every suspicion of the sentry of the south gate, a party rushed by him; and the rest soon following, they took possession of the fort, without meeting with any opposition. Their design accomplished, the Indians had the humanity to spare the lives of the greatest part of the garrison and traders, but they made them all prisoners, and carried them off. However, some time after they took them to Montreal, where they were redeemed at a good price.

Pontiac, under whom the party that surprised Fort Michillimackinac acted, was an enterprising chief or head-warrior of the Miames. He collected an army of confederate Indians to renew the war. However, instead of openly attacking the English settlements, he laid a scheme for taking by surprise those distant forts. To get into his hands Detroit, a place of greater consequence, and much better guarded, required greater resolution, and more consummate art.

He of course took the management of this expedition on himself, and drew near it with the principal body of his troops. He was however, prevented from

carrying his design into execution, by an apparently trivial and unforeseen circumstance. On such does the fate of mighty Empires frequently depend!

The town of Detroit, when Pontiac formed his plan, was garrisoned by about three hundred men commanded by Major Gladwyn, a gallant officer. As at that time every appearance of war was at an end, and the Indians seemed to be on a friendly footing, Pontiac therefore approached the Fort, without exciting any suspicions in the breast of the governor or the inhabitants.

He encamped at a little distance from it, and sent to let the commandant know that he was come to trade; and from a wish to strengthen the chain of peace between the English and his nation, desired that he and his chiefs might be admitted to hold a council with him. The governor, still unsuspicious, and not in the least doubting the sincerity of the Indians, granted their general's request, and fixed on the next morning for their reception.

The evening of that day, an Indian woman who had been employed by Major Gladwyn to make him a pair of Indian shoes, out of curious elk-skin, brought them home. The Major was so pleased with them, that he wanted to keep these as a present for a friend, and ordered her to take the remainder of the skin back, and make it into other shoes for himself.

He then directed his servant to pay her for what she had done, and dismissed her. The woman went to the door that led to the street but no further; she there loitered about as if she had not finished the business on which she came. A servant at length observed her, and asked her why she stayed there; but she gave him no answer.

Some short time after, the governor himself saw her; and enquired of his servant what occasioned her stay. Not being able to get a satisfactory answer, he ordered the woman to be called in. When she came into his presence he desired to know why she loitered about, and did not hasten home before the gates were shut, that she might complete in due time the work he had given her to do.

She told him, after much hesitation, that as he had always behaved with great goodness towards her, she was unwilling to take away the remainder of the skin, because he put so great a value upon it; and yet had not been able to prevail upon herself to tell him so. He then asked her, why she was more reluctant to do so now, than she had been when she made the former pair. With increased reluctance she answered, that she never should be able to bring them back.

His curiosity was now excited, and he insisted on her disclosing to him the secret that seemed to be struggling in her bosom for utterance. At last, on receiving a promise that the intelligence she was about to give him should not turn to her prejudice, and that if it appeared to be beneficial, she should be rewarded for it, she informed him that at the council to be held with the Indians the following day, Pontiac and his chiefs intended to murder him; and, after having massacred the garrison and inhabitants, to plunder the town.

That for this purpose all the chiefs who were admitted into the council-room, had cut their guns short, so that they could conceal them under their blankets; another, at a signal given by their general, on delivering the belt they were all to rise up, and instantly to fire on him and his attendants. Then they were to

rush into the town, where they would find themselves supported by a great number of their warriors, that were to come into it during the sitting of the council, under pretence of trading, but privately armed in the same manner. Having gained from the woman every necessary particular relative to the plot, and also of the means by which she acquired a knowledge of them, he dismissed her with injunctions of secrecy, and a promise of fulfilling on his part with punctuality the engagements he had entered into.

The intelligence the governor had just received, gave him great uneasiness; and he immediately consulted the officer who was next to him in command on the subject. But that gentleman considered the information as a story invented for some artful purpose, and advised him to pay no attention to it.

This conclusion, however, had happily no weight with him. He thought it prudent to conclude it to be true, till he was convinced that it was not so; and therefore, without revealing his suspicions to any other person, he took every needful precaution that the time would admit of. He walked round the fort during the whole night, and saw himself that every sentinel was on duty, and every weapon of defence in proper order.

As he traversed the ramparts which lay nearest to the Indian camp, he heard them in high festivity, and, little imagining that their plot was discovered, probably pleasing themselves with the anticipation of their success. As soon as the morning dawned, he ordered all the garrison under arms; and then imparted his apprehensions to a few of the principal officers, and gave them such directions as he thought necessary.

At the same time he sent round to all the traders,

to inform them that as it was expected a great number of Indians would enter the town that day, who might be inclined to plunder, he desired they would have their arms ready, and repel every attempt of that kind.

About ten o'clock, Pontiac and his chiefs arrived; and were conducted to the council-chamber, where the governor and his principal officers, each with pistols in their belts, awaited his arrival. As the Indians passed on, they could not help observing that a greater number of troops than usual were drawn up on the parade, or marching about.

No sooner were they entered, and seated on the skins prepared for them, than Pontiac asked the governor for what occasion his young men, meaning the soldiers, were thus drawn up, and parading the streets. He received for answer, that it was only intended to keep them perfect in their exercise.

The Indian chief-warrior now began his speech, which contained the strongest professions of friendship and good will towards the English; and when he came to the delivery of the belt of wampum, the particular sign which, according to the woman's information, was to be the signal for his chiefs to fire, the governor and all his chiefs drew their swords halfway out of their scabbards. The soldiers at the same instant made a clattering with their arms before the doors, which had been purposely left open.

Pontiac, though one of the boldest of men, immediately turned pale, and trembled; and instead of giving the belt in the manner proposed, delivered it according to the usual way. His chiefs who had impatiently expected the signal, looked at each other with astonishment, but continued quiet, waiting the result.

L. of C.

The governor in his turn made a speech; but instead of thanking the great warrior for the professions of friendship he had just uttered, he accused him of being a traitor. He told him that the English, who knew every thing, were convinced of his treachery and villainous designs.

As a proof that they were well acquainted with his most secret thoughts and intentions, he stepped towards the Indian chief that sat nearest to him, and drawing aside his blanket, discovered the shortened firelock. This entirely disconcerted the Indians, and frustrated their design.

He then continued to tell them, that as he had given his word at the time they desired an audience, that their persons should be safe, he would hold his promise inviolable, though they so little deserved it. However, he advised them to make the best of their way out of the fort, lest his young men, acquainted with their treacherous purposes, should cut every one of them to pieces.

Pontiac tried to deny the accusation, and to make excuses for his suspicious conduct, but the governor was satisfied of the falsity of his protestations, and would not listen to him. The Indians immediately left the fort, but instead of being sensible of the governor's generous behaviour, they threw off the mask, and the next day made a regular attack upon it.

33. On the Dark and Bloody Ground

By Daniel Boone (1769–1775)

Boone was one of the earliest white settlers in Kentucky, and had to fight with wild animals and wild men. He wrote this out later in life with the help of an educated friend.

It was on the first of May, in the year 1769, that I resigned my domestic happiness for a time, and left my family and peaceable habitation on the Yadkin River, in North Carolina, to wander through the wilderness of America, in quest of the country of Kentucky, in company with John Finley, John Stewart, Joseph Holden, James Monay, and William Cool.

The only reason for Boone's leaving home was the love of adventure and the support of his family.

We proceeded successfully, and after a long and tiresome journey through a mountainous wilderness, in a westward direction, on the seventh day of June following, we found ourselves on Red-River, where John Finley had formerly gone trading with the Indians; and, from the top of an eminence, saw with pleasure the beautiful level of Kentucky.

We found every where abundance of wild beasts of all sorts, through this vast forest. The buffalo were more frequent than I have seen cattle in the settlements, browzing on the leaves of the cane, or cropping the herbage on those extensive plains, fearless, because ignorant, of the violence of man. Sometimes we saw hundreds in a drove, and the numbers about the salt springs were amazing.

As we ascended the brow of a small hill, near Kentucky River, a number of Indians rushed out of a thick cane-brake upon us, and made us prisoners. The time of our sorrow was now arrived, and the scene fully opened. They plundered us of what we had, and kept us in confinement seven days, treating us with

common savage usage. During this time we showed no uneasiness or desire to escape, which made them less suspicious of us. But in the dead of night, as we lay in a thick cane-brake by a large fire, when sleep had locked up their senses, my situation not disposing me for rest, I touched my companion and gently woke him.

We improved this favorable opportunity, and departed, leaving them to take their rest, and speedily directed our course towards our old camp, but found it plundered, and the company dispersed and gone home.

Soon after this, my companion in captivity, John Stewart, was killed by the savages, and the man that came with my brother returned home by himself. We were then in a dangerous, helpless situation, exposed daily to perils and death amongst savages and wild beasts, not a white man in the country but ourselves.

This does not seem much like a hunter.

One day I undertook a tour through the country, and the diversity and beauties of nature I met with in this charming season, expelled every gloomy and vexatious thought. I laid me down to sleep, and I awoke not until the sun had chased away the night. I continued this tour, and in a few days explored a considerable part of the country, each day equally pleased as the first.

I returned again to my old camp, which was not disturbed in my absence. I did not confine my lodging to it, but often reposed in thick cane-brakes, to avoid the savages, who, I believe, often visited my camp, but fortunately for me, in my absence. In this situation I was constantly exposed to danger and death. How unhappy such a situation for a man! Tormented with fear, which is vain if no danger

comes. The prowling wolves diverted my nocturnal hours with perpetual howlings.

In 1772 I returned safe to my old home, and found my family in happy circumstances. I sold my farm on the Yadkin, and what goods we could not carry with us; and on the twenty-fifth day of September, 1773, bade a farewell to our friends, and proceeded on our journey to Kentucky, in company with five families more, and forty men that joined us in Powel's Valley, which is one hundred and fifty miles from the now settled parts of Kentucky.

This is the first settlement of white families west of the Alleghany Mountains.

This promising beginning was soon overcast with a cloud of adversity; for upon the tenth day of October, the rear of our company was attacked by a number of Indians, who killed six, and wounded one man. Of these my eldest son was one that fell in the action.

The Indians knew that the white people wanted their hunting-grounds.

Though we defended ourselves, and repulsed the enemy, yet this unhappy affair scattered our cattle, brought us into extreme difficulty, and so discouraged the whole company, that we retreated forty miles, to the settlement on Clench River.

Within fifteen miles of where Boonsborough now stands, we were fired upon by a party of Indians that killed two, and wounded two of our number; yet, although surprised and taken at a disadvantage, we stood our ground. This was on the twentieth of March, 1775.

Three days after, we were fired upon again, and had two men killed, and three wounded. Afterwards we proceeded on to Kentucky River without opposition; and on the first day of April began to erect the fort of Boonsborough at a salt lick, about sixty yards from the river, on the south side. On the fourth day, the Indians killed one of our men.

In a short time, I proceeded to remove my family from Clench to this garrison; where we arrived safe without any other difficulties than such as are common to this passage, my wife and daughter being the first white women that ever stood on the banks of Kentucky River. On the twenty-fourth day of December following, we had one man killed, and one wounded, by the Indians, who seemed determined to persecute us for erecting this fortification.

On the fourteenth day of July, 1776, two of Col. Calaway's daughters, and one of mine, were taken prisoners near the fort. I immediately pursued the Indians, with only eight men, and on the sixteenth overtook them, killed two of the party, and recovered the girls. The same day on which this attempt was made, the Indians divided themselves into different parties, and attacked several forts, which were shortly before this time erected, doing a great deal of mischief. This was extremely distressing to the new settlers. The innocent husbandman was shot down, while busy in cultivating the soil for his family's supply. Most of the cattle around the stations were destroyed. They continued their hostilities in this manner until the fifteenth of April, 1777, when they attacked Boonsborough with a party of above one hundred in number, killed one man, and wounded four. — Their loss in this attack was not certainly known to us.

On the fourth day of July following, a party of about two hundred Indians attacked Boonsborough, killed one man, and wounded two. They besieged us forty-eight hours; during which time seven of them were killed, and, at last, finding themselves not likely to prevail, they raised the siege, and departed.

The Indians had disposed their warriors in different parties at this time, and attacked the different garrisons to prevent their assisting each other, and did much injury to the distressed inhabitants.

On the nineteenth day of this month, Col. Logan's fort was besieged by a party of about two hundred Indians. During this dreadful siege they did a great deal of mischief, distressed the garrison, in which were only fifteen men, killed two, and wounded one.

This campaign in some measure damped the spirits of the Indians, and made them sensible of our superiority. Their connections were dissolved, their armies scattered, and a future invasion put entirely out of their power; yet they continued to practise mischief secretly upon the inhabitants, in the exposed parts of the country.

In October following, a party made an excursion into that district called the Crab Orchard, and one of them, who was advanced some distance before the others, boldly entered the house of a poor defenceless family, in which was only a Negro man, a woman and her children, terrified with the apprehensions of immediate death. The savage, perceiving their defenceless situation, without offering violence to the family, attempted to captivate the Negro, who happily proved an over-match for him, threw him on the ground, and, in the struggle, the mother of the children drew an axe from a corner of the cottage, and cut his head off, while her little daughter shut the door. The savages instantly appeared, and applied their tomahawks to the door. An old rusty gun-barrel, without a lock, lay in a corner, which the mother put through a small crevice, and the savages, perceiving it, fled. In the mean time, the alarm spread through the neighbour-

hood; the armed men collected immediately, and pursued the ravagers into the wilderness. Thus Providence, by the means of this Negro, saved the whole of the poor family from destruction. From that time, until the happy return of peace between the United States and Great Britain, the Indians did us no mischief.

To conclude, I can now say that I have verified the saying of an old Indian who signed Col. Henderson's deed. Taking me by the hand, at the delivery thereof, Brother, says he, we have given you a fine land, but I believe you will have much trouble in settling it. — My footsteps have often been marked with blood, and therefore I can truly subscribe to its original name. Two darling sons, and a brother, have I lost by savage hands, which have also taken from me forty valuable horses, and abundance of cattle. Many dark and sleepless nights have I been a companion for owls, separated from the cheerful society of men, scorched by the summer's sun, and pinched by the winter's cold, an instrument ordained to settle the wilderness. But now the scene is changed: peace crowns the sylvan shade.

34. Indian Games

By Jonathan Carver (1766)

The Indians are greatly addicted to gaming, and will even stake, and lose with composure, all the valuables they are possessed of. They amuse themselves at several sorts of games; but the principal and most esteemed among them is that of the ball, which is not unlike the European game of tennis.

The game of Lacrosse.

The balls they use are rather larger than those made use of at tennis, and are formed of a piece of deer-skin. It is moistened to render it supple, and then stuffed hard with the hair of the same creature, and sewed with its sinews. The ball-sticks are about three feet long; at the end there is fixed a kind of racket, resembling the palm of the hand, and fashioned of thongs cut from a deer-skin. In these they catch the ball, and throw it to a great distance, if they are not prevented by some of the opposite party, who fly to intercept it.

This game is generally played by large companies, that sometimes consist of more than three hundred; and it is not uncommon for different bands to play against each other.

The editor has himself seen such a game among the Sioux Indians.

They begin by fixing two poles in the ground at about six hundred yards apart, and one of these goals belong to each party of the combatants. The ball is thrown up high in the centre of the ground, and in a direct line between the goals: towards which each party endeavors to strike it. Whichever side first causes it to reach their own goal, reckons towards the game.

They are so exceedingly dextrous in this manly exercise, that the ball is usually kept flying in different directions by the force of the rackets, without touching the ground during the whole contention. They are not allowed to catch it with their hands. They run with amazing velocity in pursuit of each other. When one is on the point of hurling it to a great distance, an antagonist overtakes him, and by a sudden stroke dashes down the ball.

They play with so much vehemence that they frequently wound each other, and sometimes a bone is

broken. Notwithstanding these accidents, there never appears to be any spite or wanton exertions of strength to affect them; nor do any disputes ever happen between the parties.

There is another game also in use among them worthy of remark, and this is the game of the Bowl or Platter. This game is played between two persons only. Each person has six or eight little bones not unlike a peach stone either in size or shape, except that they are quadrangular. Two of the sides of these are colored black, and the others white. These they throw up into the air, from whence they fall into a bowl or platter placed underneath, and made to spin round.

According as these bones present the white or black side upwards they reckon the game. He that happens to have the greatest number turn up of a similar color, counts five points; and forty is the game. The winning party keeps his place, and the loser yields his to another who is appointed by one of the umpires. A whole village is sometimes concerned in the party, and at times one band plays against another.

During this play the Indians appear to be greatly excited, and at every decisive throw set up a hideous shout. They make a thousand contortions, addressing themselves at the same time to the bones, and loading with imprecations, the evil spirits that assist their successful antagonists.

At this game some will lose their apparel, all the moveables of their cabins, and sometimes even their liberty; notwithstanding there are no people in the universe more jealous of their freedom than the Indians are.

35. Defeated by the Indians

By Daniel Boone (1782)

Toward Spring, we were frequently harassed by Indians; and, in May, 1782, a party assaulted Ashton's

DANIEL BOONE.

station, killed one man, and took a negro prisoner. Captain Ashton, with twenty-five men, pursued, and overtook the savages, and a smart fight ensued, which lasted two hours; but as they were superior in num-

ber, they obliged Captain Ashton's party to retreat, with the loss of eight killed and four mortally wounded; their brave commander himself was numbered among the dead.

The Indians continued their hostilities; and, about the tenth of August following, two boys were taken from Major Hoy's station. This party was pursued by Capt. Holder and seventeen men, who were also defeated, with the loss of four men killed, and one wounded. Our affairs became more and more alarming. Several stations which had lately been erected in the country were continually infested with savages, who stole the horses and killed the men at every opportunity. In a field, near Lexington, an Indian shot a man, and while running to scalp him, was himself shot from the fort, and fell dead upon his enemy.

Every day we experienced numerous mischiefs. The barbarous savage nations of Shawanese, Cherokees, Wyandots, Tawas, Delawares, and several others near Detroit, united in a war against us, and assembled their choicest warriors at old Chelicothe to go on the expedition, in order to destroy us, and entirely depopulate the country. Their savage minds were inflamed to mischief by two abandoned men, Captains M'Kee and Girty, who led them to execute every diabolical scheme.

Famous renegade white men.

On the fifteenth day of August, a party of about five hundred Indians and Canadians attacked Briant's station, five miles from Lexington. Without demanding a surrender, they furiously assaulted the garrison, which was happily prepared to oppose them; and, after they had expended much ammunition in vain, and killed the cattle round the fort, seeing they were not likely to make themselves masters, they raised

the siege, and departed in the morning of the third day after they came, with the loss of about thirty killed, and the number of wounded uncertain. — Of the garrison four were killed, and three wounded.

On the eighteenth day Col. Todd, Col. Trigg, Major Harland, and myself, speedily collected one hundred and seventy-six men, well armed, and pursued the savages. They had marched beyond the Blue Licks to a remarkable bend of the main fork of Licking River, about forty-three miles from Lexington, where we overtook them on the nineteenth day. The savages observed us and gave way; while we, ignorant of their numbers, passed over the river.

The enemy saw our proceedings, as they had greatly the advantage of us in situation, and formed the line of battle, from one bend of Licking to the other, about a mile from the Blue Licks. An exceeding fierce battle immediately began, for about fifteen minutes, when we were overpowered by numbers and obliged to retreat, with the loss of fifty-seven men, seven of whom were taken prisoners. The brave and much-lamented Colonels Todd and Trigg, Major Harland, and my second son, were among the dead. We were informed that the Indians, on numbering their dead, found they had four killed more than we; and therefore, four of the prisoners they had taken were, by general consent, ordered to be killed, in a most barbarous manner, by the young warriors, in order to train them up to cruelty; and then they proceeded to their towns.

On our retreat we were met by Col. Logan, hastening to join us, with a number of well armed men. This powerful assistance we unfortunately wanted in the battle; for notwithstanding the enemy's superi-

ority of numbers, they acknowledged that if they had received one more fire from us, they would undoubtedly have given way. So valiantly did our small party fight, that to the memory of those who unfortunately fell in the battle, enough of honour cannot be paid. Had Col. Logan and his party been with us, it is highly probable we should have given the savages a total defeat.

I cannot reflect upon this dreadful scene, but sorrow fills my heart. A zeal for the defence of their country led these heroes to the scene of action, ready with a few men to attack a powerful army of experienced warriors. When we gave way, they pursued us with the utmost eagerness, and in every quarter spread destruction. The river was difficult to cross, and many were killed in the flight, some just entering the river, some in the water, others after crossing, in ascending the cliffs. Some escaped on horseback, a few on foot; and dispersed every where in a few hours, and brought the melancholy news of this unfortunate battle to Lexington. Many widows were now made. The reader may guess what sorrow filled the hearts of the inhabitants, exceeding any thing that I am able to describe.

As soon as General Clark, then at the Falls of the Ohio, who was ever our ready friend, and merits the love and gratitude of all his countrymen, understood the circumstances of this unfortunate action, he ordered an expedition, with all possible haste, to pursue the savages. The plan was expeditiously effected, and we overtook them within two miles of their towns, and probably might have obtained a great victory, had not two of their number met us about two hundred rods before we came up. These returned quick

as lightening to their camp with the alarming news of a mighty army in view. The savages fled in the utmost disorder, evacuated their towns, and reluctantly left their territory to our mercy. Without opposition, we immediately took possession of Old Chelicothe, deserted by its inhabitants; and then we continued our pursuit through five towns on the Miami rivers, Old Chelicothe, Pecaway, New Chelicothe, Will's Towns, and Chelicothe, burnt them all to ashes, entirely destroyed their corn, and other fruits, and everywhere spread a scene of desolation in the country. In this expedition we took seven prisoners and five scalps, with the loss of only four men, two of whom were accidentally killed by our own men.

36. A Captive well treated by Indians

By Daniel Boone (about 1780)

For the space of six weeks, we had skirmishes with Indians, in one quarter or other, almost every day. The savages now learned the superiority of the Long Knife, as they called the Virginians, by experience; for they were out-generalled in almost every battle. Our affairs began to wear a new aspect, and the enemy, not daring to venture on open war, practised secret mischief.

Considering how much harm Boone had done to the Indians, their kindness to him when they held him in their power was remarkable.

On the first day of January, 1778, I went with a party of thirty men to the Blue Licks, on Licking River, to make salt for the different garrisons in the country.

On the 7th day of February, as I was hunting to procure meat for the company, I met with a party of one hundred and two Indians, and two Frenchmen, on their march against Boonsborough, a place particularly the object of the enemy.

They pursued and took me; and brought me on the eighth day to the Licks, where were twenty-seven of my party, three of them having previously returned home with the salt. I knew it was impossible for them to escape, and arranged with the enemy to stand at a distance in their view, and give notice to my men of their situation, with orders not to resist, but to surrender themselves captives.

Now the city of Chillicothe, Ohio.

The generous usage the Indians had promised before in my capitulation, was afterwards fully complied with, and we proceeded with them as prisoners to old Chilicothe, the principal Indian town on Little Miami, where we arrived, after an uncomfortable journey in very severe weather, on the eighteenth day of February, and received as good treatment as prisoners could expect from savages. — On the tenth day of March following, I and ten of my men were conducted by forty Indians to Detroit, where we arrived the thirtieth day, and were treated by Governor Hamilton, the British commander at that post, with great humanity.

During our travels, the Indians entertained me well; and their affection for me was so great, that they utterly refused to leave me there with the others, although the Governor offered them one hundred pounds sterling for me, on purpose to give me a parole to go home. Several English gentlemen there, sensible of my adverse fortune, and touched with human sympathy, generously offered a friendly

supply for my wants, which I refused, with many thanks for their kindness; adding, that I never expected it would be in my power to recompense such unmerited generosity.

The Indians left my men in captivity with the British at Detroit, and on the tenth day of April brought me towards Old Chilicothe, where we arrived on the twenty-fifth day of the same month. This was a long and fatiguing march, through an exceeding fertile country, remarkable for fine springs and streams of water. At Chilicothe I spent my time as comfortably as I could expect; was adopted, according to their custom, into a family, where I became a son, and had a great share in the affection of my new parents, brothers, sisters, and friends.

I was exceedingly familiar and friendly with them, always appearing as chearful and satisfied as possible, and they put great confidence in me. I often went a hunting with them, and frequently gained their applause for my activity at our shooting-matches. I was careful not to exceed many of them in shooting; for no people are more envious than they in this sport. I could observe, in their countenances and gestures, the greatest expressions of joy when they exceeded me; and, when the reverse happened, of envy.

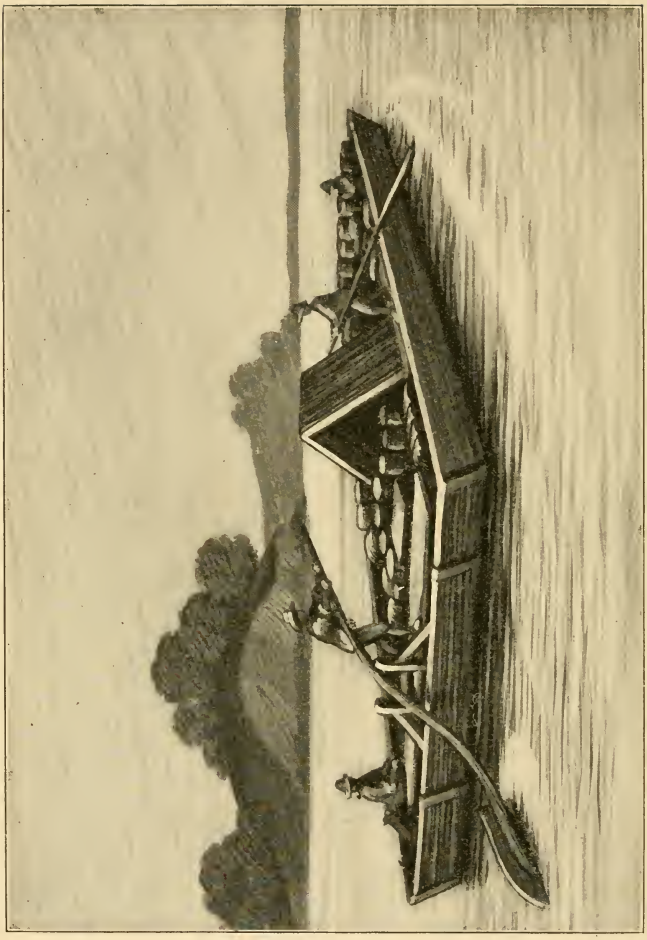
The Shawanese king took great notice of me, and treated me with profound respect, and entire friendship, often trusting me to hunt at my liberty. I frequently returned with the spoils of the woods, and as often presented some of what I had taken to him, expressive of duty to my sovereign. My food and lodging were in common with them; not so good indeed as I could desire, but necessity made every thing acceptable.

I now began to meditate an escape, and carefully avoided their suspicions, continuing with them at Old Chilicothe until the first day of June following; then I was taken by them to the salt springs on Sciota, and kept there ten days, making salt. During this time I hunted for them, and found the land for a great extent about this river, better than the soil of Kentucky, if possible, and remarkably well watered.

When I returned to Chilicothe, I was alarmed to see four hundred and fifty Indians, of their choicest warriors, painted and armed in a fearful manner, ready to march against Boonsborough, and I determined to escape on the first opportunity.

On the sixteenth, before sun-rise, I departed in the most secret manner, and arrived at Boonsborough on the twentieth, after a journey of one hundred and sixty miles; during which, I had but one meal.

I found our fortress in a bad state of defence; but we proceeded immediately to repair our flanks, strengthen our gates and posterns, and form double bastions, which we completed in ten days. All this time we daily expected the arrival of the Indian army; and at length, one of my fellow prisoners arrived, who had escaped from them, and informed us that the enemy had postponed their expedition three weeks on account of my departure. — The Indians had spies out viewing our movements, and were greatly alarmed with our increase in number and fortifications. The Grand Councils of the nations were held frequently, and with more deliberation than usual. They evidently saw the approaching hour when the Long Knife would dispossess them of their desirable habitations; and, anxiously concerned for futurity, determined utterly to extirpate the whites out of Kentucky.



A FLAT-BOAT.

PART IV

THE FRENCH AND THE INDIAN WARS

37. The Casket Girls in Louisiana

By Monsieur Dumont (1719)

One day there arrived at Dauphin Island a vessel sent from France loaded with young women, a necessary shipment, without which it was impossible to make any solid establishment in the country. There were indeed on the island some married Canadians, who had children and even marriageable daughters, but they were old settlers, and looked upon as lords of the island. They had risen to wealth by trade either with Crozat's vessels or the Spaniards. One especially, named Trudeau, had a very pretty frame house, two stories high, covered with shingles.

The early French emigrants were for the most part men; they were glad to see girls coming over to be their wives.

As soon as the young women were landed they were lodged in the same house, with a sentinel at the door. Leave was given to see them by day and make a selection, but as soon as it was dark, entrance to the house was forbidden to all persons. These girls were not long in being provided for and married. We may say that this first cargo did not suffice for the number

of suitors who came forward. The one who was left to the last, had nearly given rise to a very serious dispute between two young men, who wished to fight for her, although this Helen was anything but pretty, having more the air of a guardsman than of a girl. The dispute coming to the ears of the commandant, he made the two draw lots to settle their quarrel. In fact, had as many girls as there were soldiers and workmen arrived at the time on the island, not one would have remained without a husband.

Soldier.

After the first vessel loaded with young women several others arrived. All brought troops and mechanics, so that Dauphin Island soon became too small to hold all that were sent there. This induced the commandant, who had been very long in the province and knew better than any other the most suitable places, to select a wider and more spacious ground to form a new settlement.

This new post was a bluff or little mountain on the mainland, at a place to which the name "Old Biloxi" was given, because it had formerly been a village of Indians who bore that name.

While they were engaged in forming this new establishment three royal vessels arrived with a ship of the company's, called the Mutine. The last vessel, besides a cargo of goods and provisions, brought a troop of young women, sent against their will, except one, who was called the Damsel of Good-Will.

They were landed first on Dauphin Island, but the marrying mania had subsided, and there was no demand for them. Moreover, since the commandant had resolved soon to abandon the island, he put them all in boats and sent them over to Ship Island, thence to Old Biloxi, where most of them got married.

The colony was not yet planted on St. Louis River (Mississippi). This determined some of the newcomers to land all their people and effects at New Biloxi, where a Canadian had made a little establishment, which he had subsequently abandoned to go nearer the river. There each took a plot along the coast, cleared it, and raised cabins; but they had this disadvantage, that when they wished to go to Old Biloxi to see the commandant, they had to cross the water a good league.

An accident, which happened in the latter post about this time, delivered them from this inconvenience, and caused a new movement of the colony. There was at Old Biloxi a sergeant, who drank a little and then lay down, but took it into his head to light his pipe, as he did in fact with a stick from the fire. As he was lying on his bed, instead of getting up to put the stick back, he threw it unluckily not into the middle of his cabin, but against the posts that surrounded it. The wind, blowing through the posts, soon fanned a blaze, which in a moment caught the palisade of pine, a very resinous wood, and easily inflamed.

In an instant the fire spread to the next cabin, and from that to another. Though fortunately the wind was not high, the conflagration soon became so violent, that to check it and prevent its progress, they had to throw down two cabins on each side. The sergeant escaped as he was, without being able to take anything from his cabin. In all, eleven cabins were burned or thrown down. The commandant had no thought of restoring them, as he was already disposed to transport his colony once more, and make a third establishment.

38. The Founding of the City of New Orleans

By Monsieur Dumont (1719–1728)

While the land-holders, dispersed in different places in that vast province, were engaged in making settlements, the commandant, now left alone at Old Biloxi, with the troops and officers of the company, thought of making a more stable and solid establishment in the country than any that had yet been formed for the colony.

30 leagues = about 90 miles.

With this view he selected a tract thirty leagues above the mouth of the river. He sent the chief engineer there to choose in that tract a place fit for building a city worthy of becoming the capital and headquarters to which all the rising settlements might have recourse for supplies and help.

The place consisted only of some unimportant houses, scattered here and there. A pretty long and wide strip was next cleared along the river. To each settler who appeared they gave a plot of land. It was ordained that those who obtained these plots should be bound to inclose them with palisades, and leave all around a strip at least three feet wide, at the foot of which a ditch was to be dug, to serve as a drain for the river water in time of inundation. The Sieur de la Tour deemed these canals, communicating from square to square, absolutely necessary. To further preserve the city from inundation, he raised in front, near a slight elevation, running to the river, a dike or levée of earth, at the foot of which he dug a similar drain.

The city of New Orleans is three or four feet below high water in the Mississippi.

All were engaged in these labors, and several houses or cabins were already raised, when about the month of September a hurricane came on so suddenly, that in an instant it leveled houses and palisades. With this impetuous wind came such torrents of rain, that you could not step out a moment without risk of being drowned. A vessel, called the Adventurer, lay at anchor before the town. Though all sails were reefed, the yards stayed, and the vessel well secured to the shore by cables, and in the river by anchors, it was full twenty times in danger of going to pieces or being dashed on the shore.

In fact, this tempest was so terrible that it rooted up the largest trees, and the birds, unable to keep up, fell in the streets. In one hour the wind had twice blown from every point of the compass. On the third day it finally ceased, and they set to work to repair the damage done. Meanwhile the new city began to fill up with inhabitants, who gradually began to abandon New Biloxi to come and settle there. At last the commandant himself went there, with his council and troops. They left only an officer with a detachment at New Biloxi to guard the post, and direct vessels coming from France to the residence of the colony.

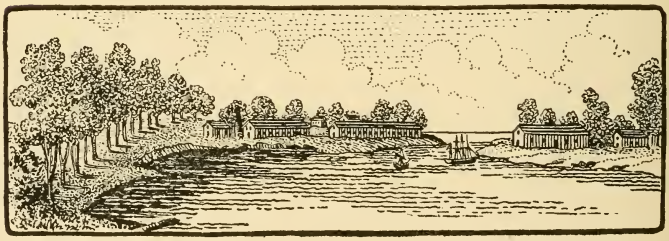
When the foundation of the new capital, which took the name of New-Orleans, was laid, the houses, as I have said, were mere palisade cabins, like those of Old and New Biloxi. The only difference was, that in the latter places the posts were pine, while at the capital they were cypress. But since they began to make brick there, no houses but brick are built; so that now the government-house, church, barracks, &c., and almost all the houses are brick, or half-brick and half-wood.

About this time arrived a third vessel, loaded with young women; but these were of a superior class to their predecessors, from the fact of their being called "casket-girls." This was because on leaving France, each had received from the liberality of the company a little trunk of clothes, and linens, caps, chemises, stockings, &c. They had, too, the advantage of being brought over by nuns. They had not time to pine away in the houses assigned for their abode on their arrival, but soon found husbands.

This place which at first was hardly a good-sized village, may now justly be called a city. On the levee, to the left, is the market. Opposite the place, beside the storehouses, is the anchorage for vessels. Beside it is the guard house.

The levee is the slope along the river front.

To avoid accident by fire the powder-magazine is at a distance from the city. This capital wants only fortifications, which have not yet been begun. You will find there very fine brick houses and a great many buildings four or five stories high.



AN EARLY PICTURE OF NEW ORLEANS.

39. A Song about Indians

(1725)

The fight at Pigwacket (near what is now Fryeburg, Maine) took place May 7, 1725, much as the ballad tells the story. The poetry is rude, but the spirit is excellent.

1. Of worthy Captain Lovewell I purpose now to sing,
   How valiantly he served his country and his King;
   He and his valiant soldiers, did range the woods full wide,
   And hardships they endured, to quell the Indian's pride.

2. 'Twas nigh unto Pigwacket, on the eighth day of May,
   They spied a rebel Indian soon after break of day;
   He on a bank was walking, upon a neck of land,
   Which leads into a pond, as we're made to understand.

3. Our men resolv'd to have him, and travell'd two miles round,
   Until they met the Indian, who boldly stood his ground;
   Then speaks up Captain Lovewell, "take you good heed," says he,
   "This rogue is to decoy us, I very plainly see.

4. "The Indians lie in ambush, in some place nigh at hand,
   In order to surround us upon this neck of land;
   Therefore we'll march in order, and each man leave his pack,
   That we may briskly fight them when they make their attack."

5. They came unto this Indian, who did them thus defy,
As soon as they came nigh him, two guns he did let fly,
Which wounded Captain LOVEWELL, and likewise one man more,
And when this rogue was running, they laid him in his gore.

6. Then having scalp'd the Indian, they went back to the spot,
Where they had laid their packs down, but there they found them not,
For the Indians having spy'd them, when they them down did lay,
Did seize them for their plunder, and carry them away.

7. These rebels lay in ambush, this very place hard by,
So that an English soldier did one of them espy,
And cried out, "here's an Indian," with that they started out,
As fiercely as old lions, and hideously did shout.

8. With that our valiant English, all gave a loud huzza,
To shew the rebel Indians they fear'd them not a straw:
So now the fight began, as fiercely as could be,
The Indians ran up to them, but soon were forced to flee.

9. Then spake up Captain Lovewell, when first the fight began
"Fight on my valiant heroes! you see they fall like rain."
For as we are inform'd, the Indians were so thick,
A man could scarcely fire a gun and not some of them hit.

10. Then did the rebels try their best our soldiers to surround,
But they could not accomplish it, because there was a pond,
To which our men retreated and covered all the rear,
The rogues were forc'd to flee them, altho' they skulked for fear.

11. Two logs there were behind them that close together lay,
Without being discovered, they could not get away;
Therefore our valiant English, they travell'd in a row,
And at a handsome distance as they were wont to go.

12. 'Twas ten o'clock in the morning, when first the fight begun,
And fiercely did continue until the setting sun;
Excepting that the Indians, some hours before 'twas night,
Drew off into the bushes and ceas'd a while to fight.

13. But soon again returned, in fierce and furious mood,
Shouting as in the morning, but yet not half so loud,
For as we are informed, so thick and fast they fell,
Scarce twenty of their number at night did get home well.

14. And that our valiant English, till midnight there did stay,
To see whether the rebels would have another fray;
But they no more returning, they made off towards their home,
And brought away their wounded as far as they could come.

15. Of all our valiant English, there were but thirty-four,
And of the rebel Indians, there were about four-score.
And sixteen of our English did safely home return,
The rest were kill'd and wounded, for which we all must mourn.

16. Our worthy Captain Lovewell among them there did die,
They killed Lieut. Robbins, and wounded good young Frye,
Who was our English Chaplain; he many Indians slew,
And some of them he scalp'd when bullets round him flew.

17. Young Fullam too I'll mention, because he
fought so well,
Endeavouring to save a man, a sacrifice he fell;
But yet our gallant Englishmen in fight were
ne'er dismay'd,
But still they kept their motion, and Wyman's
Captain made,

18. Who shot the old chief Paugus, which did the
foe defeat,
Then set his men in order, and brought off the
retreat;
And braving many dangers and hardships in the
way,
They safe arriv'd at Dunstable, the thirteenth
day of May.

40. Captured by the Indians

By John Gyles (1736)

On the second spring of my captivity my Indian master and his squaw went to Canada; but sent me down the river with several Indians to the Fort, in order to plant corn. The day before we came to the planting field we met two young Indian men, who seemed to be in great haste. After they had passed us I understood that they were going with an express to Canada, and that there was an English vessel at the mouth of the river. I, not perfect in the language, nor knowing that English vessels traded with them in time of war, supposed a peace was concluded on, and that the captives would be released; and was so transported with the fancy that I slept but

One of the most frequent dangers to the pioneer was that of capture by the Indians. Such captives were held as slaves, and kind-hearted Frenchmen sometimes bought them and sent them home.

little, if at all, that night. Early the next morning we came to the village, where the ecstasy ended, for I had no sooner landed but three or four Indians dragged me to the great wigwam, where they were yelling and dancing round James Alexander, a Jerseyman, who was taken from Falmouth, in Casco Bay. This was occasioned by two families of Cape Sable Indians, who had lost some friends by a number of English fishermen, and came some hundred of miles to revenge themselves on the poor captives! They soon came to me, and tossed me about till I was almost breathless, and then threw me into the ring to my fellow captive, and took him out again, and repeated their barbarities to him. And then I was hauled out again by three Indians, by the hair of my head, and held down by it, till one beat me on the back and shoulders so long that my breath was almost beat out of my body. And then others put a tomahawk into my hand, and ordered me to get up and dance and sing Indian, which I performed with the greatest reluctance; and in the act I was resolute to purchase my death, by killing two or three of those monsters of cruelty, thinking it impossible to survive their bloody treatment. But it was impressed on my mind, "'Tis not in their power to take away your life"; so I desisted.

Then those Cape Sable Indians came to me again like bears bereaved of their whelps, saying, "Shall we, who have lost relations by the English, suffer an English voice to be heard among us?" etc. Then they beat me again with the axe. Then I repented that I had not sent two or three of them out of the world before me, for I thought that I had much rather die than suffer any longer. They left me the

second time, and the other Indians put the tomahawk into my hand again, and compelled me to sing. And then I seemed more resolute than before to destroy some of them; but a strange and strong impulse that I should return to my own place and people, suppressed it as often as such a motion rose in my breast. Not one of the Indians showed the least compassion; but I saw the tears run down plentifully on the cheeks of a Frenchman that sat behind; which did not alleviate the tortures that poor James and I were forced to endure for the most part of this tedious day; for they were continued till the evening; and were the most severe that ever I met with in the whole six years that I was captive with the Indians.

After they had thus inhumanly abused us, two Indians took us up and threw us out of the wigwam, and we crawled away on our hands and feet, and were scarce able to walk for several days. Some time after, they again concluded on a merry dance, when I was at some distance from the wigwam dressing leather, and an Indian was so kind as to tell me that they had got James Alexander, and were in search of me. My Indian master and his squaw bid me run as for my life into a swamp and hide, and not to discover myself, unless they both came to me, for then I might be assured the dance was over. I was now master of their language, and a word or a wink was enough to excite me to take care of myself. I ran to the swamp, and hid in the thickest place that I could find. I heard hollowing and whooping all around me; sometimes they passed very near, and I could hear some threaten, and others flatter me, but I was not disposed to dance; and if

they had come upon me I resolved to show them a pair of heels, and they must have had good luck to have caught me.

I heard no more of them till about evening (for I think I slept), when they came again, calling "Chon, Chon," but John would not trust them. After they were gone, my master and his squaw came where they told me to hide, but could not find me; and when I heard them say with some concern, that they believed that the other Indians had frightened me into the woods, and that I was lost, I came out, and they seemed well pleased, and told me that James had had a bad day of it; that as soon as he was released he ran away into the woods, and they believed he was gone to the Mohawks. James soon returned and gave me a melancholy account of his sufferings; and the Indians' fright concerning the Mohawks passed over.

The Mohawks, one of the Iroquois tribes, were the fiercest of the northern Indians.

They often had terrible apprehension of the incursion of the Mohawks. One very hot season a great number gathered together at the village; and, being a very thirsty people, they kept James and myself night and day fetching water from a cold spring that ran out of a rocky hill about three-quarters of a mile from the fort. In going thither, we crossed a large intervale, or meadow, and then a descent to a lower intervale before we ascended the hill to the spring. James, who was almost dead as well as I, with this continual fatigue, laid a plan to fright the Indians. He told me of it, but conjured me to secrecy, yet said he knew that I could keep counsel. The next dark night James, going for water, set his kettle on the descent to the lowest intervale, and ran back to the fort, puffing and blowing, as in the utmost

surprise, and told his master that he saw something near the spring, that looked like Mohawks (which he told me on the sly were stumps). His master, who was a most courageous warrior, went with James to make

A WAR FLAG.

discovery, and when they came to the brow of the hill, James pointed to the stumps, and withal touched his kettle with his toe, which gave it motion down hill, and at every turn of the kettle the bail clattered; upon which James and his master could see a Mohawk in motion in every stump, and turned tail

to, and he was the best man that could run fastest. This alarmed all the Indians in the village. Though about thirty or forty in number, they packed off, bag and baggage, some up the river and others down, and did not return under fifteen days; and as the heat of the weather was finely over, our hard service abated for this season. I never heard that the Indians understood the occasion of the fright, but James and I had many a private laugh about it.

My most intimate and dear companion was one John Evans, a young man taken from Quochecho. As often as we could, we met together, and made known our grievances to each other, which seemed to ease our minds; but when it was known by the Indians, we were strictly examined apart, and falsely accused, that we were intending to desert. But we were too far from the sea to have any thought of that; and when they found that our stories agreed, we received no punishment. An English captive girl about this time (who was taken by Medocawando) would often falsely accuse us of plotting to desert, but we made the truth so plainly appear, that she was chidden and we released.

The third winter of my captivity James went into the country, and the Indians imposed a heavy burden on him, though he was extreme weak with long fasting; and as he was going off the upland over a place of ice which was very hollow, he broke through, fell down, and cut his knee very much. Notwithstanding, he travelled for some time; but the wind and cold were so forcible, that they soon overcame him, and he sat or fell down, and all the Indians passed by him. Some of them went back the next day after him, or his pack, and found him, with a dog in his

arms, both frozen as stiff as a stake. And all my fellow-captives were dispersed and dead; but through infinite and unmerited goodness I was supported and carried through all difficulties.

41. The Ladies in French Canada

By Peter Kalm (1749)

All the women in the country, without exception, wear caps of some kind or other. Their jackets are short, and so are their petticoats, and they have a silver cross hanging down on the breast. In general they are very industrious; however, I saw some, who, like the English women in the colonies, did nothing but chatter all the day.

It appears that people a century and a half ago were as fond of dressing in the fashion as they are now.

When they have any thing to do within doors, they (especially the girls) commonly sing songs, in which the words *amour* and *cœur* are very frequent. In the country, it is usual, that when the husband receives a visit from persons of rank, and dines with them, his wife stands behind and serves him.

Love. Heart.

In the towns, the ladies are more distinguished, and would willingly assume an equal, if not a superior, power to their husbands. When they go out of doors they wear long cloaks, which cover all their other clothes, and are either grey, brown, or blue. The men sometimes make use of them, when they are obliged to go in the rain. The women have the advantage of wearing old clothes under these cloaks, without any body's perceiving it.

We sometimes saw wind-mills near the farms. They were generally built of stone, with a roof of

boards, which, together with its flyers, could be turned to the wind occasionally.

The difference between the manners and customs of the French in Montreal and Canada, and those of the English in the American colonies, is as great as that between the manners of those two nations in Europe. The women in general are handsome here; they are well bred, and virtuous, with an innocent and becoming freedom. They dress out very fine on Sundays. On the other days they do not take much pains with other parts of their dress, yet they are very fond of adorning their heads, the hair of which is always curled and powdered, and ornamented with glittering bodkins and aigrettes.

Every day but Sunday, they wear a little neat jacket, and a short petticoat which hardly reaches the knee, and in this particular they seem to imitate the Indian women. The heels of their shoes are high, and very narrow, and it is surprising how they walk on them. In their knowledge of economy, they greatly surpass the English women in the plantations, who indeed have taken the liberty of throwing all the burden of house-keeping upon their husbands, and sit in their chairs all day with folded arms.

The women in Canada on the contrary do not spare themselves, especially among the common people, where they are always in the fields, meadows, or stables, and do not dislike any work whatsoever. However, they seem rather remiss in regard to the cleaning of the utensils, and apartments; sometimes the floors, both in the town and country, were hardly cleaned once in six months. This is a disagreeable sight to one who comes from among the Dutch and English, where the constant scouring and scrubbing

of the floors, is reckoned as important as the exercise of religion itself.

To prevent the thick dust, which is thus left on the floor, from being bad for the health, the women wet it several times a day, which renders it more solid, repeating the process as often as the dust is dry and rises again. Upon the whole, however, they are not averse to taking a part in all the business of housekeeping. I have with pleasure seen the daughters of the better sort of people, and of the governor himself, not too finely dressed, and going into kitchens and cellars, to look that every thing be done as it ought.

The men are extremely civil, and take their hats off to every person whom they meet in the streets. It is customary to return a visit the day after you have received one, even though one should have some scores of calls to pay in one day.

The manners of the inhabitants here are more refined than those of the Dutch and English, in the settlements belonging to Great Britain. The latter, on the other hand, do not idle their time away in dressing, as the French do here. The ladies, especially, dress and powder their hair every day, and put their locks in papers every night; which idle custom was not introduced in the English settlements.

The gentlemen wear generally their own hair; but some have wigs. People of rank are used to wearing lace-trimmed clothes, and all the crown-officers wear swords. All the gentlemen, even those of rank, the governor-general excepted, when they go into town on a day that looks like rain, carry their cloaks on their left arm.

Acquaintances of either sex, who have not seen each other for some time, on meeting again salute with mutual kisses.

42. The Story of Braddock's Defeat

By William Livingston (1755)

General Braddock was now on his march toward the Ohio, at the head of about 2,200 men, in order to invest Fort Du Quesne, and drive the French from their encroachments on the frontiers of Virginia and Pennsylvania.

Fort Du Quesne, now Pittsburg.

From Fort Cumberland to Fort Du Quesne the distance is not less than 130 miles. Mr. Braddock began his march from the former on the 10th of June, leaving the garrison under the command of Col. Innes. Innumerable were the difficulties he had to surmount, in a country rugged, pathless, and unknown, across the Alleghany mountains, through unfrequented woods, and dangerous defiles.

Everybody knows that General Braddock was an obstinate man, who would not take the good advice of George Washington, who was with him.

Never was a man more confident of success than this brave, though unfortunate, officer. Being advised at the Great Meadows that the enemy expected a reinforcement, he pushed on by forced marches.

He moved with so much dispatch that he fatigued the soldiers, weakened his horses, and left his second division nearly forty miles in the rear. The enemy was not more than two hundred strong at their fort on the Ohio. They made no obstruction to the march of our forces, till the memorable 9th of July, 1755 — a day never to be forgotten in the annals of North America.

About noon our troops passed the Monongahela, and were then within seven miles of Fort Du Quesne. They had no apprehension of the approach of an enemy, till the alarm was suddenly given by a quick and heavy fire upon their vanguard. The main body, in good order and high spirits, immediately advanced to sustain them.

Braddock would not let them fight from behind trees.

The van fell back in great confusion, and a general panic seized the whole body of the soldiery. All attempts to rally them proved ineffectual. The general and all the officers exerted their utmost activity to recover them from the universal surprise and disorder.

During this scene of confusion they expended their ammunition in the wildest and most unmeaning fire, some discharging their pieces on our own parties, who were advanced from the main body for the recovery of the cannon. After three hours spent in this melancholy situation, enduring a terrible slaughter, from (it may be said) an invisible foe, orders were given to sound a retreat, that the men might be brought to cover the wagons.

Even the wagons they surrounded but a short space of time; for the enemy's fire was again warmly renewed from the front and left flank, and the whole army took to immediate flight, leaving behind them all the artillery, provisions, ammunitions, baggage, military chest, together with the General's cabinet, containing his instructions and other papers of consequence. So great was the consternation of the soldiers that it was impossible to stop their career, — flying with the utmost precipitation three miles from the field of action; where only one hundred began to make a more orderly retreat.

What was the strength of the enemy has hitherto remained to us uncertain. According to Indian accounts, they exceeded not four hundred, chiefly Indians; and whether any were slain is still to be doubted, for few were seen by our men, as they were concealed by stumps and fallen trees. Great indeed was the destruction on our side. Numbers of officers sacrificed their lives through singular bravery. Extremely unfortunate was the whole staff. The General, after having five horses shot under him, received a wound in his lungs, through his right arm, of which he died in four days. Our whole loss was about seven hundred killed and wounded.

To what causes this unhappy catastrophe is to be ascribed, has been matter of much inquiry and animated debate. The officers charged the defeat to the cowardice of the men. But, in a representation the regular soldiers made by order of the Crown, they in some measure apologize for their behaviour — alleging that they were harassed by duties too great for their numbers, and dispirited through want of provisions; that time was not allowed them to dress their food; that their water (the only liquor, too, they had) was both scarce and of a bad quality.

In fine, they said that the provincials had disheartened them, by repeated suggestions of their fears of a defeat, should they be attacked by Indians, in which case the European method of fighting would be entirely unavailing. But, they say, however censurable the conduct of the soldiery may be thought, Mr. Braddock, too sanguine in his prospects, was generally blamed for neglecting to cultivate the friendship of the Indians. They offered their assistance, and, it is certain, had a number of them pre-

ceded the army, they would have discovered the enemy's ambuscade.

The Virginian rangers also, instead of being made to serve as regulars in the ranks with the English troops, should have been employed as out-scouts. But this step, so necessary to guard against surprise, was too unhappily omitted, the whole army, according to the representation above mentioned, following only three or four guides.

When the routed party joined the second division, forty miles short of the place of action, the terror diffused itself through the whole army. You might naturally expect to hear that Col. Dunbar then intrenched himself, and called on the neighboring colonies for immediate reinforcements; — as by such a step the enemy might have been detained at Fort Du Quesne, prevented from ravaging the frontiers, or throwing succors into Niagara. But alas! an infatuation seemed to accompany all our measures on the southern quarter. Fearful of an unpursuing foe, all the ammunition, and so much of the provisions were destroyed, to accelerate their flight, that Dunbar was actually obliged to send for thirty horse-loads of provisions, before he reached Fort Cumberland — where he arrived a few days after, with the shattered remains of the English troops.

43. Provincial Regimentals at Court

By William Skinner (1757)

"Regimentals" means uniform.

I have the pleasure to acquaint you that I am a lieutenant in the first battallion of General Cornwallis's regiment and have nine or ten under me. The difficulties I met with in arriving to that rank are more than you can imagine. When I got to London which was some time in June last, I made up my provincial regimentals, drew up a memorial and presented it to my Lord Barrington the Secretary of War.

COLONIAL REGIMENTALS.

The answer I got from him was quite contrary to what I expected, for his Lordship told me that he pitied my case but could do nothing for me, because I was a

provincial officer, and of consequence not under his department. This answer chagrined me much, and what other step to take I could not tell.

But I was determined to try every method, and luckily for me at that time, I got acquainted with Mr. Fitz-Roy, brother to the Duke of Grafton, who was courting Miss Warren. I was resolved to petition the King, which I did at a time when the Court was in mourning for the Queen of Prussia, and as every officer that has a petition to deliver goes in his regimentals, I did the same.

When I entered into the first room, whom should I meet, but the Yeoman of the Guards, who came up to me in a rough manner, and told me the Court was in mourning, and that my dress was not suitable to the times, and could not be admitted.

The answer I gave him was very short. It was, that I had a petition to deliver the King, and was determined to see him, and passed him immediately, and got into a room where there was a large levy of most of the nobility in England. King George II. of England.

I looked about me for my good friend Fitz-Roy, whom I at last discovered, and spoke to him. He went directly to my Lord Harford, the Duke of Newcastle, Lord Lennox, and many others, and told them I was a relation of Lady Warren's, and a friend of his, and introduced me to them. This made every body else in the levy room inquisitive to know who I was, and my business, which my good friend told them.

The next thing was to know where I should place myself and in what manner I should present my petition to the King. This my Lord Harford was so kind as to instruct me in, and took the trouble to place

me himself by the door that the King passed through to his bed chamber, and ordered me when the King returned that way, to kneel upon my right knee and present it to him.

I did this with great resolution, and a genteel posture, considering where I was born. When I presented it, the King stopped and looked at me, took it out of my hand, went into his bed chamber, and did me the honor of reading it himself, upon which my Lord Harford came to me and told me that he did not doubt but that it would succeed. For, says he, the King has read your petition, which I never knew him to do before, for the Lord in waiting always reads it to the King.

This reception gave me great encouragement, and I went home well satisfied. Three days after that I attended My Lord Barrington's levy and asked him whether the King had spoken to him about me.

His Lordship told me that he had, and repeated the words as the King spoke them, which were, that "one Captain Skinner an American, belonging to a provincial regiment had delivered a petition. I like the man's looks, he is fit to serve me; provide for him." Upon which I asked his Lordship whether I should get what I petitioned for, he told me he did not know, but that I should be provided for immediately.

I waited three months and received a letter from his Lordship, telling me that he had the pleasure to acquaint me that I was appointed a lieutenant in General Cornwallis's regiment. I waited on him and told him I would not accept of it, for I thought my serving required something better, but at last took it with the promise that I should be soon promoted.

The next thing was to get my brother provided for, and how to do that I did not know, for he had got the same answer from my Lord Barrington that I had first, and was advised by Mr. Fitz-Roy to petition my Lord Anson for a lieutenancy in the Marines, which so far succeeded that he got the promise of the first vacancy.

As there was a search expedition going on, I advised him to go as a volunteer in my Lord Loudon's regiment, which he did, and did duty in the grenadier company. His behaviour there was so agreeable to the officers, that when they returned they petitioned my Lord Barrington that he should be appointed to that regiment, where he is now an ensign.

To relate the trouble I have met with in getting subsistance for the provincial troops, as they landed from Old and New France would be too tedious to mention, but I can't help telling you that Mr. Partridge the agent for our province, is a scoundrel, not fit for the post he is intrusted with.

In the last letter I wrote you I begged it as a particular favor that you wou'd send me a Negro boy of about twelve or thirteen years old, whom I have promised to Mr. Fitz-Roy (if he is younger so much the better). Pray favor me with one, for a present of that kind will be of more service to my brother and me than you can imagine. Let him be sent by a man of war, to Lady Warren's, Cavendish Square, London.

44. Brave Commanders at Quebec

By John Knox (1759)

Sept. 13, 1759. Before daybreak this morning we made a descent upon the north shore, about half a quarter of a mile to the eastward of Sillery; and the light troops were fortunately by the rapidity of the current carried lower down between us and Cape Diamond. We had in this debarkation thirty flat-bottomed boats, containing about sixteen hundred men.

This was a great surprise on the enemy, who from the natural strength of the place did not suspect, and consequently were not prepared against so bold an attempt. The chain of sentries which they had posted along the summit of the heights galled us a little, and picked off several men and some officers before our light infantry got up to dislodge them. This grand enterprise was conducted and executed with great good order and discretion. As fast as we landed, the boats put off for re-enforcements, and the troops formed with much regularity. The General, with Brigadiers Monckton and Murray, was ashore with the first division. We lost no time here, but clambered up one of the steepest precipices that can be conceived, being almost a perpendicular, and of an incredible height.

James Wolfe.

The men climbed up the steep cliff at a place now called Wolfe's Cove, a few miles above Quebec.

As soon as we gained the summit, all was quiet, and not a shot was heard, owing to the excellent conduct of the light infantry under Colonel Howe. It was by this time clear daylight. Here we formed again, the river and the south country in our rear, our right extending to the town, our left to Sillery, and halted a few minutes.

The general then detached the light troops to our left to rout the enemy from their battery, and to disable their guns, except they could be rendered serviceable to the party who were to remain there; and this service was soon performed. We then faced to the right, and marched toward the town by files till we came to the Plains of Abraham, an even piece of ground which Mr. Wolfe had made choice of, while we stood forming upon the hill.

Weather showery. About six o'clock the enemy first made their appearance upon the heights between us and the town, whereupon we halted and wheeled to the right, thereby forming the line of battle. Part of the light infantry took post in the houses at Sillery, and the remainder occupied a chain of houses which were opportunely situated for that purpose, and covered our left flank, inclining toward our rear. The general then advanced some platoons from the grenadiers and twenty-eighth regiment below the height on our right, to annoy the enemy, and prevent their getting round the declivity between us and the main river, which they had attempted.

The enemy had now likewise formed the line of battle, and got some cannon to play on us, with round and canister shot; but what galled us most was a body of Indians and other marksmen they had concealed in the corn opposite to the front of our right wing, and in a thicket that stood opposite to our centre inclining toward our left.

About ten o'clock the enemy began to advance briskly in three columns, with loud shouts and arms ready to fire, two of them inclining to the left of our army, and the third toward our right, firing obliquely at the two extremities of our line, from the distance

of one hundred and thirty yards, until they came within forty yards. Our troops withstood this with the greatest intrepidity and firmness, still reserving their fire and paying the strictest obedience to their officers. This uncommon steadiness, together with the havoc which the grape-shot from our field-pieces made among them, threw them into some disorder, and was most critically maintained by a well-timed, regular, and heavy discharge of our small arms, such as they could no longer oppose.

Hereupon they gave way, and fled with great haste, so that by the time the cloud of smoke was vanished our men were again loaded, and, profiting by the advantage we had over them, pursued them almost to the gates of the town and the bridge over the little river, redoubling our fire with great eagerness, making many officers and men prisoners.

Our joy at this success is inexpressibly damped by the loss we sustained of one of the greatest heroes which this or any other age can boast of, — General James Wolfe, — who received his mortal wound as he was exerting himself at the head of the grenadiers of Louisburg.

The officers who are prisoners say that Quebec will surrender in a few days. Some deserters who came out to us in the evening agree in that opinion, and inform us that the Sieur de Montcalm is dying, in great agony, of a wound he received to-day in their retreat.

The French commander.

Thus has our late renowned commander made a conquest of this fertile, healthy, and hitherto formidable country, with a handful of troops only. My pen is too feeble to draw the character of this British Achilles; but it may with justice be said of him: he

was possessed of courage, humanity, clemency, generosity, affability, and politeness.

Sept. 14. The Sieur de Montcalm died late last night. When his wound was dressed and he settled in bed, the surgeons who attended him were desired to tell him truly their opinion of him; and, being answered that his wound was mortal, he calmly replied, "he was glad of it." His Excellency then demanded "whether he could survive it long, and how long." He was told, "About a dozen hours, perhaps more, peradventure less." "So much the better," rejoined this eminent warrior. "I am happy I shall not live to see the surrender of Quebec."

A FLINT-LOCK MUSKET.

He then ordered his secretary into the room to adjust his private affairs; and, as soon as they were dispatched, he was visited by the French king's lieutenant, who desired to receive his Excellency's commands. To this the marquis made the following answer: "I'll neither give orders nor interfere any farther. I have much business that must be attended to, of greater moment than your ruined garrison and this wretched country. My time is very short, therefore pray leave me. I wish you all comfort, and to be happily extricated from your present perplexities."

He then called for his chaplain, who, with the bishop of the colony, remained with him till he expired. Some time before this great man departed, we are assured he paid us this compliment: "Since

it was my misfortune to be discomfited, and mortally wounded, it is a great consolation to me to be vanquished by so brave and generous an enemy."

After our late worthy General Wolfe, of renowned memory, was carried off wounded to the rear of the front line, he desired those who were about him to lay him down. Being asked if he would have a surgeon, he replied, "It is needless: it is all over with me." One of them then cried out, "They run, see how they run!" "Who runs?" demanded our hero with great earnestness, like a person roused from a sleep. The officer answered: "The enemy, sir. Egad, they give way everywhere."

Thereupon the general rejoined: "Go, one of you, my lads, to Colonel Burton —; tell him to march with all speed down to Charles River, to cut off the retreat of the fugitives from the bridge." Then, turning on his side, he added, "Now, God be praised, I will die in peace!" and thus expired.

THE MINUTE MAN.

PART V

GETTING READY FOR THE REVOLUTION

45. A Furious Mob

By Thomas Hutchinson (1765)

Boston, Aug. 30, 1765.

I came from my house at Milton, on the 26th in the morning. After dinner it was whispered in town there would be a mob at night, and that the custom-house and admiralty officers' houses would be attacked; but my friends assured me that the rabble were satisfied with the insult I had received and that I was become rather popular.

It was supposed that Governor Hutchinson had asked the British government to levy a stamp duty: it was for that reason that his house was sacked. In reality Hutchinson was opposed to the duty.

In the evening, whilst I was at supper and my children round me, somebody ran in and said the mob were coming. I directed my children to fly to a secure place, and shut up my house as I had done before, intending not to quit it; but my eldest daughter repented her leaving me, hastened back, and protested she would not quit the house unless I did.

I couldn't stand against this, and withdrew with her to a neighboring house, where I had been but a few minutes before the hellish crew fell upon my house

with the rage of devils, and in a moment with axes split down the doors and entered. My son being in the great entry heard them cry, with an oath, "He is upstairs, we 'll have him." Some ran immediately as high as the top of the house, others filled the rooms below and cellars, and others remained outside the house to be employed there.

Messages soon came one after another to the house where I was, to inform me the mob were coming in pursuit of me, and I was obliged to retire through yards and gardens to a house more remote, where I remained until four o'clock, by which time one of the best finished houses in the Province had nothing remaining but the bare walls and floors.

Not contented with tearing off all the wainscot and hangings, and splitting the doors to pieces, they beat down the partition walls; and although that alone cost them near two hours, they cut down the cupola or lanthorn. They began to take the slate and boards from the roof, and were prevented only by the approaching daylight from a total demolition of the building. The garden-house was laid flat, and all my trees, etc., broken down to the ground.

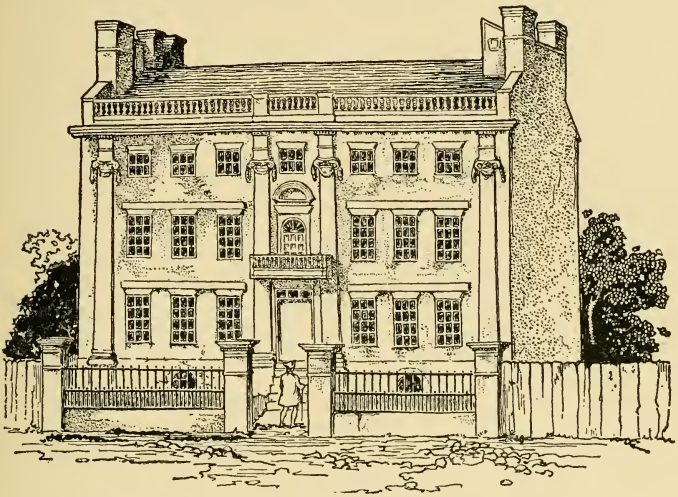
Plate = gold and silver table ware and utensils, spoons, etc. Nearly $5000.

Such ruin was never seen in America. Besides my plate and family pictures, household furniture of every kind, my own, my children's, and servants' apparel, they carried off about £900 sterling in money, and emptied the house of everything whatsoever, except a part of the kitchen furniture. They did not leave a single book or paper in it, and have scattered or destroyed all the manuscripts and other papers I had been collecting for thirty years together, besides a great number of public papers in my custody.

The evening being warm, I had undressed, and put

on a thin camlet surtout over my waistcoat. The next morning, the weather had changed, and I had not clothes enough in my possession to defend me from the cold, and was obliged to borrow from my friends. Many articles of clothing and a good part of my plate have since been picked up in different quarters of the

Camlet = mohair.



GOVERNOR HUTCHINSON'S HOUSE.

town, but the furniture in general was cut to pieces before it was thrown out of the house, and most of the beds cut open, and the feathers thrown out of the windows.

The next evening, I intended going with my children to Milton, but meeting two or three small parties of the ruffians, who I suppose had concealed themselves in the country, and my coachman hearing one of them say, "There he is!" my daughters were terri-

fied and said they should never be safe, and I was forced to shelter them that night at the Castle.

The encouragers of the first mob never intended matters should go this length, and the people in general expressed the utmost detestation of this unparalleled outrage. I wish they could be convinced what infinite danger there is of the most terrible consequences from such demons, when they are let loose in a government where there is not constant authority at hand sufficient to suppress them.

I am told the government here will make me a compensation for my own and my family's loss, which I think cannot be much less than £3,000 sterling. I am not sure that they will. If they should not, it will be too heavy for me, and I must humbly apply to his majesty in whose service I am a sufferer. But this, and a much greater sum, would be an insufficient compensation for the constant distress and anxiety of mind I have felt for some time past, and must feel for months to come.

$15,000.

Eventually the British government made good these losses.

Such is the resentment of the people against the Stamp-Duty, that there can be no dependence upon the General Court to take any steps to enforce, or rather advise, to the payment of it. On the other hand, such will be the effects of not submitting to it, that all trade must cease, all courts fall, and all authority be at an end.

Must not the ministry be excessively embarrassed? On the one hand, it will be said, if concessions are made, the Parliament endanger the loss of their authority over the Colony: on the other hand, if external force should be used, there seems to be danger of a total lasting alienation of affection. Is there no alternative? May the infinitely wise God direct you.

46. What our Ancestors did for Us

By the Town Meeting of Cambridge (1765)

At a legal meeting of the freeholders and other inhabitants of the Town of Cambridge this 14 day of October 1765.

The Stamp Act laid duties on the paper necessary for business and for legal proceedings. The proceeds were to go to the defence of the colonies.

The Honorable William Brattle Esq. chosen Moderator:

Voted (that with all humility) It is the opinion of the town that the inhabitants of this province have a legal claim to all the natural inherent constitutional rights of Englishmen notwithstanding their distance from Great Britain; that the Stamp Act is an Infraction upon these Rights.

One instance out of many in our opinion is this: The distributor of stamps will have a Sovereignty over everything but the lives of the people, since it is in his power to summon everyone he pleases to Quebec, Montreal, or Newfoundland, to answer for the pretended or real breaches of this act. And when the faithful subject arrives there, by whom is he to be tried? Not by his peers (the birthright of every Englishman), no, but by the Judge of Admiralty without a jury, and it is possible without law.

Under these circumstances the stamp master may unrighteously get more than his Majesty will by the stamps, for who would not rather pay the fine than be thus harassed, thus tried? Why are not his Majesty's subjects in Great Britain treated in this manner?

Why must we in America, who have in every instance showed as much loyalty for his Majesty and

obedience to his laws as any of his British subjects, and whose exertions in some of the provinces during the last War have been greater, be thus discriminated against; at this time, especially, while we are under an almost unsupportable load of debt, the consequence of this exertion?

We believe it may be truly said that no one in Great Britain pays so great a tax as some do in this province in proportion to their estates. Let this act but take place, liberty will be no more, trade will languish and die; our money will be sent into his Majesty's exchequer, and poverty come upon us as an armed man.

The town therefore hereby advise and direct their representatives by no means whatsoever to do any one thing that may aid said act in its operation, but that in conjunction with the friends of liberty they use their utmost endeavours that the same might be repealed.

That this vote be recorded in the town book, that the children yet unborn may see the desire their ancestors had for their freedom and happiness.

47. Do not Tax the Colonies

By Benjamin Franklin (1766)

When the British government found that the Stamp Tax was very much resented in America, a committee

Q. What is your name, and place of abode?

A. Franklin, of Philadelphia.

Q. Do the Americans pay any considerable taxes among themselves?

A. Certainly, many, and very heavy taxes.

Q. For what purposes are those taxes laid?

A. For the support of the civil and military estab-

lishments of the country, and to discharge the heavy debt contracted in the last war.

asked Benjamin Franklin to tell what he thought about the circumstance.

Q. Are not all the people very able to pay those taxes?

A. No. The frontier counties, all along the continent, having been frequently ravaged by the enemy and greatly impoverished, are able to pay very little tax. And therefore, in consideration of their distresses, our late tax laws do expressly favor those counties, excusing the sufferers; and I suppose the same is done in other governments.

"Our," *i.e.* Pennsylvania.

Q. What was the temper of America toward Great Britain before the year 1763?

A. The best in the world. They submitted willingly to the government of the crown, and paid, in their courts, obedience to the acts of Parliament. Numerous as the people are in the several old provinces, they cost you nothing in forts, citadels, garrisons, or armies, to keep them in subjection. They were governed by this country at the expense only of a little pen, ink, and paper; they were led by a thread.

They had not only a respect, but an affection for Great Britain; for its laws, its customs and manners, and even a fondness for its fashions, that greatly increased the commerce. Natives of Britain were always treated with particular regard; to be an Old England man was of itself a character of some respect, and gave a kind of rank among us.

Q. What is their temper now?

A. O, very much altered.

Q. In what light did the people of America use to consider the Parliament of Great Britain?

A. They considered the Parliament as the great bulwark and security of their liberties and privileges,

and always spoke of it with the utmost respect and veneration. Arbitrary ministers, they thought, might possibly, at times, attempt to oppress them; but they relied on it that the Parliament, on application, would

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

always give redress. They remembered, with gratitude, a strong instance of this, when a bill was brought into Parliament, with a clause to make royal instructions laws in the colonies, which the House of Commons would not pass, and it was thrown out.

Q. And have they not still the same respect for Parliament?

A. No, it is greatly lessened.

Q. To what cause is that owing?

A. To a concurrence of causes; the restraints lately laid on their trade by which the bringing of foreign gold and silver into the colonies was prevented; the prohibition of making paper money among themselves, and then demanding a new and heavy tax by stamps, taking away, at the same time, trials by juries, and refusing to receive and hear their humble petitions.

Q. Don't you think they would submit to the Stamp Act, if it was modified, the obnoxious parts taken out, and the duty reduced to some particulars of small moment?

A. No, they will never submit to it.

Q. If the Stamp Act should be repealed, would it induce the assemblies of America to acknowledge the rights of Parliament to tax them, and would they erase their resolutions?

A. No, never.

Q. Are there no means of obliging them to erase those resolutions?

A. None that I know of; they will never do it, unless compelled by force of arms.

Q. Is there a power on earth that can force them to erase them?

A. No power, how great soever, can force men to change their opinions.

Q. Do they consider the post-office as a tax, or as a regulation?

A. Not as a tax, but as a regulation and convenience; every assembly encouraged it, and supported

it in its infancy by grants of money, which they would not otherwise have done; and the people have always paid the postage.

Q. When did you receive the instructions you mentioned?

A. I brought them with me, when I came to England, about fifteen months since.

Q. When did you communicate that instruction to the minister?

A. Soon after my arrival, while the stamping of America was under consideration, and before the bill was brought in.

Q. Would it be most for the interest of Great Britain to employ the hands of Virginia in tobacco, or in manufactures?

A. In tobacco, to be sure.

Q. What used to be the pride of the Americans?

A. To indulge in the fashions and manufactures of Great Britain.

Q. What is now their pride?

A. To wear their old clothes over again, till they can make new ones.

48. The Boston Tea Party

From the Massachusetts Gazette (1773)

Great Britain had laid a tax on tea, which the colonists thought unjust. When ships loaded

While a public meeting was being held, to protest against the tea ships, a number of brave and resolute men, dressed in the Indian manner, approached near the door of the assembly. They gave a war whoop, which rang through the house and was answered by some in the galleries; but silence was commanded

and a peaceable behaviour until the end of the meeting.

with tea attempted to land their cargoes in Boston, the tea was used as described in this story.

The Indians, as they were then called, repaired to the wharf, where the ships lay that had the tea on board. They were followed by hundreds of people to see the event of the transactions of those who made so grotesque an appearance.

The Indians immediately repaired on board Captain Hall's ship, where they hoisted out the chests of tea. When on deck they stove them and emptied the tea overboard.

Having cleared this ship they proceeded to Captain Bruce's, and then to Captain Coffin's brig. They applied themselves so dexterously to the destruction of this commodity, that in the space of three hours they broke up three hundred and forty-two chests, which was the whole number of these vessels, and poured their contents into the harbor.

When the tide rose it floated the broken chests and the tea. The surface of the water was filled therewith a considerable way from the south part of the town to Dorchester Neck and lodged on the shores.

The greatest care was taken to prevent the tea from being purloined by the populace. One or two who were detected trying to pocket a small quantity were stripped of their plunder and very roughly handled.

It is worthy of remark that although a considerable quantity of other goods were still remaining on board the vessel, no injury was sustained.

Such attention to private property was observed that when a small padlock belonging to the captain of one of the ships was broken, another was procured and sent to him.

The town was very quiet during the whole evening and the night following. Those who were from the country went home with a merry heart, and the next day joy appeared in almost every countenance, some on account of the destruction of the tea, others on account of the quietness with which it was done. One of the Monday's papers says that the masters and owners are well pleased that their ships are thus cleared, without their being responsible.

49. Another Account of the Tea Party

By John Andrews (1773)

The house was so crowded that I could get no further than the porch. I found the moderator was just declaring the meeting to be dissolved. This caused another general shout out-doors and inside, and three cheers.

What with that and the consequent noise of breaking up the meeting, you'd have thought the inhabitants of the infernal regions had broken loose. For my part I went contentedly home and finished my tea, but was soon informed what was going forward.

As I could not believe it without seeing for myself, I went out and was satisfied. The Indians mustered, I'm told, upon Fort Hill, to the number of about two hundred, and proceeded, two by two, to Griffin's wharf, where Hall, Bruce, and Coffin's vessels lay.

Coffin's ship had arrived at the wharf only the day before, and was freighted with a large quantity of

A COLONIAL TEA-SET.

other goods, which they took the greatest care not to injure in the least.

Before nine o'clock in the evening every chest on board the three vessels was knocked to pieces and flung over the sides. They say the actors were Indians from Narragansett. Whether they were or not, to a transient observer they appeared such.

They were clothed in blankets, with their heads muffled and copper colored faces. Each was armed with a hatchet or axe or pair of pistols. Nor was their dialect different from what I imagine the real Indians to speak, as their jargon was nonsense to all but themselves.

Not the least insult was offered to any person, except to Captain Connor, a livery-stable keeper in this place, who came across the ocean not many years since. He ripped up the lining of his coat and waistcoat under the arms, and, watching his opportunity, he nearly filled them with tea.

When detected he was handled pretty roughly. The people not only stripped him of his clothes, but gave him a coat of mud, with a severe bruising into the bargain. Nothing but their utter aversion to making any disturbance prevented his being tarred and feathered.

50. Free America

By Joseph Warren (1774)

Supposed to have been written by Joseph Warren, who was killed at the battle of Bunker Hill two years later.

That seat of science, Athens,
And earth's proud mistress, Rome;
Where now are all their glories?
We scarce can find a tomb.

Then guard your rights, Americans,
Nor stoop to lawless sway;
Oppose, oppose, oppose, oppose,
For North America.

Warren seems to have pronounced the word "Amerikay."

We led fair Freedom hither,
And lo, the desert smiled!
A paradise of pleasure
Was opened in the wild!
Your harvest, bold Americans,
No power shall snatch away!
Huzza, huzza, huzza, huzza,
For free America.

Torn from a world of tyrants,
Beneath this western sky,
We formed a new dominion,
A land of liberty:
The world shall own we're masters here;
Then hasten on the day:
Huzza, huzza, huzza, huzza,
For free America.

Albion = England.

Proud Albion bowed to Cæsar,
And numerous lords before;
To Picts, to Danes, to Normans,
And many masters more:
But we can boast, Americans,
We've never fallen a prey;
Huzza, huzza, huzza, huzza,
For free America.

God bless this maiden climate,
And through its vast domain
May hosts of heroes cluster,
Who scorn to wear a chain:

And blast the venal sycophant
That dares our rights betray;
Huzza, huzza, huzza, huzza,
For free America.

Lift up your hands, ye heroes,
And swear with proud disdain,
The wretch that would ensnare you,
Shall lay his snares in vain:
Should Europe empty all her force,
We'll meet her in array,
And fight and shout, and shout and fight
For North America.

Main = ocean.

Some future day shall crown us,
The masters of the main,
Our fleets shall speak in thunder
To England, France, and Spain;
And the nations over the ocean spread
Shall tremble and obey
The sons, the sons, the sons, the sons
Of brave America.

A prophecy: France, 1798; England, 1812; Spain, 1898.

51. Inside the Continental Congress

By John Adams (1774)

The celebrated Charles Carroll, of Carrollton, signer of the Declaration of Independence.

This day Mr. Chase introduced to us a Mr. Carroll, of Annapolis, a very sensible gentleman, a Roman Catholic and of the first fortune in America. His income is ten thousand pounds sterling a year now, will be fourteen in two or three years they say.

£10,000 = $50,000.

Besides, his father has a vast estate which will some day be his.

Sunday. — Spent the evening at home; wrote many letters to go by Mr. Paul Revere.

To go to Massachusetts.

Wednesday. — Dined with Mr. R. Penn; a magnificent house, a most splendid feast, and a very large company.

Young Ned Rutledge is a perfect Bob-o-Lincoln, — a swallow, a sparrow, a peacock; excessively vain, excessively weak, and excessively variable and unsteady. Mr. Dickinson is very modest, delicate, and timid.

Edward Rutledge, member of Congress from South Carolina.

Friday. — Took our departure, in a very great rain from the happy, the peaceful, the elegant, the hospitable and polite city of Philadelphia.

52. Yankee Doodle

This is the full text of the first published version of Yankee Doodle. It is in Yankee dialect, and must not be followed as a model of good grammar. The tune was first used by the British and then taken up by the Americans.

FATHER and I went down to camp,
Along with Captain Gooding,
And there we see the men and boys,
As thick as hasty pudding.

Chorus — Yankee Doodle, keep it up,
Yankee Doodle, dandy,
Mind the music and the step,
And with the girls be handy.

And there we see a thousand men,
As rich as 'Squire David;
And what they wasted every day
I wish it could be saved.

The 'lasses they eat every day
Would keep an house a winter;
They have as much that, I'll be bound,
They eat it when they're a mind to.

A cannon.

And there we see a swamping gun,
Large as a log of maple,
Upon a deuced little cart,
A load for father's cattle.

And every time they shoot it off,
It takes a horn of powder,
And makes a noise like father's gun,
Only a nation louder.

I went as nigh to one myself
As Siah's underpinning;
And father went as nigh again,
I thought the deuce was in him.

Cousin Simon grew so bold,
I thought he would have cocked it;
Run away.
It scared me so, I shrinked it off,
And hung by father's pocket.

Musket with a bayonet.

And Captain Davis had a gun,
He kind of clapt his hand on't,
And stuck a crooked stabbing iron
Upon the little end on't.

Bomb-shells.

And there I see a pumpkin shell
As big as mother's bason;
And every time they touched it off,
They scampered like the nation.

I see a little barrel too, Drums.
The heads were made of leather,
They knocked upon't with little clubs
And called the folks together.

And there was Captain Washington,
And gentlefolks about him,
They say he's grown so tarnal proud
He will not ride without 'em.

He got him on his meeting clothes,
Upon a slapping stallion,
He set the world along in rows,
In hundreds and in millions.

The flaming ribbons in his hat,
They looked so tearing fine ah,
I wanted pockily to get,
To give to my Jemimah.

I see another snarl of men
A digging graves, they told me, Intrenchments.
So tarnal long, so tarnal deep,
They 'tended they should hold me.

It scared me so, I hooked it off,
Nor stopped, as I remember,
Nor turned about, till I got home,
Locked up in mother's chamber.

53. Birth of Independence

By John Adams (1776)

From a letter written July 3, 1776, by John Adams to his wife the day after the vote to accept independence, the day before the signing of the Declaration.

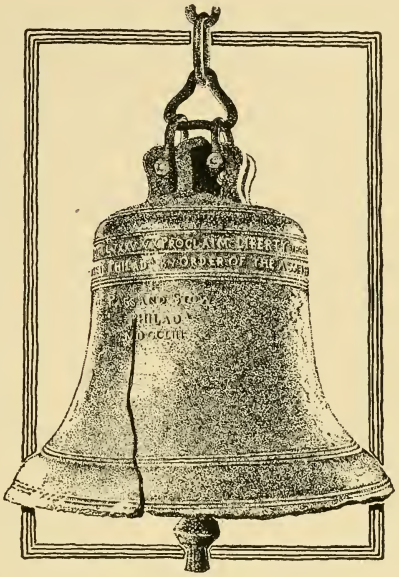
Yesterday, the greatest question was decided, which ever was debated in America, and a greater, perhaps, never was nor will be decided among men. A resolution was passed without one dissenting colony, "that these United Colonies are, and of right ought to be, free and independent States, and as such they have, and of right ought to have, full power to make war, conclude peace, establish commerce, and to do all other acts and things which other States may rightfully do."

You will see in a few days a Declaration setting forth the causes which have impelled us to this mighty revolution, and the reasons which will justify it in the sight of God and man. A plan of confederation will be taken up in a few days.

When I look back to the year 1761, and recollect the argument concerning writs of assistance in the superior court, which I have hitherto considered as the commencement of this controversy between Great Britain and America, and run through the whole period, from that time to this, and recollect the series of political events, the chain of causes and effects, I am surprised at the suddenness as well as greatness of this revolution.

Britain has been filled with folly, and America with wisdom. At least, this is my judgment. Time must determine. It is the will of Heaven that the two countries should be sundered forever. It may be the will of Heaven that America shall suffer calamities still more wasting, and distresses yet more dreadful.

If this is to be the case, it will have this good effect at least. It will inspire us with many virtues, which we have not, and correct many errors, follies and vices which threaten to disturb, dishonor, and destroy us. The furnace of affliction produces refinement, in States as well as individuals. And the new governments we are assuming in every part will require a purification from our vices, and an augmentation of our virtues, or they will be no blessings.



LIBERTY BELL.

Had a Declaration of Independency been made seven months ago, it would have been attended with many great and glorious effects. We might, before this hour, have formed alliances with foreign States. We should have mastered Quebec, and been in possession of Canada. You will perhaps wonder how such a declaration would have influenced our affairs in Canada, but if I could write with freedom, I could easily convince you that it would, and explain to you the manner how.

On the other hand, the delay of this declaration to

this time has many great advantages attending it. The hopes of reconciliation, which were fondly entertained by multitudes of honest and well-meaning, though weak and mistaken people, have been gradually and, at last, totally extinguished.

Time has been given for the whole people maturely to consider the great question of independence, and to ripen their judgment, dissipate their fears, and allure their hopes, by discussing it in newspapers and pamphlets, by debating it in assemblies, conventions, committees of safety and inspection, in town and county meetings, as well as in private conversations, so that the whole people, in every colony of the thirteen, have now adopted it as their own act.

This will cement the union, and avoid those heats, and perhaps convulsions, which might have been occasioned by such a declaration six months ago.

But the day is past. The second day of July, 1776, will be the most memorable epoch in the history of America. I am apt to believe that it will be celebrated by succeeding generations as the great anniversary festival. It ought to be commemorated, as the day of deliverance, by solemn acts of devotion to God Almighty. It ought to be solemnized with pomp and parade, with shows, games, sports, guns, bells, bonfires, and illuminations, from one end of this continent to the other, from this time forward, forevermore.

This belief has been justified, though the precise day selected is July 4.

You will think me transported with enthusiasm, but I am not. I am well aware of the toil, and blood, and treasure, that it will cost us to maintain this declaration, and support and defend these States. Yet, through all the gloom, I can see the rays of ravishing light and glory. I can see that the end is more than

worth all the means, and that posterity will triumph in that day's transaction, even although we should rue it, which I trust in God we shall not.

54. A Ballad on Taxation

By Peter St. John (1778)

While I relate my story,
Americans give ear;
Of Britain's fading glory
You presently shall hear;
I'll give a true relation,
Attend to what I say
Concerning the taxation
Of North America.

Here again people seem to have said "Amerikay."

The cruel lords of Britain,
Who glory in their shame,
The project they have hit on
They joyfully proclaim;
'Tis what they're striving after
Our right to take away,
And rob us of our charter
In North America.

There are two mighty speakers,
Who rule in Parliament,
Who ever have been seeking
Some mischief to invent:
'Twas North, and Bute his father
The horrid plan did lay
A mighty tax to gather
In North America.

The Earl of Bute and Lord North were in succession the prime ministers of George IV., and advised coërcion of America.

These subtle arch-combiners
Addressed the British court,
And both were undersigners
Of this obscure report —
From this point the poet is supposed to quote North and Bute.
There is a pleasant landscape
That lieth far away
Beyond the wide Atlantic,
In North America.

There is a wealthy people,
Who sojourn in that land,
Their churches all with steeples
Most delicately stand;
Gilliflower.
Their houses like the gilly,
Are painted red and gay:
They flourish like the lily
In North America.

Their land with milk and honey
Continually doth flow,
The want of food or money
They seldom ever know:
They heap up golden treasure,
They have no debts to pay,
They spend their time in pleasure
In North America.

On turkeys, fowls and fishes,
Most frequently they dine,
With gold and silver dishes
Their tables always shine.
They crown their feasts with butter,
They eat, and rise to play;
In silks their ladies flutter,
In North America.

With gold and silver laces
They do themselves adorn,
The rubies deck their faces,
Refulgent as the morn!
Wine sparkles in their glasses,
They spend each happy day
In merriment and dances
In North America.

Let not our suit affront you,
When we address your throne;
O King, this wealthy country
And subjects are your own,
And you, their rightful sovereign,
They truly must obey,
You have a right to govern
This North America.

O King, you've heard the sequel
Of what we now subscribe:
Is it not just and equal
To tax this wealthy tribe?
This question being askèd,
His majesty did say,
My subjects shall be taxèd
In North America.

Here the King speaks.

The laws I have enacted
I never will revoke,
Although they are neglected,
My fury to provoke.
I will forbear to flatter,
I'll rule the mighty sway,
I'll take away the charter
From North America.

The poet now returns to the statement of his own opinions.

O George! you are distracted,
You'll by experience find
The laws you have enacted
Are of the blackest kind.
I'll make a short digression,
And tell you by the way,
We fear not your oppression
In North America.

Our fathers were distressèd,
While in their native land;
By tyrants were oppressèd
As we do understand;
For freedom and religion
They were resolved to stray,
And trace the desert regions
Of North America.

We are their bold descendants,
For liberty we'll fight,
The claim to independence
We challenge as our right;
'Tis what kind Heaven gave us,
Who can take it away?
O, Heaven sure will save us
In North America.

We never will knock under,
O, George! we do not fear
The rattling of your thunder,
Nor lightning of your spear:
Though rebels you declare us,
We're strangers to dismay;
Therefore you cannot scare us
In North America.

To what you have commanded
We never will consent,
Although your troops are landed
Upon our continent;
We'll take our swords and muskets,
And march in dread array,
And drive the British red-coats
From North America.

We have a bold commander,
Who fears not sword or gun,
The second Alexander,
His name is Washington.
His men are all collected,
And ready for the fray,
To fight they are directed
For North America.

We've Greene and Gates and Putnam
To manage in the field,
A gallant train of footmen,
Who'd rather die than yield;
A stately troop of horsemen
Trained in a martial way,
For to augment our forces
In North America.

He puts in an ungrammatical "for" to make out his line.

A health to our brave footmen,
Who handle sword and gun,
To Greene and Gates and Putnam
And conquering Washington;
Their names be wrote in letters
Which never will decay,
While sun and moon do glitter
On North America.

"Wrote," then often used for "written."

Success unto our allies
In Holland, France and Spain,
Who man their ships and galleys,
Our freedom to maintain;
May they subdue the rangers
Of proud Britannia,
And drive them from their anchors
In North America.

Success unto the Congress
Of these United States,
Who glory in the conquests
Of Washington and Gates;
To all, both land and seamen,
Who glory in the day
When we shall all be free
In North America.

Success to legislation,
That rules with gentle hand,
To trade and navigation
By water and by land.
May all with one opinion
Our wholesome laws obey,
Throughout this vast dominion
Of North America.

AN ARTIST'S FAMILY. (THE COPLEY FAMILY.)

PART VI

REVOLUTIONARY FIRESIDES

55. A Philadelphia Boy's Sports

By Alexander Graydon (about 1765)

Graydon was a lively boy, and later a gallant officer in Washington's army, when he was made prisoner by the British.

I never could boast my winning at marbles or checkers; and as I chiefly played them for pastime, I never attained to that degree of perfection in them, which the keener stimulus of profit is calculated to produce, and which alone perhaps can lead to the fame of an expert.

When in possession of any of these implements that were reckoned handsome or good, I never felt the inclination I have observed in those of better trading parts, of turning them into pence: with me they were hobby horses, not articles of commerce; and though I had no dislike to money, it never impressed me as a primary good, a circumstance more essential than may be imagined, to what is called success in life.

I do not speak of this as a virtue; and if it were one, I have certainly little reason to rejoice in it. It is not one of those, at least, which leads to riches and advancement; or which, under the world's law, has a

right to look for other than its own reward. In gymnastic exercises, however, my relish was keen and altogether orthodox.

For those of running, leaping, swimming and skating, no one had more appetite; and for the enjoyment of these, fatigue and hunger were disregarded. To these succeeded a passion for fowling and boating; fishing being too sedentary and inactive for my taste. If furnished, on Saturday afternoon or other holyday, with cash enough for the purchase of powder and shot, or the hire of a batteau or skiff, as the propensity of the day might incline, I had nothing more to wish for. In my land rambles, the environs of Philadelphia for several miles round were thoroughly traversed, from the uplands of Springetsbury, Bushhill and Centre-wood, to the low grounds and meadows of Passyunk and Moyamensing.

In my water excursions, the sedgy shores of the Delaware, as well as the reedy cover of Petty's, League and Mud Islands, were pervaded and explored in pursuit of ducks, reed-bird and rail.

I was extremely fond of rowing, and took great delight in feathering my oar, sometimes skimming it along the surface of the water in the manner of a wherry man, sometimes resting it horizontally between the thole pins in the fashion of a bargeman. I had also made some proficiency in sculling, which appeared to me a highly enviable qualification: but the trimming of sails, laying a boat to the wind, with the management of the helm and the application of the proper terms, were, in my eyes, acquirements truly more honourable than the best of those which are attained in a college.

The subject recalls a memorable expedition I en-

gaged in, when perhaps about the age of thirteen. Returning from morning school at eight o'clock, a boy, a brother of the late Mr. Robert Morris, proposed an excursion to Chester, for the purpose of seeing the Coventry frigate which there rode at anchor. From a love of show his plan was to have two boats, whereas one would have been very ample for four of us, the number of the company. But then the projector of the voyage might have found competitors for the helm, which he wished to manage; and he had accordingly secured an unambitious ship-mate, in a son of captain Loxley.

A batteau was a larger boat.

A skiff he had already prepared for himself and his comrade, and suggested where a batteau might be obtained for the other two of the party, one Corbett from the island of Montserrat, and myself. Each boat had a sail, and he observed, that as the wind and tide would be favorable, we could run down in a few hours. I objected, that I had not breakfasted. Neither had he, he said, nor indeed any of us; but this was of little consequence, as we could furnish ourselves with cakes.

My mind varied awhile between the charms of the adventure and the wrong of going without permission, and consequently subjecting my mother to a most distressing state of anxiety on my account. For I was neither an habitual truant-player, nor regardless of the feelings of a most affectionate parent, though I should have been ashamed to have said so. But such was the eagerness for the frolic with my friends that it would not admit of a moment's delay; and the allurements of pleasure proving too strong for principle, I yielded to persuasion, and we embarked.

It was a fine morning; a gentle breeze propelled us in our course, and in a few hours we were delightfully wafted to the place of destination. We saw the frigate, had the pleasure of sailing round her, the satisfaction of counting her guns, of contemplating her bright sides, (for she appeared to be new,) of admiring her rigging, and the duck-like beauty with which she sat upon the water.

But here we ended. Water excursions are keen whetters of the appetite, and the calls of hunger began to be heard. I forget whether we had taken any cakes with us, but if we had, the supply had been very insufficient for the day's provision. Hereupon, a canvass took place of the state of our pockets: they were found empty and penniless: We were, in short, a miserable crew, and since we were too proud to beg for food, we had no resource but unripe fruit.

As the wind was unfavourable to our return, we were obliged to wait for the turning of the tide, and in the mean time, employed ourselves in sauntering about the village, the orchards, and the shore. We found, too, that we were very much out in our reckoning, the flood-tide not making for above an hour later than our calculation.

At length, however, we had the joy of finding that the marks we had made in the sand were covered by the water, and that floating substances were at a stand, if not really changed in their direction.

We hailed the event, and immediately embarked. But now our toils began. It was already late in the afternoon: The wind, still ahead, had considerably increased, and the lowering aspect of the sky indicated approaching rain. It came on about dusk, and in this situation we had to tug at our oars like gal-

ley slaves, for the whole distance of from sixteen to eighteen miles. Then it was, we perceived the folly of taking two boats. It was between ten and eleven at night when we reached the city, wet, almost starved, and exhausted with labor. As I well knew what must be my mother's cruel situation, I hastened to show myself, and found her a prey to the most greatest anxiety.

She had not been able to obtain any satisfactory tidings of me, and knew not what to conclude. My trespass, however, being readily forgiven, I had some supper and went to bed. Great fatigue, especially when it has been mingled with anxiety, is not favorable to repose, and I slept but ill.

The exercises of swimming and skating were so much within the reach of the boys of Philadelphia, that it would have been surprising, had they neglected them, or even had they not excelled in them. Both Delaware and Schuylkill present the most convenient and delightful shores for swimming, whilst the heat and the length of the summers invite to the luxury of bathing; and these same rivers seldom fail in winter, to offer the means of skating; and when they do, the ponds always afford them.

With respect to skating, though the Philadelphians have never reduced it to rules like the Londoners, nor connected it with their business like Dutchmen, I will yet hazard the opinion, that they were the best and most elegant skaters in the world. I have seen New England skaters, Old England skaters, and Holland skaters, but the best of them could but "make the judicious grieve."

56. A Little Letter from a Future President

By John Quincy Adams (1774)

October 13, 1774.

The boy was then only seven years old.

Sir, — I have been trying ever since you went away to learn to write you a letter. I shall make

YOUNG JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

poor work of it; but, sir, mamma says you will accept my endeavors, and that my duty to you may be expressed in poor writing as well as good. I hope I grow a better boy, and that you will have no occasion to be ashamed of me when you return. Mr. Thaxter says I learn my books well. He is a very good master. I read my books to mamma. We all long to see you. I am, sir, your dutiful son,

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

57. An American Belle at Court

BY MARGARET HUTCHINSON (1774)

MY task is over. I have been at court again. It has been a fatiguing though not altogether an unpleasant day. I sent yesterday to Mrs. Keene to know if it would be agreeable to her to go to-day. We were both of a mind; for while a servant was going with my card she sent one to me; and to-day about one o'clock papa and I set off for St. James. We called for Mrs. Keene, but found that one coach could not contain more than two such mighty hoops; and papa and Mr. K. were obliged to go in another coach.

Margaret was daughter of Governor Hutchinson, whose house was plundered in 1765.

St. James is the royal palace in London.

There was a very full Drawing-Room for the time of year. The King and Queen both spoke to me. I felt much easier than I did before, as I had not the ceremony of being presented to go through: indeed, my dear, it is next to being married. I thought I should not mind it, but there is something that strikes an awe when you enter the Royal Presence.

King George III. and Queen Charlotte.

I had, however, many compliments paid me on my

performance: if I tell you what the Queen said of me to-day, will you not think me vain? The company all stand round in a circle, and the King and Queen go round, and speak to everybody that has been presented. As she advanced toward me, I felt in a little flutter, and whispered Mrs. K. that I should behave like a fool. "You need not," says she, "for the Queen has been saying many fine things of you to my sister. She says you are very genteel, and have much the appearance of a woman of fashion."

I can't say but I felt of more importance, and perhaps answered her questions with a better grace. She asked me how long I had been in town? I answered: "About a fortnight."

"Are you come for the winter?"

"Yes, ma-am."

"How do you like England — better than the country you came from?"

"I think it a very fine country."

"What part of it have you been in?"

"Norfolk."

"I hope you have your health better for it."

"Much better." Thus ended our conversation; and had it been with any other than a queen, I should have thought it too trifling to relate. She told papa she was very glad to see his daughter look so well. We were fatigued with standing, and got out of the Presence Chamber as soon as we could.

Lord Dartmouth came and spoke to me. I congratulated him on the birth of his daughter, which is a great rarity, after seven sons. He is the most amiable man I ever saw; and was he not married, and not a Lord, I should be tempted to set my cap at him, — two substantial reasons however to prevent me.

Four of the young Princes came in after I had been there about half an hour. I never saw four so fine boys. After the Drawing-Room was over we went into the nursery, and saw the rest of them. I was highly delighted, and could hardly keep my hands off them: such sweet creatures I never beheld. The Princess Royal with two sisters and a little boy whom I took to be about three years old, stood in a row, one just above the other, and a little one in leading strings, sitting in a chair behind them, composed this beautiful group.

Probably Frederic, Prince of Wales; George, later King George IV.; William, later King William III.; and Edward, father of Queen Victoria.

I was determined, if possible, to kiss one of their little hands, and with some difficulty persuaded Mrs. K. to go up to them, there being a great deal of company in the room. She at last went, and I followed her. I asked Prince Ernest for his hand, which he very readily gave me, and I gave it a very hearty kiss.

They behaved very prettily: they courtesied to everybody that came in, and the boy nodded his head just like little Tom Oliver. We did not get home till almost five o'clock, and found Elisha and Billy fretting for their dinner.

58. A Woman at the War

By Mrs. Abigail Adams (1775)

Braintree, Sept. 14, 1774.

In consequence of the powder being taken from Charlestown, a general alarm spread through many towns and was caught pretty soon here. The report reached here on Friday, and on Sunday a soldier was

Mrs. Adams, wife of John Adams, later President of the United

States, wrote these three letters to her husband while he was at the Congress in Philadelphia. She lived at Braintree (now Quincy), near Boston.

seen lurking about the Common, supposed to be a spy, but most likely a deserter.

However, intelligence of it was communicated to the other parishes, and about eight o'clock, Sunday evening, there passed by here about two hundred men, preceded by a horsecart, and marched down to the powder house, from whence they took the powder, and carried it into the other parish and there secreted it.

I opened the window upon their return. They passed without any noise, not a word among them till they came opposite this house, when some of them perceiving me, asked me if I wanted any powder. I replied, No, since it was in so good hands. — The reason they gave for taking it was, that we had so many Tories here, they dared not trust us with it.

The Tories were those who took the British side.

They had taken Vinton the officer in their train, and upon their return called upon him to deliver two warrants for summoning juries. Upon his producing them, they put it to vote whether they should burn them, and it passed in the affirmative. They then made a circle and burnt them. They then called a vote whether they should huzza, but, it being Sunday evening, it passed in the negative.

They called upon Vinton to swear that he would never be instrumental in carrying into execution any of these new acts. They were not satisfied with his answers; however, they let him rest a few days; afterwards, upon his making some foolish speeches, they assembled to the amount of two or three hundred, and swore vengeance upon him unless he took a solemn oath. Accordingly, they chose a committee and sent it with him to Major Miller's to see that he complied; and they waited his return, which proving satisfactory, they dispersed.

This town appears as high as you can well imagine, and, if necessary, would soon be in arms. Not a Tory but hides his head.

The church parson thought they were coming after him, and ran up garret; they say another jumped out of his window and hid among the corn, whilst a third crept under his board fence and told his beads. Episcopal clergyman.

May 24, 1775.

I suppose you have had a formidable account of the alarm we had last Sunday morning. When I rose, about six o'clock, I was told that the drums had been some time beating, and that three alarm guns were fired; that Weymouth bell had been ringing.

I immediately sent off an express to know the occasion, and found the whole town in confusion. Three sloops and one cutter had come out and dropped anchor just below Great Hill. It was difficult to tell their designs; some supposed they were coming to Germantown, others, to Weymouth. People, women, children, from the iron-works, came flocking down this way; every woman and child driven off from below my father's; my father's family flying. In Boston Harbor.

Dr. Tufts is in great distress, as you may well imagine, for my aunt had her bed thrown into a cart into which she got herself, and ordered the boy to drive her to Bridgewater, which he did.

The report which they heard was that three hundred had landed, and were upon their march up into town. The alarm flew like lightning, and men from all parts came flocking down, till two thousand were collected. But, it seems, their expedition was to Grape Island for Levett's hay. There it was impos-

sible to reach them, for want of boats; but the sight of so many persons, and the firing at them, prevented their getting more than three tons of hay, though they had carted much more down to the water.

At last a lighter was mustered, and a sloop from Hingham, which had six port holes. Our men eagerly jumped on board, and put off for the island. As soon as the British perceived it, they decamped.

Our people landed upon the island, and in an instant set fire to the hay, which, with the barn, was soon consumed; — about eighty tons, it is said. We expect soon to be in continual alarms, till something decisive takes place.

Our house has been, upon this alarm, in the same scene of confusion that it was upon the former. Soldiers coming in for a lodging, for breakfast, for supper, for drink, &c. Sometimes refugees from Boston, tired and fatigued, seek an asylum for a day, a night, a week. You can hardly imagine how we live; yet

> "To the houseless child of want
> Our doors are open still;
> And, though our portions are but scant,
> We give them with good will."

I wish you were nearer to us; we know not what a day will bring forth, nor what distress one hour may throw us into. Hitherto I have been able to maintain a calmness and presence of mind, and hope I shall, let the exigency of the time be what it will. Adieu, breakfast calls.

Mrs. Adams often called herself Portia. She was thought to be like the wife of Roman Brutus.

Your affectionate

PORTIA.

A COLONIAL LADY.

Weymouth, June 15, 1775.

Since I arrived here I have really had a scene quite novel to me. The brig Defence, from Connecticut, put in here for ballast. The officers, who are all from thence, and who are intimately acquainted at Dr. Lothrop's, invited his lady to come on board, and bring with her as many of her friends as she could collect.

She sent an invitation to our friend, Mrs. Warren, and to us. The brig lay about a mile and a half from town. The officers sent their barge, and we went. Every mark of respect and attention which was in their power, they showed us. She is a fine brig, mounts sixteen guns, twelve swivels, and carries one hundred and twenty men.

A hundred and seventeen were on board, and no private family ever appeared under better regulation than the crew. It was as still as though there had been only half a dozen; not a profane word among any of them. The captain himself is an exemplary man. Harden (his name) has been in nine sea engagements; says if he gets a man who swears, and finds he cannot reform him, he turns him on shore, yet is free to confess, that it was the sin of his youth.

He has one lieutenant, a very fine fellow, Smelden by name. We spent a very agreeable afternoon, and drank tea on board. They showed us their arms, which were sent by Queen Anne, and everything on board was a curiosity to me. They gave us a mock engagement with an enemy, and the manner of taking a ship.

The young folks went upon the quarter deck and danced. Some of their Jacks played very well upon the violin and German flute. The brig bears the

Continental colors, and was fitted out by the Colony of Connecticut. As we set off from the brig, they fired their guns in honor to us, a ceremony I would very readily have dispensed with.

59. With the Ladies

By Tench Tilghman (1775)

Tilghman was an American officer who served through the war.

Sunday, August 20. Hearing that General Schuyler was at his country-seat at Saratoga, we determined to pay him a visit, and set out this morning. From Albany to Saratoga is thirty-two miles through a country entirely settled since the French war, and therefore not very much improved, though pretty thickly settled.

General Schuyler has a very fine settlement at Saratoga. The bottom just there is extensive, and he has two very fine saw mills and a good grist mill on the Fish Kill which runs into the North River just by his house and is as fine a mill seat as I ever saw. Indeed I did not see another good one in the whole province. We were very genteelly entertained by the General and his wife and left them on Monday to return again to Albany.

Tuesday, August 22. I spent the greatest part of this morning in a visit to the ladies, where I had the pleasure of being introduced to Miss Ann Schuyler, the General's eldest daughter. A very pretty young lady. A brunette with dark eyes, and a countenance animated and sensible as I am told she really is.

In the afternoon I attended the funeral of old Mr. Doer, the father of the Commissioner. This was

something in a style new to me. The corpse was carried to the ground and interred without any funeral ceremony, tho' Clergymen attended.

Drinking at funerals was a great evil.

We then returned to the house of the deceased where we found many tables set out with bottles, cool tankards, candles, pipes and tobacco. The company set themselves down, lighted their pipes and handled the bottles and tankards pretty briskly. Some of them I think rather too much so. I fancy the undertakers of the funeral had borrowed all the plate of the neighbourhood for the tankards and candle sticks were all silver or plated.

Having taken leave of mine host, I called at General Schuyler's house to pay my compliments to the General, his wife and daughter. I found none of them at home but Miss Betsy Schuyler the General's second daughter to whom I was introduced by Mr. Commissary Livingston who accompanied me. I was prepossessed in favour of this young lady the moment I saw her. A brunette with the most good natured lively dark eyes that I ever saw, which threw a beam of good temper and benevolence over her whole countenance.

Mr. Livingston informed me that I was not mistaken in my conjecture for that she was the finest tempered girl in the world. On my return to town I waited on my ladies again to settle the plan of a jaunt to the Cohoes Falls.

Driving with ladies was the fashion then.

Wednesday, August 23. This morning we set out for the Cohoes. Miss Lynch and myself in a chaise. We arrived at the Cohoes about 11 o'clock. We had not the pleasure of viewing the beautiful fall, to the best advantage, as the water (from the lowness of the river for want of rain) did not run over more than

one half of the precipice of rock which I am informed is seventy-four feet in height. The river there is about four hundred yards wide. With much difficulty we descended the hills almost perpendicular to the foot of the falls. My foot once slipped, and Miss Lynch whom I was supporting, and myself almost took a short turn to the bottom. I fancy Miss Schuyler had been used to ramble over and climb grounds of this sort for she disdained all assistance and made herself merry at the distress of the other ladies.

Tho' the water did not fairly shoot over the precipice it tumbled down the rock in a foaming sheet which you may imagine made a wild and most agreeable appearance. Having gained the summit of the hill we adjourned to a neighbouring farm house where we refreshed ourselves with sherbet, biscuit and cheese which I had taken care to lay in.

We then returned to a house about six miles from Albany where we had bespoken dinner; we dined and returned to Albany in time enough to be present at an assembly of the Indians who were got together to receive the welcome of the people of Albany.

Colonel Francis told the ladies he would treat them with an Indian dance before our lodgings. We therefore went down there, and I to do my part of the civilities invited them to take a repast of sepawn and milk, which the ladies of Carolina owned was a real treat to them.

Hasty-pudding or mush.

Two fires being lighted up in the middle of the street, about eight o'clock the Indians came down, beating their drum, striking sticks together in exact time and yelling after their manner, and after singing some thing keeping time with their drum and sticks,

they would strike out into a dance around the fires with the most savage contortions of body and limbs.

Then upon a signal from one of their chiefs leave off their dance and return again to their singing, which is sometimes in a slow mournful tone and sometimes more brisk and lively. The dance which followed was always slow or quick as the song had been.

I was informed that this song was a recital of the warlike actions of the great men of their tribes, and that sometimes when worked up by drink, exercise, and heated imaginations, they would grow very enthusiastic. The dance concluded about ten o'clock and being entirely novel was the more entertaining to the ladies.

60. Crossing New England

By George Pausch (1777)

The writer was captured with Burgoyne's army at Saratoga, and was now on his way through Massachusetts to Cambridge as a captive.

On the 19th of October we crossed the Hudson in a few boats, and as night had by this time overtaken us, we could not go any further towards Shetekok (Scaghticoke), a hamlet composed of Dutchmen — a rich and highly interesting people. Accordingly we were obliged to bivouac here in a meadow placed at our disposal. From this time on we began to find great abundance of apples, from which an incredible quantity of cider is made both in New York and all the New England States, which can be kept from three to four years.

At this place they first began to steal our horses — an infernal proceeding, which they have kept up through our entire march. By way of comfort they tell us that we have either stolen them ourselves, or

else have bought them from persons friendly to the king, who in turn have stolen the horses from them! Moreover, they further tell us that we will now become acquainted with the old Roman law, "I take mine own wherever I find it." We cannot understand, however, how they can confound Canadian and German horses with theirs!

On the 20th of October, we passed many Dutch and German farm-houses. The farmers have immense stores of grain, large heaps of which lie in mows covered with movable roofs. We went this day as far as a small town on the Hudson, founded by two individuals named French, who have built beautiful dwellings and ware-houses. Both of these gentlemen, however, being Tories, — that is, friendly to the king, — they were forced to abandon their property. Bakers, smiths, and artisans had established themselves in this village, but most of the houses were standing empty.

Now Lansingburg, N.Y.

We found here a well-equipped hospital, in which we met several wounded soldiers belonging to our army. They told us that they were given tea, sugar, chocolate, and wine, notwithstanding these articles were extremely dear. Our troops had to bivouac at this place and encounter the discomforts of a snow- and rain-storm during the night.

Presently we entered a large and wild mountainous district, dismal enough to silence the most disobedient child by threatening to send it there if it did not behave itself.

The Hoosac Mountain, near Greenfield.

On the 27th of October it rained still more. I felt so vexed and silent that I threw myself upon an open barn-floor, hoping to get some rest; but the cold, together with a wind- and hail-storm that was raging,

banished all sleep. Then, again, the thoughts of to-morrow's march stung me.

On the 28th we had alternately hail, rain, and snow. The wind was so piercing, that, no matter how warmly we wrapped ourselves in our cloaks, it penetrated to the very marrow. In addition, our wet clothes froze as stiff as iron. A grenadier froze to death upon the march, many pack-horses were lost in the same way, and since that time I am firmly convinced that a man can endure a greater amount of hardship than a horse.

The oldest soldiers admitted that they had never before experienced such a march. Towards evening, we had advanced only ten miles to Westfield, a very neat little village. The experience that we had passed through that day so aroused the sympathies of the inhabitants, that they opened their doors to us. It is the custom in this place to put lightning-rods on the churches and all the handsome buildings and houses, to prevent their being struck by lightning.

On the 29th, the rain continued, accompanied by snow and hail. The roads were still bad, but not so dreadful as before. We were taken into the houses of the villagers. The people were tolerably kind, but cursed inquisitive. From this village, and in fact from the entire neighborhood, whole families of women and their daughters came to visit us, going from house to house to gaze upon the prisoners.

From the general down to the common soldier, all had to stand inspection. The higher the rank of the person so visited, the longer they stayed and "sized him up"! I was delighted when they soon left me, but my brigadier, in spite of his horrible grimaces, was not so fortunate.

I offered chairs to the pretty girls, and by this means gained time partially to revenge myself by watching them in my turn. Finally, we became tired of this sort of thing, as one party after another continued to enter our rooms without knocking. I actually believe that our host charged an admission-fee to see us.

On the 30th, we had a day of rest. Early in the morning I had myself shaved, and powdered my hair. It is the custom of the women and girls in this neighborhood either to sit upon side-saddles or ride upon pillows placed at the backs of their husbands or gallants. Very often a young beauty may be seen leading an entire caravan at full gallop. The young "bucks," with their miserable clothing and female trappings, look as if they had stolen their attire from the women themselves.

On the 4th, a short march brought us to Worcester — a thriving little city. After much discussion the citizens finally allowed us to occupy their houses and barns — one battalion being quartered in a large meeting-house. Our brigadier and myself lodged with a lady of distinction who had two sons in the English army, and whose husband was residing for the time being in England.

She was obliged to pay rent for living in her own beautiful house, and her furniture had been levied on by the Committee. In order, also, to make her life as happy and tranquil as possible, the Committee had taken possession of her land, and in fact exercised a general supervision over her entire possessions! To prevent, moreover, anything from being stolen, the Committee have put large locks on the house. This lady, whose condition we pitied from the bottom of

our hearts, received us with attention and friendliness. She had been well brought up; and her two very handsome daughters seemed to pattern after her.

Indeed, we hesitated to receive the many attentions she showered upon us, and we insisted upon doing our own cooking. The elder daughter presented her betrothed to us — a very worthy young man, who in his turn introduced us to other reputable young men in the town. These in former days had servants to wait upon them, but were now compelled to bow the knee before the gentlemen composing the Committee.

In every city, village, and county Congress has appointed Committees, who rule subject to its approval, and see to it that all of its decrees are obeyed. Indomitable zeal in the maintenance of liberty and the execution of the commands of Congress are the necessary requisites for membership in this Committee — a membership which confers upon one the power to rule over his fellow-citizens.

These gentlemen were in other times plebeians; and Heaven help him who is suspected by them of being a Tory! Many families are now living under this suspicion. At their command the minister leaves the altar, and the male members of his congregation grasp the musket and the powder-horn.

61. Pretty Girls in New England

By a German Officer (1777)

December 18, 1777.

Friends: I am at last in Kinderhook, whence I promised to write you a chapter about pretty girls. Before, however, reading my narrative to a lady, ex-

amine it carefully so as to see if there is any danger of its causing future trouble between me and my dear countrywomen. Should you decide against it, have mercy on me, and upset the ink-stand on the entire chapter!

A PRETTY NEW ENGLAND GIRL.

The ladies in this vicinity, and as far as Boston and New York, are slender, of erect carriage, and, without being strong, are plump. They have small and pretty feet, good hands and arms, a very white skin, and a healthy color in the face which requires

no further embellishment. I have seen few disfigured by pock-marks, for inoculation against smallpox has been in vogue here for many years.

Smallpox was very common, and many ladies bore the terrible scars in their faces. Inoculation was a process of deliberately taking smallpox in a light form. It was given up when vaccination came in.

They have, also, exceedingly white teeth, pretty lips, and sparkling, laughing eyes. In connection with these charms they have a natural bearing, essentially unrestrained, with open, frank countenances, and much native assurance. They are great admirers of cleanliness, and keep themselves well shod. They frizz their hair every day, and gather it up on the back of the head into a knot, at the same time puffing it up in front.

They generally walk about with their heads uncovered; and sometimes, but not often, wear some light fabric on their hair. Now and then some country nymph has her hair flowing down behind her, braiding it with a piece of ribbon. Should they go out (even though they be living in a hut), they throw a silk wrap about themselves and put on gloves. They have a charming way of wearing this wrap by means of which they manage to show a portion of a small white elbow.

They also put on some well-made and stylish little sun-bonnets, from beneath which their roguish eyes have a most fascinating way of meeting yours. In the English colonies the beauties have fallen in love with red silk or woollen wraps. Dressed in this manner, a girl will walk, run, or dance about you, and bid you a friendly good-morning or give you a saucy answer according to what you have said to her. At all places through which we passed dozens of girls were met with on the road, who either laughed at us mockingly, or now and then roguishly offered us an apple, accompanied by a little courtesy.

At first we thought they were girls from the city, or at least from the middle classes; but lo and behold! they were the daughters of poor farmers. Notwithstanding the many pretty things I have said about the gentler sex in this country, I must still give my loved countrywomen the credit of possessing certain gentle, lovable, and tender qualities which lend additional attractions to their charms, but which are entirely lacking in the beauties to be found here. German ladies.

Most perfectly formed and beautiful maids are to be seen on all sides; but to find one endowed with all the attractions of one of the graces is a very difficult thing. Enough of this, however. I think it high time to bring this disquisition to a close; and I shall now do so after stating that the fair sex were the cause of our losing some of our comrades on the 23d of October.

One of the things which particularly strikes me in this country is the evident mastery that the women possess over the men. In Canada this power is used by the women to further the interests of the men; but here it is used nearly to ruin them. The wives and daughters of these people spend more than their incomes upon finery. The man must fish up the last penny he has in his pocket.

The funniest part of it is, that the women do not seem to steal it from them; neither do they obtain it by cajolery, fighting, or falling into a faint. How they obtain it — as obtain it they do — Heaven only knows; but that the men are heavily taxed for their extravagance is certain.

The daughters keep up their stylish dressing because the mothers desire it. Should the mother die, her last words are to the effect that the daughter must

retain control of the father's money-bags. Nearly all articles necessary for the adornment of the female sex are at present either very scarce or dear, and for this reason they are now wearing their Sunday finery. Should this begin to show signs of wear I am afraid that the husband and father will be compelled to make their peace with the Crown if they would keep their women-folks supplied with gewgaws!

62. A Child of the Revolution

By Samuel Breck (1771–1782)

I was born on the 17th of July, 1771, in the then town of Boston. It was at a period of political excitement, and I feel myself identified with the Revolution, having been nursed at Lexington, where the first blood was spilt, and an unconscious spectator of the great battle of Bunker Hill.

I say unconscious, because at the date of that battle (17th of June, 1775) I was too young to receive a durable impression, or indeed any recollection at all about it. I have been told, however, that the woman who had the care of me stood on an eminence with me in her arms watching the engagement.

I remember perfectly an event that took place shortly after. Boston was closely invested by Washington, and in the bombardment a shell fell in our courtyard that cracked a beautiful mirror by the concussion of the air in bursting, and gave my father a broad hint to provide for the safety of his family.

He obtained a passport from the British general, and, being allowed to traverse the camp of the

besiegers, brought his wife and children to Philadelphia, stopping a few days at New York, and travelling from that city in company with the late Vice-President, George Clinton, who, as I have heard my father say, had the kindness to bring me part of the way in his sulky.

My parents have often told me how hospitably we were received in that city, where, in common with all the colonies, a strong sympathy was entertained for the sufferers in Boston. I, of course, have few recollections of that period. One thing only can I remember, and that is the inoculation of my sister and myself for the small-pox.

We stayed a few months in Philadelphia, and then removed to Taunton in Massachusetts, in order to be ready to enter Boston as soon as the British should evacuate the town. It was here at Taunton that I distinctly recollect seeing the procession of the Pope and the Devil on the 5th of November, the anniversary of the Gunpowder Plot. Effigies of those two illustrious personages were paraded round the Common, and this was perhaps the last exhibition of the kind in our country.

On November 5, 1605, Guy Fawkes tried to blow up the House of Parliament in London. It used to be a custom to make a stuffed figure to represent him on each November 5.

In due time we returned to Boston, and having been nursed, as I said before, at Lexington, I may boast of having been cradled in the midst of the brave men who so nobly commenced and so gloriously terminated our immortal war of Independence.

The winter of 1780 was colder than any that has occurred since. I was then a scholar at Chelsea, and perfectly well remember being driven by my father's coachman, in a sleigh with two horses, on the ice directly across the bay of Boston, starting from the north part of the town, and keeping for many miles

on the ice, which we left, to traverse farms, without being stopped by the stone fences, which were all covered with snow.

It was in the summer that suceeded this cold weather, I think, that the famous Dark Day happened in New England. I was at the same school. It began about eleven o'clock in the morning, when I was standing by the master reading my lesson. The light grew dim, and in a very short time faded into utter darkness. The school was dismissed, and we went below stairs. The cause was wholly inexplicable at the time, nor do I find that it has ever been satisfactorily explained. Some ascribed it to an extensive conflagration in the backwoods, but I do not remember any heavy smoke or other indication of fire.

I know that candles were lit, and the frightened neighbors groped their way to our house for spiritual consolation and joined in prayer with our reverend principal, and that after we had dined by candlelight — probably about three o'clock — it cleared up and became bright enough to go abroad.

The day having been one of terror, and now more than two-thirds spent, we were not called to school in the afternoon, but were permitted to go into the fields to gather fruit and bird's eggs. Yet the succeeding night was "palpably obscure." Many accidents happened to those who were on the road. Nothing could exceed the darkness. No doubt there was a natural cause for it, but whether smoke or vapor, or other atmospherical density, remains unknown.

Beacon Hill was a famous spot, known to everybody who knew anything of Boston. It received its name from a beacon that stood on it. Spokes were

fixed in a large mast, on the top of which was placed a barrel of pitch or tar, always ready to be fired on the approach of the enemy.

Around this pole I have fought many battles, as a South End boy, against the boys of the North End of the town; and bloody ones too, with slings and stones very skilfully and earnestly used. In what a state of semi-barbarism did the rising generations of those days exist! From time immemorial these hostilities were carried on by the juvenile part of the community.

The schoolmasters whipped, parents scolded — nothing could check it. Was it a remnant of the fighting habit of our British ancestors? or was it an untamed feeling arising from our colonial situation? Whatever was the cause, everything of the kind ceased with the ending of our Revolutionary War.

I forget on what holiday it was that the Anticks, another exploded remnant of colonial manners, used to perambulate the town. They have ceased to do it now, but I remember them as late as 1782. They were a set of the lowest blackguards, who, disguised in filthy clothes and ofttimes with masked faces, went from house to house in large companies, and thrust themselves everywhere, particularly into rooms that were occupied by parties of ladies and gentlemen; and they would demean themselves with great insolence. I have seen them at my father's, when his assembled friends were at cards, take possession of a table, seat themselves on rich furniture and proceed to handle the cards, to the great annoyance of the company. The only way to get rid of them was to give them money, and listen patiently to a foolish dialogue between two or more of them. One of them

would cry out, "Ladies and gentlemen sitting by the fire, put your hands in your pockets and give us our desire." When this was done and they had received some money, a kind of acting took place. One fellow was knocked down, and lay sprawling on the carpet, while another bellowed out,

> "See there he lies,
> But ere he dies
> A doctor must be had."

He calls for a doctor, who soon appears, and enacts the part so well that the wounded man revives. In this way they would continue for half an hour; and it happened not unfrequently that the house would be filled by another gang when these had departed. There was no refusing admittance. Custom had licensed these vagabonds to enter even by force any place they chose.

The celebrated Latin School in my days was kept by Mr. Hunt. He was a severe master, and flogged heartily. I went on, however, very well with him, mollifying his stern temper by occasional presents in money, which my indulgent father sent to him by me. Thus my short career at his school (seventeen or eighteen months) passed without any corporal correction. I was even sometimes selected for the honorable office of sawing and piling his wood, which to most boys is a vastly more delightful occupation than chopping logic, working themes or dividing sums; in short, a translation from intellectual labor to any bodily toil was looked upon as a special favor, and, dunces as we were, we preferred it greatly to a translation from Latin into English.

63. A Conscientious Traitor

By Timothy Dwight (1778)

Among the prisoners taken by the Americans at the battle of Hoosac, was an inhabitant of Hancock in the County of Berkshire — a plain farmer, named Richard Jackson. This man had conscientiously taken the British side in the Revolutionary contest, and felt himself bound to seize the earliest opportunity of employing himself in the service of his sovereign.

Hearing that Colonel Baum was advancing with a body of troops toward Bennington, he rose early, saddled his horse, and rode to Hoosac, intending to attach himself to this corps. Here he was taken in such circumstances as proved his intention beyond every reasonable doubt. He was besides too honest to deny it. Accordingly, he was transmitted to Great Barrington, then the shire-town of Berkshire, and placed in the hands of General Fellows, High-Sheriff of the County, who immediately confined him in the County jail.

This building was at that time so infirm, that without a guard no prisoner could be kept in it who wished to make his escape. To escape, however, was not according to Richard's idea of right; and he thought no more about making an attempt of this nature, than he would have done had he been in his own house.

After he had lain quietly in jail a few days, he told the Sheriff that he was losing his time and earning nothing, and wished that he would permit him to go out and work in the daytime, promising to return regularly at evening to his quarters in the prison.

The Sheriff had become acquainted with his character, and readily acceded to his proposal. Accordingly, Richard went out regularly during the remaining part of the autumn, and the following winter and spring, until the beginning of May; and every night returned at the proper hour to the jail. In this manner he performed a day's work every day, with scarcely any exception beside the Sabbath, through the whole period.

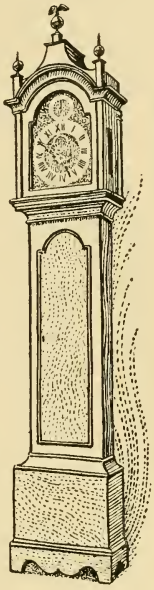
In the month of May, he was to be tried for high-treason. The Sheriff accordingly made preparations to conduct him to Springfield, where his trial was to be held. But he told the Sheriff that it was not worth his while to take this trouble, for he could just as well go alone; and it would save both the expense and inconvenience of the Sheriff's journey. The Sheriff, after a little reflection, assented to his proposal; and Richard commenced his journey — the only one, it is believed, which was ever undertaken in the same manner for the same object.

In the woods of Tyringham, he was overtaken by the Honorable T. Edwards, from whom I had this story. "Whither are you going?" said Mr. Edwards. "To Springfield, sir," answered Richard, "to be tried for my life." Accordingly, he proceeded directly to Springfield, was tried, found guilty, and condemned to die.

The Council of Massachusetts was, at this time, the supreme executive of the State. Application was made to this Board for a pardon. The facts were stated, the evidence by which they were supported, and the sentence grounded on them. The question was then put by the President, "Shall a pardon be granted to Richard Jackson?"

The gentleman who first spoke observed that the case was perfectly clear; the act alleged against Jackson was unquestionably high-treason; and the proof was complete. If a pardon should be granted in this case, he saw no reason why it should not be granted in every other. In the same manner answered those who followed him.

When it came to the turn of Mr. Edwards, he told this story with those little circumstances of particularity, which, though they are easily lost from the memory and have escaped mine, give light and shade a living reality, and a picturesque impressiveness to every tale which is fitted to enforce conviction, or to touch the heart. At the same time he recited it without enhancement, without expatiating, without any attempt to be pathetic. As is always the case, this simplicity gave the narration its full force.



AN OLD CLOCK.

The Council began to hesitate. One of the members at length observed, "Certainly such a man as this ought not be sent to the gallows." To his opinion the members unanimously assented. A pardon was immediately made out and transmitted to Springfield, and Richard returned to his family.

64. A Hard Winter

By Thomas Jones (1779)

The winter of 1779 was the severest ever known in the middle colonies. It may not be amiss to take some notice of it. The snow began to fall about the 10th of November, and continued almost every day till the middle of the ensuing March. In the woods it lay at least four feet upon a level.

It was with the utmost difficulty that the farmers got their wood, and all the wood upon New York Island was cut down. The forest trees planted in gardens, in court-yards, in avenues, along lanes, and about the houses of gentlemen by way of ornament, shared the same fate. Quantities of apple trees, peach trees, plum trees, cherry trees, and pear trees were also cut down. The situation of the army and inhabitants in this distressful season was a sufficient justification for the proceeding; necessity required it.

This winter was intensely cold; the rivers, creeks, harbors, ports, and brooks were all frozen up. The bay of New York, and from thence up the North River to Albany, was mere terra firma. It was equally so in the East River for a long way up the Sound. It was so strong that deserters went upon the ice to Connecticut from Lloyd's Neck, upon Long Island, the distance more than twelve miles. The Sound at New Haven, which is thirty miles from Long Island, was frozen over, about two miles in the middle excepted, and these two miles were congealed and filled with particles of ice.

Solid land.

From New York to Staten Island the distance is about ten miles. From Long Island to New Jersey the bay is about six miles wide. The tide from Sandy

Hook to New York, through the Narrows and the bay, is violently rapid. No man living ever before saw this bay frozen up. Yet so intense was the cold this winter, and the bay so hard frozen, that two hundred sleighs laden with provisions, with two horses to each, escorted by two hundred Light Horse, passed upon the ice from New York to Staten Island in a body.

In many places large quantities of water-fowl were picked up by the inhabitants, so frozen as not to be able to take wing. A very remarkable story, if true, was told. I do not aver it as a fact; the report was current, and as the man bore a good character, it was generally believed. He was a substantial farmer upon Staten Island, his name Goosen Adriance. The case was this: He went out in the morning upon his farm, which adjoins the water, and going along the shore he observed a parcel of ducks sitting erect and in their proper posture. Not moving as he approached, it surprised him. He walked up to them, found them stiff, and, as he supposed, perfectly dead.

He carried them home, threw them down upon the table in his kitchen, where a large wood fire was burning, and went into the next room to breakfast with his family. Scarcely was the breakfast over when a great noise and fluttering was heard in the kitchen. Upon opening the door, how great the surprise! The supposed dead ducks were all flying about the room.

A gentleman who had been a prisoner in Connecticut, and returned from thence the very last of April, said that the snow on the north side of the fences, from Middletown to New Haven, was more than a foot deep. This was never known in that part of

America before, at least after the English settled there. The harbors, rivers, and waters about New York were frozen up. Not a ship could move.

Rebels, *i.e.* the patriot Americans.

Had the rebels thought of an attack, now was their time. The ice was strong, hard, and firm. The Continental army, with their heaviest artillery, stores, provisions, and baggage, might have passed the Hudson with as much ease as they could have marched the same distance upon dry land.

65. High Prices in Paper Money

By Mr. Patton (1780)

From 1775 to 1781 Congress issued two hundred million dollars in paper notes, besides what the states put out. There was so much of it that it took a lot to make purchases, as may be seen in this piece. Finally, the notes got to be so common that a man in Philadelphia made a blanket for his dog out of paper money.

1780, June 6. I went to the Falls to fish for eels, but got none.

7. I caught a salmon that weighed eighteen or twenty pounds. I sold it for one hundred dollars, and sixty twelve-rows of pins for which I paid twenty-four dollars.

17th. The boys got near sixty eels last night and a shad. I got eleven shad. Six of them I gave to Isaac Atwood for eleven dollars I owed him.

27th. I gave Mrs. Chandler twenty-seven and one half dollars to pay Mr. Bean for the newspaper for the present quarter.

28th. I bought eight and three fourths pounds of tobacco from Dr. Stevens for which I am to pay him twenty dollars. I bought a mug at Means's for which I paid nine dollars.

July 27th. I paid Dr. Stevens twenty dollars for what tobacco I got from him at last June probate. I got four pounds of tobacco from him today, for which I paid him twenty dollars.

Sept. 28. I bought a quire of paper at Means's for which I paid him twelve pounds (sixty dollars).

October 18th. I set out for Portsmouth. I kept at Tobias Warren's from Monday afternoon to Wednesday forenoon, being six meals and two lodgings. They would not take any pay for it. My expenses beside were one hundred and four dollars. I bought things on this journey that cost three hundred twenty-six dollars.

While I was from home Alexander McMurphy paid my wife two hundred dollars towards the two thousand of boards I let him have.

Nov. 2nd. I went to Esquire McGregor's and bought three pounds of sugar from him for which I paid thirty dollars.

10th. I bought six pounds of coffee at eighty-four dollars. One fourth pound of pepper at thirty and four rows of pins at eight and one fourth dollars.

One half yard broad cloth at one hundred eighty seven and one half dollars of Major Pinkerton. I paid for my ferriage going and coming six dollars.

13. Ran surveying lines for Joseph Saunders and David and Nathaniel Merrill, and wrote two deeds for them and took the acknowledgment. I charged them one hundred and twenty dollars.

They paid me the money and I gave it to Joseph Saunders for which he is to give me four pounds of cotton.

18th. I held a Court at Chandler's. I had one half a mug of toddy for which I paid four dollars.

January 5th 1781. Got a thousand of nails for nailing pail hoops, from Mr. Fisk, for old Ensn. Chubbuck and myself. He sent sixty and I paid eighty dollars for the one thousand.

20th. I went to Captain Chamberlin's with the team. I got sixteen bushels of Indian corn on credit. I am going to pay it when I make a turn of the timber the boys and I have got to the river. It is sixty dollars per bushel.

I had one half pint bowl of West India toddy at McGaw's for which I paid six dollars.

May 19th. I went to Litchfield and got four bushels of rye from David Quigg. For this I am to pay him three dollars in silver and seventy five dollars in paper. My ferriage was three dollars.

I had one half mug of toddy at McGaw's for which I paid four dollars.

28th. I gave James seventy seven dollars to divide between him and Robert and David for election tomorrow.

30. The boys and I got shad and got them home.

July 5th. I went to Amherst and attended the Sessions and the probate court. My expenses were thirty-six pounds (one hundred and eighty dollars) old Continental money. This was for my dinner, horse at pasturage about seven hours and a glass of West India rum.

66. The Frenchmen and the Frogs

By Samuel Breck (1779)

Before the Revolution the colonists had little or no communication with France, so that Frenchmen were known to them only through the prejudiced medium of England. Every vulgar story told by John Bull about Frenchmen living on salad and frogs was implicitly believed by Brother Jonathan, even by men of education and the first standing in society.

When, therefore, the first French squadron arrived at Boston, the whole town, most of whom had never seen a Frenchman, ran to the wharves to catch a peep at the gaunt, half-starved crews. How much were my good townsmen astonished when they beheld, plump, portly officers and strong, vigorous sailors! In 1780.

They could scarcely credit the thing, apparent as it was. Did these hearty-looking people belong to the lantern-jawed, spindle-shank race of *mounseers?* In a little while they became convinced that they had been deceived as to their personal appearance, but they knew, notwithstanding their good looks, that they were no better than frog-eaters, because they had been discovered hunting them in the noted Frog-pond at the bottom of the Common. "Mounseer" is the French for "Mr."

With this last notion in his head, Mr. Nathaniel Tracy, who lived in a beautiful villa at Cambridge, made a great feast for the admiral and his officers. Everything was furnished that could be had in the country to ornament and give variety to the entertainment. My father was one of the guests, and told me often that two large tureens of soup were placed at the ends of the table. The Craigie House, Washington's headquarters 1775–76, later the home of the poet Longfellow.

The admiral sat on the right of Tracy, and Monsieur de l'Etombe on the left. L'Etombe was consul of France, resident at Boston. Tracy filled a plate with soup, which went to the admiral, and the next was handed to the consul. As soon as L'Etombe put his spoon into his plate he fished up a large frog, just as green and perfect as if he had hopped from the pond into the tureen. The admiral was Count D'Estaing.

Not knowing at first what it was, he seized it by one of its hind legs, and, holding it up in view of the whole company, discovered that it was a full-grown

frog. As soon as he had thoroughly inspected it, and made himself sure of the matter, he exclaimed, "Ah! mon Dieu! un grenouille!" then, turning to the gentleman next to him, gave him the frog.

He received it, and passed it around the table. Thus the poor *crapaud* made the tour from hand to hand until it reached the admiral. The company,

THREE GENERATIONS OF DOLLS.

convulsed with laughter, examined the soup-plates as the servants brought them, and in each was to be found a frog. The uproar was universal. Meantime Tracy kept his ladle going, wondering what his outlandish guests meant by such extravagant merriment.

"What's the matter?" asked he, and, raising his head, surveyed the frogs dangling by a leg in all directions. "Why don't they eat them?" he ex-

claimed. "If they knew the confounded trouble I had to catch them in order to treat them to a dish of their own country, they would find that with me, at least, it was no joking matter." Thus was poor Tracy deceived by vulgar prejudice and common report. He meant to regale his distinguished guests with refined hospitality, and had caused all the swamps of Cambridge to be searched in order to furnish them with a generous supply of what he believed to be in France a standing national dish. This entertainment was given in 1778 to the celebrated Count d'Estaing.

67. Royal Personages

By Samuel Curwen (1781–1782)

At St. George's chapel, prayers at eight; present, the King, Queen, Princesses Elizabeth and Sophia, — about a hundred hearers; we joined the train to Queen's house, or rather to the gates. The King was dressed in blue fly, cuffs small, open, and turned up with red velvet, cape of same, buttons white, breeches and waistcoat of white cotton, an ordinary white wig with a tail ribbon, a round black chip hat, small, as used in riding. King George III.

He is tall, square over the shoulders, large ugly mouth, talks a great deal, and shows his teeth too much; his countenance heavy and lifeless, and white eyebrows. The Queen of the middle size and bulk, height five feet and a-half, — though far removed from beautiful, she has an open placid aspect, mouth large, foot splay: — at prayers their voices often heard, and they appeared devout.

They take no state upon them, and walk freely about the town with only a lord in waiting. At seven, every evening after tea, the King, Queen, Prince of Wales, Princess-royal, Princesses Sophia and Elizabeth, walk for an hour on a terrace half a mile long, amidst two or three thousand people of all ranks.

The Prince of Wales appears a likely agreeable person, far more graceful than his father, who is ungainly. The prince affects much "Jemmy" dress and air; age will doubtless soften down the juvenile taste and affectation. The Queen's dress, a riding-habit, same color and facings as the King's — a small bonnet with a blue feather.

Jemmy = "dude."

Conducted to picture gallery and state-rooms; in one stands the Queen's bed, of a cream-color, worked in flowers with silk floss beautifully shaded, about seven feet long and six wide; posts fluted, and gilt tester, having in the centre an oval compartment, thought to be the richest in England except Lady Clifford's at Wybrook, which was wrought and presented to her by the late Duchess of Norfolk, — twelve chairs and a screen, wrought by her present Majesty's own diligent hand.

Canopy.

In the evening on the terrace, the King was in full dress, — blue uniform, sword and cockade; the Prince of Wales the same. The Queen in a pale greenish silk full dress, except her head, on which she had a bonnet with a feather of the same color as her dress.

July 16. Crossed the river to Eton college or school, passing through cloisters and quadrangles. I learnt from a lad that there were three hundred and thirty pupils belonging to the school; the higher class had on gowns and caps of university fashion.

After breakfast, at castle, to hear the roll-call of Lord Falconberg's regiment, now on duty, and hear the music; two bands of which were playing while the royal family were walking last evening.

Feb. 7. At the Queen's house with Mr. Hopkins to see the plate, etc.; the first object that struck me was three large covered baskets of table plate, as dishes, tureens, butter and sauce boats, all with covers, raised, embossed and engraved. The King's service was silver gilt; the Prince's silver.

We also were conducted to the kitchen, where were eighteen male cooks busily employed in their several various lines; the men in white jackets and caps, and the women in white aprons and caps. By a late royal order, no one is to appear in the kitchen with natural hair.

When the King arrives from court at St. James's, (where he attends five days in the week, Tuesdays and Saturdays being the only ones he has in the week for his own private amusements, concerns, etc.,) dinner is called, on which a bustle ensues; the assistants of the silver scullery take such pieces as are called for out of baskets, place them on a warm stove, whence they are taken by the cook and filled and taken to the dining room door, and delivered to the person appointed to place them on the royal table.

Common dinner, five dishes of meat, four of garden stuffs, and one remove daily, and no more. The King is exceedingly temperate, drinks generally water, and rarely partakes of more than one or two dishes. His supper is water-gruel, taken in a vessel peculiarly appropriated to his use, called the King's cup, of silver gilt, — shown me by the yeoman.

Remove = course.

The King's company at table is the Queen, Prince

of Wales, (unless on his public dinner days) the Princess Royal, Princesses Sophia and Elizabeth: the rest of the children at another table in another apartment. The Prince's dinner is served up by his proper officers in the same manner as the King's.

The Queen, unless indisposed, always attends court and levee days; as soon as it is over she returns; immediately dinner is served up, without waiting for her husband; a proof of good husbandship. It is said every king has a service of new table plate, the old being disposed of; the silver is kept in bags and put into cupboards.

I took leave, and by advice returned by Buckingham Gate, Pimlico, Grosvenor-place, in preference to Constitution Hill, which sometimes is dangerous, and at eight o'clock got safe home.

From highwaymen.

Dec. 5. The King delivered his speech from the throne. I went to see him robe and sit on the throne at the House of Lords; he was clothed in green laced with gold when he came, and when he went in red laced; it being the custom to change his garments. The tail of his wig was in a broad, flowing, loose manner; called the coronation tail. His stay in the lords' chamber scarce exceeded half an hour, in which he read his speech of eleven pages.

As one proof among many that might be given of the restraint and disguise of real sentiments on the part of courtiers, from the highest character in the presence chamber to the lowest lounger and attendant at ministerial levees, take the following:—

When the King found himself obliged to take new ministers, and give up Lord North and his associates, it is well known that it was abhorrent to the royal mind; and being naturally of a pertinacious, obstinate

temper, the King was with the utmost difficulty brought to yield a reluctant consent.

On the first day after the appointment, when he was in a manner forced out of his closet into the room of audience, he received his new servants with a smile, and transacted business with them afterwards with as much seeming cordiality and openness as if they had been in his favor, and in his closest confidence.

So seemingly satisfied and so serene was the royal countenance, that all the newspapers sounded forth the gracious monarch's obliging, condescending goodness to the public wishes, though nothing was farther from his heart, had not the necessity of his affairs impelled him thereto.

Wilkes was a bitter critic of the King and his policy.

At the same time coming up to Mr. Wilkes, he said he was glad of the opportunity to thank him for his very proper and laudable behavior in the late riot; took notice of his looks, which indicated a want of health, advised him to a country air and exercise, which, said his majesty, I find by experience an excellent expedient to procure and preserve health.

All this with the same apparent sincerity, as if they had been in a continued course of paying and receiving compliments, congratulations, and acknowledgments for mutual kindnesses and good offices, though all the world knows there was not a man in the three kingdoms more thoroughly hated, nor whom he had taken a more foolish and unnecessary pains to ruin.

The above-mentioned interview being told of in company, Mr. Wilkes took occasion to remark in the following words: — "To have heard the King, one would have thought I was consulting a quack on the score of my health."

A REVOLUTIONARY OFFICER. (ISRAEL PUTNAM.)

PART VII

IN CAMP

68. Kentucky Riflemen

From the Virginia Gazette (1775)

On Friday evening last, arrived at Lancaster, Pennsylvania, on their way to the American camp, Captain Cresap's company of riflemen, consisting of one hundred and thirty active, brave young fellows; many of whom have been in the late expedition under Lord Dunmore, against the Indians.

These men came from Kentucky to aid in the siege of Boston.

They bear in their bodies visible marks of their prowess, and show scars and wounds which would do honor to Homer's Iliad. They show you, to use the poet's words: —

"Where the gor'd battle bled at every vein!"

One of these warriors, in particular, shows the cicatrices of four bullet holes through his body. These men have been bred in the woods to hardships and dangers from their infancy. They appear as if they were entirely unacquainted with, and had never felt the passion of fear. With their rifles in their hands, they assume a kind of omnipotence over their enemies.

One cannot much wonder at this, when we mention a fact which can be fully attested by several of the reputable persons who were eye-witnesses of it. Two brothers in the company took a piece of board five inches broad and seven inches long, with a bit of white paper, about the size of a dollar, nailed in the centre; and while one of them supported this board perpendicularly between his knees, the other, at the distance of upwards of sixty yards, and without any kind of rest, shot eight bullets through it successively, and spared a brother's thigh!

Another of the company held a barrel stave perpendicularly in his hands with one edge close to his side, while one of his comrades, at the same distance, and in the manner before mentioned, shot several bullets through it, without any apprehension of danger on either side.

The spectators appearing to be amazed at these feats, were told that there were upwards of fifty persons in the same company who could do the same thing; that there was not one who could not plug nineteen bullets out of twenty, as they termed it, within an inch of the head of a tenpenny nail. In short, to prove the confidence they possessed in their dexterity at these kind of arms, some of them proposed to stand with apples on their heads, while others at the same distance, undertook to shoot them off; but the people who saw the other experiments declined to be witnesses of this.

At night a great fire was kindled around a pole planted in the Court House Square, where the company, with the captain at their head, all naked to the waist, and painted like savages, (except the captain, who was in an Indian shirt,) indulged a vast con-

course of people with a perfect exhibition of a war-dance, and all the manœuvres of Indians, holding council, going to war, circumventing their enemies by defiles, ambuscades, attacking, scalping, &c.

It is said by those who are judges, that no representation could possibly come nearer the original. The captain's expertness and agility, in particular, in these experiments astonished every beholder. This morning they will set out on their march for Cambridge.

69. Winter Amusements in Canada

By a German Officer (1777)

You ask, have we had plenty of amusement this winter? I answer, right good! You see, there are a number of seigneurs and curés in our neighborhood, and with their help and that of our officers in the vicinity we have been enabled to have a convivial, sociable, happy, and at times a "high old time"! Our seigneur at St. Anne is a passably rich man. The curés, also, are not to be despised. They are good royalists, and, being the possessors of good livings, are able to furnish dinners for twenty persons.

Seigneurs, lords of the land, whom the peasantry served and obeyed; curés, parish priests.

On Dec. 31st there was a great festival at Quebec; that day being celebrated as the first anniversary of the deliverance of Quebec, on which occasion the rebels lost their great leader, General Montgomery. At 9 o'clock in the morning, a thanksgiving service was held in the Cathedral, at which Monseigneur, the Bishop, officiated.

Eight unfortunate Canadians who had sided with the rebels were present, with ropes about their necks,

and were forced to do penance before all in the church, and crave pardon of their God, Church and King. At 10 o'clock, the civic and military authorities, as well as all visiting and resident gentlemen, whether Canadian or English, assembled at the Government-House. All the resident gentlemen of Quebec, in accordance with their rank as officers of the militia, wore green suits with straw facings, waistcoats, knee-breeches, and silver epaulettes upon their shoulders.

In the evening, at six, the entire company started for the large English hotel, where over ninety-four ladies and two hundred gentlemen were already assembled in the great hall. The ladies were seated on rows of raised benches. A concert was at once begun, during which an English ode, written in honor of the festival, was sung. During the music, tickets were distributed to those of both sexes who desired to dance. Every gentleman received a ticket for a certain lady, with whom he was obliged to dance the entire evening.

During these dances, some distinction is made between the rank of the gentlemen and the ladies. Strangers, however, receive preference. Every couple goes through the minuet alone, and the ladies call off the name of the minuet to be danced. At large balls this custom becomes very tiresome. English dances are performed with two couples. All kinds of refreshments were served; and notwithstanding that the place was somewhat confined, no spectator was incommoded. The streets in front of the hotel were alive with people. At midnight a regular supper was served at a number of tables. It is true that the eatables were all cold; but delicacies and pastry could be had in superabundance.

At 2 o'clock dancing was again renewed, and lasted until broad daylight. All the English, and the French officers of militia at Quebec gave these fêtes, which must easily have cost five thousand dollars.

On Jan. 20th, Major-General von Riedesel celebrated the birthday of her Majesty the Queen at Three Rivers. We covered the distance (7 English miles) in four hours, in a cariole, and dined at a table laid for forty covers. Many healths were drunk, while in front of the house, a small cannon was roaring!

A ball was given in the afternoon and evening, at which thirty-seven ladies were present. These remained to supper, and were waited on by their cavaliers. The charms of Demoiselle Tonnancour were greatly heightened by her jewels; still, poor Demoiselle Ruelle, in her faded calico gown, was preferred by many, on account both of her natural and sweet charms, and the beauty of her voice. Know, my dear sir, that the Canadian beauties sing Italian and French songs.

On the 5th of February, seven couples were married in the church at St. Anne. On this august occasion, Major von Ehrenkrook led to the altar a squaw who was to marry an Indian. This post of honor can only be filled when the intended brides have no fathers to give them away — their escorts, in such a case, taking the place of the latter. We dined with the curé, and were entertained at the houses of the different brides.

As our musicians were in Quebec, and village musicians are unknown here, we were obliged to dance to the humming of the tra-la-la of a Canadian minuet. We also had to endure the bawling of songs sung from stentorian lungs.

On account of our services to the brides, in giving them away, etc., we are considered by the good people of St. Anne as one of themselves; for, from the old grandmamma of seventy to the young maiden of fifteen to seventeen years, they all offer us their mouths to be kissed whenever they meet us. This is the Canadian greeting between relatives and intimate friends; more formal acquaintances offer merely their hands. This custom prevails not only among the well-to-do, but among the lower classes; and is one of the rights of friendship.

I have not heard from you for so long a time that I think your pen must be frozen. Therefore let me tell *you* something about Canadian snow. One of the cursed disagreeable things to be met with in Canada is the prevalence of fierce winds.

They rise generally every third day, and last about twelve hours. They cause the snow to drift from place to place, and gradually to fill up all the holes and pits until they are level with the rest of the land. The effect of this is to make the surrounding country look very pretty, but it is none the less dangerous to travel without taking proper precautions; otherwise one may tumble into one of these holes and break his limbs, or a horse and sleigh may fall into one and the horse remain buried alive for several weeks.

In order to find the way, young pine-trees are stuck up on each side of the road, twenty feet apart; and in this artificial alley one can drive with safety. One can scarcely imagine how these roads are changed, either by the weather or the force of circumstances; and each time a road is shifted it is abounded and the trees pulled up.

The roads across the ice on the St. Lawrence River

are staked out in a similar manner; and whenever a traveller meets with a weak spot in the ice, he is obliged to stop and mark the place. In fact, travelling in Canada is peculiar; for to-day the road may lead over a hill, and to-morrow over a river. Pedestrians, however, can skim over the snow like hares by means of snow-shoes, which they bind under their feet. In using them, one must take a long stride, at the same time trailing his feet on a slant.

70. Queer Cavalry

By Alexander Graydon (about 1778)

Among the military phenomena of this campaign, the Connecticut light horse ought not to be forgotten. They consisted of a considerable number of old-fashioned men, probably farmers and heads of families, as they were generally middle-aged, and many of them apparently beyond the meridian of life.

They were truly irregulars; and whether their clothing, their equipments or caparisons were regarded, it would have been difficult to have discovered any circumstance of uniformity; though in the features derived from "local habitation," they were one and the same.

Instead of carbines and sabres, they generally carried fowling pieces; some of them very long, and such as in Pennsylvania are used for shooting ducks. Here and there, one, "his youthful garments, well saved," appeared in a dingy regimental of scarlet, with a triangular, tarnished, laced hat.

In short, so little were they like modern soldiers, in

air or costume, that, dropping the necessary number of years, they might have been supposed the identical men who had in part composed Pepperil's army at the taking of Louisbourg. Their order of march corresponded with their other irregularities. It "spindled into longitude immense," presenting in extended and ill-compacted flank, as though they had disdained the advantage of concentration.

June 17, 1775.

These singular dragoons were volunteers, who came to make a tender of their services to the Commander-in-chief. But they stayed not long at New York. As such a body of cavalry had not been counted upon, there was in all probability a want of forage for their horses, which, in spite of ancient knighthood, they absolutely refused to descend from; and as the General had no use for cavaliers in his insular operations, they were forthwith dismissed with suitable acknowledgments for their truly chivalrous ardor.

An unlucky trooper of this school had by some means or other, found his way to Long Island, and was taken by the enemy in the battle of the 27th of August. The British officers made themselves very merry at his expense, and obliged him to amble about for their entertainment. On being asked, what had been his duty in the rebel army, he answered, that it was to flank a little and carry tidings.

But notwithstanding the unwarlike guise of the troops from New England there was no part of the continent perhaps, in which so little impression could be made, or in which the enemy was so cautious of advancing. Their numbers and zeal rendered them formidable when fighting on their own ground; and the defence of Bunker's hill was worthy of the bravest veterans.

71. The Amenities of Camp Life

By Surgeon James Thacher (1779)

February. — Having continued to live under cover of canvas tents most of the winter, we have suffered extremely from exposure to cold and storms. Our soldiers have been employed six or eight weeks in constructing log huts, which at length are completed, and both officers and soldiers are now under comfortable covering for the remainder of the winter. This was at Valley Forge.

Log houses are constructed with the trunks of trees, cut into various lengths according to the size intended, and are firmly connected by notches cut at their extremities in the manner of dovetailing. The vacancies between the logs are filled in with plastering consisting of mud and clay.

The roof is formed of similar pieces of timber, and covered with hewn slabs. The chimney situated at one end of the house is made of similar but smaller timber, and both the inner and the outer side are covered with clay plaster, to defend the wood against the fire. The door and windows are formed by sawing away a part of the logs of a proper size, and move on wooden hinges.

In this manner have our soldiers, without nails, and almost without tools, except the axe and saw, provided for their officers and for themselves comfortable and convenient quarters, with little or no expense to the public. The huts are arranged in straight lines forming a regular uniform compact village.

The officers' huts are situated in front of the line, according to their rank, the kitchens in the rear, and the whole is similar in form to a tent encamp-

ment. The ground for a considerable distance in front of the soldiers' line of huts is cleared of wood, stumps, and rubbish, and is every morning swept clean for the purpose of a parade ground and roll call for the respective regiments.

A HESSIAN.

The officers' huts are in general divided into two apartments, and are occupied by three or four officers, who compose one mess. Those for the soldiers have but one room, and contain ten or twelve men, with their bunks placed one above another against the walls, and filled with straw, and one blanket for each man. I now occupy a hut with our field officers, Colonel Gibson, Lieutenant Colonel Brent, and Major Meriweather.

4th. — A duel has lately been fought between a surgeon and an adjutant in General Scott's brigade; the former received a bad wound, and the latter escaped with honor. Who will hesitate, says one, to exchange a few shot with a friend to obtain the appellation of a gentleman of honor? If I kill my antagonist I have the satisfaction of settling a point of honor? If I receive a ball through my own heart, I die in the glorious cause of honor. "You have offended me in a delicate point," says an officer to his friend, "and I now demand of you the satisfaction of a gentleman, I have

settled my affairs, and prepared myself to die, if that shall be my fate," — "then," replied the other, "we cannot fight on equal terms, for I have not had time to do either."

General Washington.

His Excellency the Commander in Chief has long been in the practice of inviting a certain number of officers to dine at his table every day. It is not to be supposed that his Excellency can be made acquainted with every officer by name, but the invitations are given through the medium of general orders, in which is mentioned the brigade from which the officer is expected.

Yesterday I accompanied Major Cavil to headquarters, and had the honor of being numbered among the guests at the table of his Excellency, with his lady, two young ladies from Virginia, and several other officers.

It is natural to view with keen attention the countenance of an illustrious man, with a secret hope of discovering in his features some peculiar traces of excellence, which distinguishes him from and elevates him above his fellow mortals. These expectations are realized in a peculiar manner, in viewing the person of General Washington.

His tall and noble stature and just proportions, his fine, cheerful open countenance, simple and modest deportment, are all calculated to interest every beholder in his favor, and to command veneration and respect. He is feared even when silent, and beloved even while we are unconscious of the motive. The table was elegantly furnished, and the provisions ample but not abounding in superfluities.

Alexander Hamilton, later Secretary of the Treasury.

The civilities of the table were performed by Colonel Hamilton and the other gentlemen of the

family, the General and wife being seated at the side of the table. In conversation, his Excellency's expressive countenance is peculiarly interesting and pleasing; a placid smile is frequently observed on his lips, but a loud laugh, it is said, seldom if ever escapes him. He is polite and attentive to each individual at table, and retires after the compliments of a few glasses.

Mrs. Washington combines in an uncommon degree, great dignity of manner with the most pleasing affability, but possesses no striking marks of beauty. I learn from the Virginia officers that Mrs. Washington has ever been honored as a lady of distinguished goodness, possessing all the virtues which adorn her sex, amiable in her temper and deportment, full of benignity, benevolence and charity, seeking for objects of affliction and poverty, that she may extend to the sufferers the hand of kindness and relief. These surely are the attributes which reveal a heart replete with those virtues, which are so appropriate and estimable in the female character.

April 20th. — Five soldiers were conducted to the gallows according to their sentence, for the crimes of desertion and robbing the inhabitants. A detachment of troops and a concourse of people, formed a circle round the gallows, and the criminals were brought in a cart, sitting on their coffins, and halters about their necks.

While in this awful situation, trembling on the verge of eternity, three of them received a pardon from the Commander in Chief. They acknowledged the justice of their sentence, and expressed the warmest thankfulness and gratitude for their merciful pardon.

The two others were obliged to submit to their fate; one of them was accompanied to the fatal spot by an affectionate and sympathising brother, which rendered the scene uncommonly distressing, and forced tears of compassion from the eyes of numerous spectators.

They repeatedly embraced and kissed each other, with all the fervor of brotherly love, and would not be separated till the executioner was obliged to perform his duty when, with a flood of tears and mournful lamentations, they bade each other an eternal adieu — the criminal, trembling under the horrors of an untimely and disgraceful death, — and the brother, overwhelmed with sorrow and anguish, for one whom he held most dear.

May 14th. — Our brigade was paraded for the purpose of being reviewed by General Washington and a number of Indian chiefs. His Excellency, with his usual dignity, followed by his mulatto servant Bill, riding a beautiful grey steed, passed in front of the line and received the salute. He was accompanied by a singular group of savages, whose appearance was beyond description ludicrous.

Their horses were of the meanest kind, some of them destitute of saddles, and old lines were used for bridles. Their personal decorations were equally farcical, having their faces painted of various colors, jewels suspended from their ears and nose, their heads without covering except tufts of hair on the crown, and some of them wore dirty blankets over their shoulders waving in the wind.

In short, they exhibited a novel and truly disgusting spectacle. But his Excellency deems it good policy to pay some attention to this tribe of the

wilderness, and to convince them of the strength and discipline of our army, that they may be encouraged, if disposed to be friendly, or deterred from aggression, if they should become hostile to our country.

72. New Hampshire Men

By Marquis de Chastellux (1780)

Chastellux was a French officer who came over with the fleet and army sent to help the armies in 1778.

I pressed forward my horses, and hurried on to get the start of a traveller on horseback, who had joined me on the road, and who would have had the same right with myself to the lodgings, had we arrived together. I had the satisfaction, however, to see him pursue his journey; but soon learned, with concern, that the little inn where I proposed to pass that night, was occupied by thirteen farmers, and two hundred and fifty oxen coming from New Hampshire. The oxen were the least inconvenient part of the company, as they were left to graze in a meadow hard by, without even a dog to guard them; but the farmers, their horses, and dogs, were in possession of the inn. They were conveying to the army a part of the contingent of provisions furnished by New Hampshire. This contingent is a sort of tax divided among all the inhabitants, on some of whom the imposition amounts to one hundred and fifty, on others to one hundred, or eighty, pounds of meat, according to their abilities; so they agree amongst themselves to furnish a larger, or smaller sized ox, no matter which, as each animal is weighed. Their conveyance to the army is then entrusted to some farmers, and drovers. The farmers are allowed about a dollar a day; and

their expenses, as well as those of the cattle, are paid them on their return, according to the receipts which they are obliged to produce from the inn-keepers where they have halted. The usual price is from three-pence to five-pence English per night for each ox, and in proportion at noon.

I informed myself of these particulars while my people were endeavoring to find me lodgings; but all the rooms, and all the beds were occupied by these farmers, and I was in the greatest distress, when a tall, fat man, the principal person among them, being informed who I was, came to me, and assured me, that neither he, nor his companions would ever suffer a French general officer to want a bed, and that they would rather sleep on the floor; adding, that they were accustomed to it, and that it would be attended with no inconvenience.

In reply I told them, I was a military man, and as much accustomed as themselves to make the earth my bed. We had long debates on this point of politeness; theirs was rustic, but more cordial and affecting than the best turned compliments. The result was, that I had a two-bedded room for myself and my aides de camp.

Our new acquaintance did not terminate there: after parting from each other, I to take some repose, they to continue drinking their grog and cider, they came into my room. I was then employed in tracing my route by the map of the country; this map excited their curiosity. They saw there with surprise and satisfaction the places they had passed through.

They asked me if they were known in Europe, and if it was there I had bought my maps. On my assuring them that we knew America as well as the coun-

tries adjoining to us, they seemed much pleased; but their joy was without bounds, when they saw New Hampshire, their country, on the map. They called their companions, who were in the next room; and mine was soon filled with the strongest and most robust men I had hitherto seen in America.

On my appearing struck with their size and stature, they told me that the inhabitants of New Hampshire were strong and vigorous, for which there were many reasons; that the air was excellent, their sole occupation was agriculture, and above all that their blood was unmixed: for this country was inhabited by ancient families who had emigrated from England.

We parted good friends, touching, or rather shaking hands in the English fashion, and they assured me that they were very happy to have an opportunity to shake hands with a French General.

73. At Washington's Headquarters

By Marquis de Chastellux (1780)

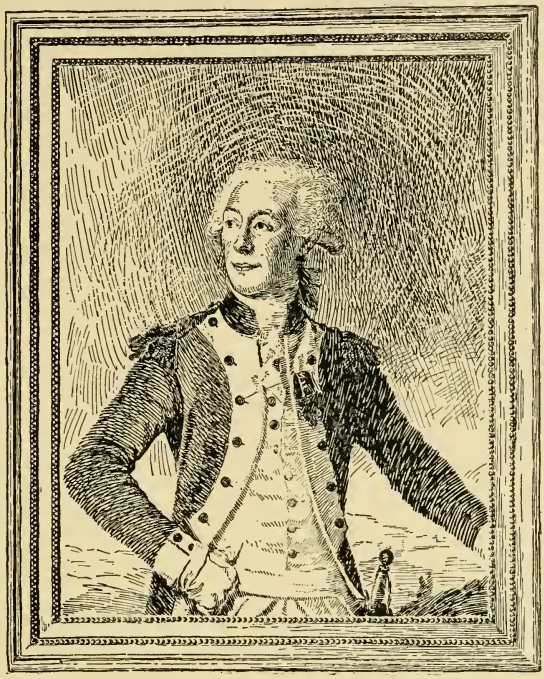
At length, after riding two miles along the right flank of the army, and after passing thick woods on the right, I found myself in a small plain, where I saw a handsome farm; a small camp which seemed to cover it, a large tent extended in the court, and several wagons round it, convinced me that this was his Excellency's quarter; for it is thus Mr. Washington is called in the army, and throughout America.

General Lafayette, the gallant young Frenchman

M. de Lafayette was in conversation with a tall man, five feet ten inches and a half high, of a noble and mild countenance. It was the General himself. I

was soon off horseback, and near him. The compliments were short; the sentiments with which I was

who did so much for the American cause.



A FRENCH OFFICER. (GENERAL LAFAYETTE.)

animated, and the good wishes he testified for me were sincere.

He conducted me to his house, where I found the company still at table, although the dinner had been long over. He presented me to the Generals Knox, Wayne, Howe, &c.; also to his family, then composed of Colonels Hamilton and Tilghman, his secretaries and his aides de camp, and of Major Gibbs,

commander of his guards; for in England and America, the aides de camp, adjutants and other officers attached to the general, form what is called his family.

A fresh dinner was prepared for me, and mine; and the gathering was prolonged to keep me company. A few glasses of claret and Madeira accelerated the acquaintances I had to make, and I soon felt myself at my ease near the greatest and the best of men.

The goodness and benevolence which characterise him, are evident from every thing about him; but the confidence he gives birth to never occasions improper familiarity; for the sentiment he inspires has the same origin in every individual, a profound esteem for his virtues, and a high opinion of his talents.

About nine o'clock the general officers withdrew to their quarters, which were all at a considerable distance; but as the General wished me to stay in his own house, I remained some time with him, after which he conducted me to the chamber prepared for my aides de camp and me.

This chamber occupied the fourth part of his lodgings; he apologized to me for the little room he had in his disposal, but always with a noble politeness, which was neither too much nor too little.

At nine the next morning they informed me that his Excellency was come down into the parlor. This room served at once as audience chamber, and dining-room. I immediately went to wait on him, and found breakfast prepared.

While we were at breakfast horses were brought, and General Washington gave orders for the army to get under arms at the head of the camp. The

weather was very bad, and it had already begun raining; we waited half an hour; but the General seeing that it was more likely to increase than to diminish, determined to get on horseback.

Two horses were brought him, which were a present from the State of Virginia; he mounted one himself, and gave me the other. Mr. Lynch and Mr. de Montesquieu, had each of them, also, a very handsome blood horse, such as we could not find at Newport for any money.

We repaired to the artillery camp, where General Knox received us: the artillery was numerous, and the gunners, in very fine order, were formed in parade, in the foreign manner, that is, each gunner at his battery, and ready to fire. The General was so good as to apologise to me for the cannon not firing to salute me.

He said, that having put all the troops on the other side of the river in motion, and apprised them that he might himself march along the right bank, he was afraid of giving the alarm, and of deceiving the detachments that were out. We gained, at length, the right of the army, where we saw the Pennsylvania line: it was composed of two brigades, each forming three battalions, without reckoning the light infantry, which were detached with the Marquis Lafayette.

General Wayne, who commanded it, was on horseback, as well as the brigadiers and colonels. They were all well mounted: the officers also had a very military air; they were well ranged, and saluted very gracefully. Each brigade had a band of music; the march they were then playing was the Huron.

I knew that this line, though in want of many

things, was the best clothed in the army; so that his Excellency asking me whether I would proceed, and see the whole army, or go by the shortest road to the camp of the Marquis, I accepted the latter proposal. The troops ought to thank me for it, for the rain was falling with redoubled force; they were dismissed, therefore, and we arrived very wet at the Marquis de Lafayette's quarters, where I warmed myself with great pleasure.

The rain appearing to cease, or inclining to cease for a moment, we availed ourselves of the opportunity to follow his Excellency to the camp of the Marquis: we found all his troops in order of battle on the heights to the left, and himself at their head expressing, by his air and countenance, that he was happier in receiving me there, than at his estate in Auvergne.

The confidence and attachment of the troops, are for him invaluable possessions, well acquired riches, of which nobody can deprive him; but what, in my opinion, is still more flattering for a young man of his age, is the influence, the consideration he has acquired amongst the political, as well as the military order.

I do not fear contradiction when I say, that private letters from him have frequently produced more effect on some states than the strongest exhortations of the Congress. On seeing him, one is at a loss which most to admire, that so young a man as he should have given such great proofs of talents, or that a man so tried, should give hopes of so long a career of glory. Fortunate his country, if she knows how to avail herself of them; more fortunate still should she stand in no need of calling them into exertion!

The rain spared us no more at the camp of the Marquis, than at that of the main army; so that when our review was finished, I saw with pleasure General Washington set off in a gallop to regain his quarters. We reached them as soon as the badness of the roads would permit us. At our return we found a good dinner ready, and about twenty guests, among whom were Generals Howe and Sinclair. The repast was in the English fashion, consisting of eight or ten large dishes of butcher's meat, and poultry, with vegetables of several sorts, followed by a second course of pastry, comprised under the two denominations of pies and puddings.

When the cloth was taken off, apples and a great quantity of nuts were served, which General Washington usually continues eating for two hours, toasting and conversing all the time. These nuts are small and dry, and have so hard a shell that they can only be broken by the hammer; they are served half open, and the company are never done picking and eating them. The conversation was calm and agreeable; his Excellency was pleased to enter with me into the particulars of some of the principal operations of the war, but always with a modesty and conciseness, which proved that it was from pure complaisance he mentioned it.

Hickory nuts.

74. Close Quarters for Washington

By Marquis de Chastellux (1782)

We passed the North River as night came on, and arrived at six o'clock at Newburgh, where I found Mr. and Mrs. Washington and escort. The head quarters at Newburgh consist of a single house, neither large nor commodious, which is built in the Dutch fashion. The largest room in it (which was the proprietor's parlor for his family, and which General Washington has converted into his dining-room) is in truth tolerably spacious, but it has seven doors, and only one window.

The chimney, or rather the chimney back, is against the wall; so that there is in fact but one vent for the smoke, and the fire is in the room itself. I found the company assembled in a small room which served by way of parlor. At nine supper was served, and when the hour of bedtime came, I found that the chamber, to which the General conducted me, was the very parlor I speak of, wherein he had made them place a camp-bed.

We assembled at breakfast the next morning at ten, during which interval my bed was folded up, and my chamber became the sitting-room for the whole afternoon; for American manners do not admit of a bed in the room in which company is received.

The smallness of the house, and the difficulty to which I saw that Mr. and Mrs. Washington had put themselves to receive me, made me apprehensive lest Mr. Rochambeau, who had set out the day after me, by travelling as fast, might arrive on the day that I remained there. I resolved therefore to send to Fish-

kill to meet him, with a request that he would stay there that night.

Nor was my precaution superfluous, for my express found him already at the landing, where he slept, and did not join us till the next morning as I was setting out. The day I remained at head quarters was passed either at table or in conversation. On the 7th I took leave of General Washington, nor is it difficult to imagine the pain this separation gave me; but I have too much pleasure in recollecting the real tenderness with which it affected him, not to take a pride in mentioning it.

A REVOLUTIONARY LADY.

75. Camp Fare

By George Washington (1779)

West Point, 16 August, 1779.

I have asked Mrs. Cochran and Mrs. Livingston to dine with me to-morrow; but am I not in honor bound to apprise them of their fare? As I hate deception, even where the imagination only is concerned, I will. It is needless to premise, that my table is large enough to hold the ladies. Of this they had ocular proof yesterday. To say how it is usually covered, is rather more essential; and this shall be the purport of my letter.

Since our arrival at this happy spot, we have had a ham, sometimes a shoulder of bacon, to grace the head of the table; a piece of roast beef adorns the foot; and a dish of beans, or greens, almost imperceptible, decorates the centre. When the cook has a mind to cut a figure, which I presume will be the case to-morrow, we have two beef-steak pies, or dishes of crabs, in addition, one on each side of the centre dish, dividing the space and reducing the distance between dish and dish to about six feet, which without them would be near twelve feet apart.

Of late he has had the surprising sagacity to discover, that apples will make pies; and it is a question, if, in the violence of his efforts, we do not get one of apples, instead of having both of beef-steaks. If the ladies can put up with such entertainment, and will submit to partake of it on plates, once tin but now iron (not become so by the labor of scouring), I shall be happy to see them; and am, dear Doctor, yours, &c.

George Washington.

76. A View of American Troops

By a German Officer (1777)

We passed the enemy's encampment, in front of which all their regiments, as well as the artillery, were standing under arms. Not a man of them was regularly equipped. Each one had on the clothes which he was accustomed to wear in the field, the tavern, the church, and in everyday life. No fault, however, could be found with their military appearance, for they stood in an erect and a soldierly attitude.

All their muskets had bayonets attached to them, and their riflemen had rifles. They remained so perfectly quiet that we were utterly astounded. Not one of them made any attempt to speak to the man at his side; and all the men who stood in array before us were so slender, fine-looking, and sinewy, that it was a pleasure to look at them.

Nor could we but wonder that Dame Nature had created such a handsome race! As to their height, dear brother, the men averaged from five feet six to five feet seven inches, according to Prussian measurement; and I assure you I am not telling an untruth when I state that men five feet eight to ten inches high were oftener to be seen than those of only five feet five inches; and men of larger height were to be found in all the companies.

I am perfectly serious when I state that the men of English America are far ahead of those in the greater portion of Europe both as respects their beauty and stature. In regard to the gentler sex, I will give you some details of them also when I arrive

at Kinderhook; and now for a space devoted to American WIGS!

Few of the officers in General Gates's army wore uniforms, and those that were worn were evidently of home manufacture and of all colors. For example, brown coats with sea-green facings, white linings, and silver dragons, and gray coats with yellow buttons and straw-colored facings, were to be seen in plenty.

The brigadiers and generals had, however, uniforms to distinguish them from the rest of the officers, and wore a band around the waist to designate their respective rank. On the other hand, most of the colonels and other officers wore their every-day clothes. They carried their muskets (to which a bayonet was attached) in their hands; their pouches or powder-horns were slung over their backs, and their left hand hung down by their side, while the right foot was slightly put forward.

In one place could be seen men with white wigs, from beneath which long and thick hair escaped — thick lambs' tails hanging down from the back; in another, the glistening black wig of an abbé surmounting some red and copper-colored face; while in still another, white and gray clerical-looking wigs made of horse and goat hair, and piled up in successive rolls.

In looking at a man thus adorned one would imagine that he had an entire sheep under his hat, with its tail dangling around his neck. A great deal of respect is entertained for these wigs, not only because they are supposed to give the wearer a learned appearance, but because they are worn by all the gentlemen composing the committees and those who are renowned for wisdom.

The gentlemen who wear these different kind of wigs are mostly between fifty and sixty years of age; and having but recently begun to wear them, you can imagine what a comical appearance they cut as soldiers. The determination which caused them to grasp a musket and powder-horn can be seen in their faces, as well as the fact that they are not to be fooled with, especially in skirmishes in the woods.

Seriously speaking, this entire nation has great natural military talent. There were many regiments of Continentals in the enemy's army who had not been properly equipped, owing to the lack of time and scarcity of cloth. They have flags with all kinds of emblems and mottoes.

It must also be said to the credit of the enemy's regiments, that not a man among them ridiculed or insulted us; and none of them evinced the least sign of hate or malicious joy as we marched by. On the contrary, it seemed rather as though they desired to do us honor. As we filed by the tent of General Gates, he invited the brigadiers and commanders of our regiments to enter, and when they had done so he placed all kinds of refreshments before them.

PART VIII

IN THE FIELD

77. Battle of Lexington

By Jonas Clark (1775)

This is one of the best accounts of the famous battle of Lexington, the first regular fight in the Revolutionary War. The "hero" was Paul Revere.

Between the hours of twelve and one, on the morning of the nineteenth of April, we received intelligence by express from the Hon. Joseph Warren, Esq., at Boston that a large body of the King's troops were embarked in boats from Boston. They were supposed to be a brigade of about twelve or fifteen hundred. They were said to have gone over to land on Lechmere's Point, in Cambridge.

It was shrewdly suspected that they were ordered to seize and destroy the stores, belonging to the colony, and then deposited at Concord. This was in consequence of General Gage's unjustifiable seizure of the provincial magazine of powder at Medford, and other colony stores at several other places.

Upon this intelligence, as also upon information of the conduct of the officers as above mentioned, the militia of this town were alarmed, and ordered to meet on the usual place of parade. This was not with any design of commencing hostilities upon the

King's troops, but to consult what might be done for our own and the people's safety.

This was in order to be ready for whatever service Providence might call us out to, upon this alarming occasion, in case overt acts of violence or open hostilities should be committed.

THE BATTLE OF LEXINGTON.

About the same time two persons were sent express to Cambridge, if possible to gain intelligence of the motions of the troops and what route they took.

The militia met according to order, and awaited the return of the messengers, that they might order their measures as occasion should require. Between three and four o'clock, one of the expresses returned, reporting that there was no appearance of the troops on the roads, either from Cambridge or Charlestown. It was supposed that the movements in the army the evening before were only a feint to alarm the people.

Thereupon therefore the militia company were dismissed for the present. But they had orders to be within call of the drum — waiting the return of the other messenger. He was expected in about an hour, or sooner, if any discovery should be made of the motions of the troops.

He was prevented by their silent and sudden arrival at the place where he was waiting for intelligence. So that after all this precaution, we had no notice of their approach until the brigade was actually in the town, and upon a quick march within about a mile of the meeting house and place of parade.

However the commanding officer thought best to call the company together. He had no intention of opposing so superior a force, much less of commencing hostilities. It was done only with a view to determine what to do, when and where to meet, and to dismiss and disperse.

Accordingly, about half after four o'clock alarm guns were fired, and the drums beat to arms; and the militia were collected together. Some, to the number of fifty or sixty, or possibly more, were on the parade, others were coming towards it. In the meantime the troops, having thus stolen a march upon us, and to prevent any intelligence of their approach, seized and held prisoners several persons whom they met unarmed upon the road.

They seemed to come determined for murder and bloodshed; and that whether provoked to it or not! — When within about half a quarter of a mile of the meeting house, they halted. The command was given to prime and load. This being done they marched on until they came up to the east end of the meeting house in sight of our militia.

Immediately upon their appearing so suddenly, and so nigh, Captain Parker who commanded the militia company, ordered the men to disperse and take care of themselves; and not to fire. Upon this our men dispersed. But many of them not so speedily as they might have done, not having the most distant idea of such brutal barbarity and more than savage cruelty, from the troops of a British King as they immediately experienced!

Captain John Pitcairn.

For no sooner did they come in sight of our company, but one of them, supposed to be an officer of rank, was heard to say to his troops, "Now we will have them!" Upon which the troops shouted aloud, huzzaed, and rushed furiously towards our men.

About the same time three officers advanced on horseback to the front of the body, and coming within five or six rods of the militia, one of them cried out, "Ye villains, ye rebels, disperse; disperse!" — or words to this effect. One of them (whether the same or not is not easily determined) said, "Lay down your arms; why don't you lay down your arms!"

Some authorities say that Pitcairn swore violently.

The second of these officers about this time fired a pistol towards the militia, as they were dispersing. The foremost, who was within a few yards of our men, brandished his sword and then pointed towards them. With a loud voice he said, "Fire!" — which was instantly followed by a discharge of arms from the troops.

This was succeeded by a heavy and close fire upon our party, dispersing so long as any of them were within reach. — Eight were left dead upon the ground! Ten were wounded. — The rest of the company, through divine goodness, were, by a miracle, preserved unhurt in this murderous action!

After going on miles farther to Concord, where there was another fight, the British retreated to Boston, and never afterward ventured out into the open country, away from the ships.

78. The Capture of Boston

By George Washington (1776)

From a letter from Washington to his brother, John Augustine.

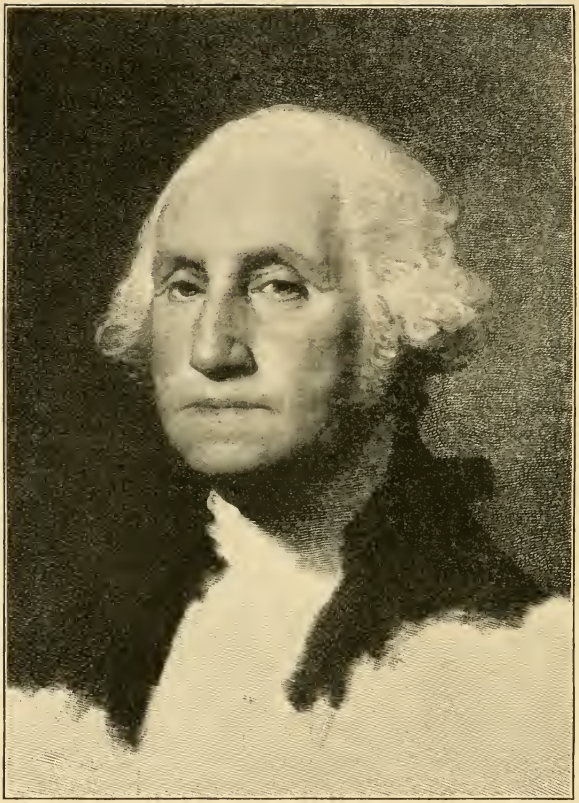
As some account of the late manœuvres of both armies may not be unacceptable, I shall, hurried as I always am, devote a little time to it. Having received a small supply of powder, very inadequate to our wants, I resolved to take possession of Dorchester Point, lying east of Boston, looking directly into it, and commanding the enemy's lines on Boston Neck. To do this, which I knew would force the enemy to an engagement, or subject them to be enfiladed by our cannon, it was necessary, in the first instance, to possess two heights (those mentioned in General Burgoyne's letter to Lord Stanley, in his account of the battle of Bunker's Hill), which had the entire command of the point.

Enfilade = to fire lengthwise along the lines of an army.

Inasmuch as the ground at this point was frozen upwards of two feet deep, and as impenetrable as a rock, nothing could be attempted with earth. We were obliged, therefore, to provide an amazing quantity of chandeliers and fascines for the work; and, on the night of the 4th, after a previous severe cannonade and bombardment for three nights together, to divert the enemy's attention from our real design, we removed our material to the spot, under cover of darkness, and took full possession of those heights, without the loss of a single man.

Fascines = bundles of sticks.

Upon their discovery of the works next morning, great preparations were made for attacking them; but not being ready before the afternoon, and the weather getting very tempestuous, much blood was saved, and a very important blow, to one side or the



GEORGE WASHINGTON.

other, was prevented. That this most remarkable interposition of Providence is for some wise purpose, I have not a doubt. But, as the principal design of the manœuvre was to draw the enemy to an engagement under disadvantages to them, as a premeditated plan was laid for this purpose, and seemed to be succeeding to my utmost wish, and as no men seem better disposed to make the appeal than ours did upon that occasion, I can scarcely forbear lamenting the disappointment, unless the dispute is drawing to an accommodation, and the sword going to be sheathed.

The enemy thinking, as we have since learnt, that we had got too securely posted, before the second morning, to be much hurt by them, and apprehending great annoyance from our new works, resolved upon a retreat, and accordingly on the 17th embarked in as much hurry, precipitation, and confusion, as ever troops did, not taking time to fit their transports, but leaving the King's property in Boston, to the amount, as is supposed, of thirty or forty thousand pounds in provisions and stores.

Many pieces of cannon, some mortars, and a number of shot and shells are also left; and baggage-wagons and artillery-carts, which they have been eighteen months preparing to take the field with, were found destroyed, thrown into the docks, and drifted upon every shore. In short, Dunbar's destruction of stores after General Braddock's defeat, which made so much noise, affords but a faint idea of what was to be met with here.

The enemy lay from the 17th to the 27th in Nantasket and King's Roads, about nine miles from Boston, to take in water from the islands thereabouts, and to prepare themselves for sea. Whither they are now

bound, and where their tents will be next pitched, I know not; but, as New York and Hudson's River are the most important objects they can have in view, as the latter secures the communication with Canada, at the same time that it separates the northern and southern colonies, and the former is thought to abound in disaffected persons, who only wait a favorable opportunity and support to declare themselves openly, it becomes equally important for us to prevent their gaining possession of these advantages; and, therefore, as soon as they embarked, I detached a brigade of six regiments to that government, and, when they sailed, another brigade composed of the same number; and to-morrow another brigade of five regiments will march. In a day or two more, I shall follow myself, and be in New York ready to receive all but the first.

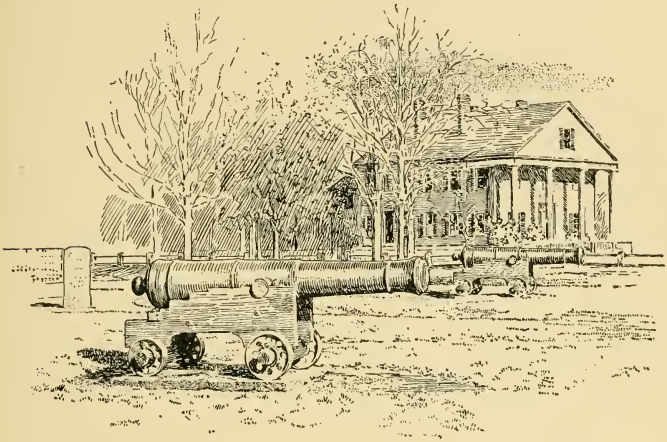
The enemy left all their works standing in Boston and on Bunker's Hill; and formidable they are. The town has shared a much better fate than was expected, the damage done to the houses being nothing equal to report. But the inhabitants have suffered a good deal, in being plundered by the soldiery at their departure.

The tories. Many of the best men in Massachusetts took the loyalist side.

All those who took upon themselves the style and title of government-men in Boston, in short, all those who have acted an unfriendly part in the great contest, have shipped themselves off in the same hurry, but under still greater disadvantages than the King's troops, being obliged to man their own vessels, as seamen enough could not be had for the King's transports, and submit to every hardship that can be conceived. One or two have done, what a great number ought to have done long ago, committed suicide.

By all accounts, there never existed a more miserable set of beings, than these wretched creatures now are.

Taught to believe that the power of Great Britain was superior to all opposition, and, if not, that foreign aid was at hand, they were even higher and more insulting in their opposition than the regulars. When the order issued, therefore, for embarking the troops in Boston, no electric shock, no sudden explosion of thunder, in a word, not the last trump could have struck them



CANNON FROM THE REVOLUTION.

with greater consternation. They were at their wits' end, and, conscious of their black ingratitude, they chose to commit themselves, in the manner I have above described, to the mercy of the waves at a tempestuous season, rather than meet their offended country-men.

I believe I may with great truth affirm, that no man perhaps since the first institution of armies ever commanded one under more difficult circumstances, than I have done. Many of my difficulties and distresses

were of so peculiar a cast, that, in order to conceal them from the enemy, I was obliged to conceal them from my friends, and indeed from my own army, thereby subjecting my conduct to interpretations unfavorable to my character, especially by those at a distance, who could not in the smallest degree be acquainted with the springs that governed it.

79. A Soldier's Song

(1776)

Come, ye valiant Sons of Thunder,
Crush to death your haughty foes;
Burst their slavish bands asunder,
Till no Tory dare oppose.

Haughty tyrants fain would rule us,
With an absolute control;
But they never thus shall fool us,
Cries the brave, the martial soul.

'Tis for right we are contending, —
Children, sweethearts, wives, and friends;
And our holy faith defending
From delusion, which impends.

O the happy scene before us!
Happy, who in battle dies!
See his spirit rise victorious, —
Angels guard it through the skies.

Happy, living, — happy, dying —
If we live, our rights we gain;
If we die, our souls, when flying,
Fly from slavery, grief, and pain.

Now, my boys, we'll act like heroes,
Order, right, and truth maintain,
And convince these modern Neroes
That we'll fight, nor fight in vain.

So we shall regain our freedom
And, in freedom, freely live;
Grant our alms to those, who need 'em, —
What is right we'll freely give.

80. The Death of Nathan Hale

(1776)

Hale was a patriot spy, sent out by Washington, captured by the British, and hanged.

THE breezes went steadily thro' the tall pines,
A saying "oh! hu-ush!" a saying "oh! hu-ush!"
As stilly stole by a bold legion of horse,
For Hale in the bush, for Hale in the bush.

"Keep still!" said the thrush as she nestled her young,
In a nest by the road; in a nest by the road.
"For the tyrants are near, and with them appear,
What bodes us no good, what bodes us no good."

The brave captain heard it, and thought of his home,
In a cot by the brook; in a cot by the brook.
With mother and sister and memories dear,
He so gaily forsook; he so gaily forsook.

Cooling shades of the night were coming apace,
The tattoo had beat; the tattoo had beat.
The noble one sprang from his dark lurking place,
To make his retreat; to make his retreat.

He warily trod on the dry rustling leaves,
As he pass'd thro' the wood; as he pass'd thro' the wood;
And silently gain'd his rude launch on the shore,
As she play'd with the flood; as she play'd with the flood.

The guards of the camp, on that dark, dreary night,
Had a murderous will; had a murderous will.
They took him and bore him afar from the shore,
To a hut on the hill; to a hut on the hill.

No mother was there, nor a friend who could cheer,
In that little stone cell; in that little stone cell.
But he trusted in love, from his father above.
In his heart, all was well; in his heart, all was well.

An ominous owl with his solemn base voice,
Sat moaning hard by; sat moaning hard by.
"The tyrant's proud minions most gladly rejoice,
For he must soon die; for he must soon die."

The brave fellow told them, no thing he restrain'd,
The cruel gen'ral; the cruel gen'ral.
His errand from camp, of the ends to be gain'd,
And said that was all; and said that was all.

They took him and bound him and bore him away,
Down the hill's grassy side; down the hill's grassy side.
'Twas there the base hirelings, in royal array,
His cause did deride; his cause did deride.

Five minutes were given, short moments, no more,
For him to repent; for him to repent;
He pray'd for his mother, he ask'd not another,
To Heaven he went; to Heaven he went.

The faith of a martyr, the tragedy shew'd,
As he trod the last stage; as he trod the last stage.
And Britons will shudder at gallant Hale's blood,
As his words do presage, as his words do presage.

"Thou pale king of terrors, thou life's gloomy foe,
Go frighten the slave, go frighten the slave;
Tell tyrants, to you, their allegiance they owe.
No fears for the brave; no fears for the brave."

81. A Brisk Little Fight

By Tench Tilghman (1776)

Head Quarters, Newtown 27th. Decemr. 1776.

Honored Sir

This piece shows what fighting in the field was like during the Revolution.

I have the pleasure to inform you that I am safe and well after a most successful enterprise against three regiments of Hessians consisting of about fifteen hundred men lying in Trenton, which was planned and executed under his Excellency's immediate command. Our party amounted to twenty-four hundred men, we crossed the river at McKonkeys ferry nine miles above Trenton, the night was excessively severe, both cold and snowy, which the men bore without the least murmur.

We were so much delayed in crossing the river, that we did not reach Trenton till eight o'clock, when the division which the General headed in person, attacked the enemy's outpost. The other division which marched the lower road, attacked the advanced post at Phillip Dickinson's, within a few minutes after we began ours.

Both parties pushed on with so much rapidity, that the enemy had scarce time to form, our people advanced up to the mouths of their field pieces, shot down their horses and brought off the cannon. About six hundred ran off upon the Bordentown Road the moment the attack began, the remainder finding themselves surrounded laid down their arms.

We have taken thirty Officers and eight hundred and eighty-six privates among the former Colonel Rahls the Commandant, who is wounded. The General left him and the other wounded officers upon their parole, under their own surgeons, and gave to all the privates their baggage. Our loss is only Captain Washington and his lieutenant slightly wounded and two privates killed and two wounded.

If the ice had not prevented General Ewing from crossing at Trenton ferry, and Colonel Cadwalader from doing the same at Bristol, we should have followed the blow and driven every post below Trenton. The Hessians have laid all waste since the British troops went away, the inhabitants had all left the town and their houses were stripped and torn to pieces.

The inhabitants about the country told us, that the British protections would not pass among the Hessians. I am informed that many people have of choice kept their effects in Philadelphia supposing if General Howe got possession that they would be safe. So they may be, if he only carries British troops with him, but you may depend it is not in his power, neither does he pretend to restrain the foreigners. I have just snatched time to scrawl these few lines by Colonel Baylor, who is going to Congress —

I am your most dutiful and Affectionate Son

TENCH TILGHMAN.

Head Quarters Newtown 29 Decem[r] 1776

Dear and Honored Sir

Yours is this moment put into my hands but you would receive mine by Colonel Baylor giving you a full account of the affair at Trenton a little after you dispatched the messenger — We are just going over to Jersey again in pursuit of the remainder of the Hessian army who have left Bordentown — The General waits while I write this much. My most affectionate love to my sisters.

I am your most dutiful Son
TENCH TILGHMAN.

Head Quarters Morris Town 11th Jan[y]. 1777.

Honored Sir.

It generally happens that when an opportunity to send to Philadelphia offers, my time is taken up with the public dispatches. Since our lucky stroke upon the enemy's rear at Princetown, they have evacuated all their posts in New Jersey except Amboy and Brunswick where they are shut up almost destitute of provisions, fuel and forage. Princeton, N.J.

Depending upon the whole province of New Jersey for supplies this winter, they had established no general magazine, but ordered small ones to be laid up in and about the several Towns; all these have fallen into our hands. We found most of the mills on the Raritan full of flour, laid up for the British Commissaries.

There is no good blood between the English and foreigners; the former tax the latter with negligence in the loss of Trenton, which they say is the cause of their misfortunes.

I received a parcel of hard money from you for Hacket's son; but as most of the prisoners taken at Fort Washington are sent out, I think it likely that Hacket may be among them; if so, sending in the money would probably be to lose it. I will therefore keep it till I hear more of the matter. Whenever you write to or see my sisters remember me most affectionately to them.

I am most dutifully and Affectionately Yours

TENCH TILGHMAN.

82. A German Lady's Campaign

BY MADAME RIEDESEL (1777)

The bold lady who wrote this and the next piece was the wife of a general who commanded some of the Hessian troops in Burgoyne's invasion of 1777. She insisted on going with her husband and taking her children along.

WHEN the army broke up, on the 11th of September, 1777, I was at first told that I must remain behind; but on my repeated entreaties, and as other ladies had been permitted to follow the army, the same indulgence was extended to me.

We advanced by short journeys, and went through many toils; yet I would have purchased at any price the privilege thus granted to me of seeing daily my husband. I had sent back my baggage, and only kept a small bundle of summer dresses.

In the beginning all went well, we thought that there was little doubt of our being successful, and of reaching "the promised land," and when on the passage across the Hudson, general Burgoyne exclaimed, "Britons never retrograde," our spirits rose mightily.

I observed, however, with surprise, that the wives of the officers were beforehand informed of all the military plans; and I was so much the more struck

with it, as I remembered with how much secrecy all dispositions were made in the armies of Duke Ferdinand, during the seven-years' war. In Germany (1756–1763).

Thus the Americans anticipated all our movements, and expected us wherever we arrived: and this of course injured our affairs.

For our farther march, I had caused a calash to be made for me, in which I could take, not only my children, but also my two female attendants: and thus I followed the army in the midst of the troops, who were in great spirits, and sang and longed for victory. Calash, a little Canadian carriage.

We marched through endless forests, and a beautiful district, though deserted by the inhabitants, who ran away at our approach, to reinforce General Gates' army. They are naturally soldiers, and excellent marksmen, and the idea of fighting for their country and their liberty, increased their innate courage.

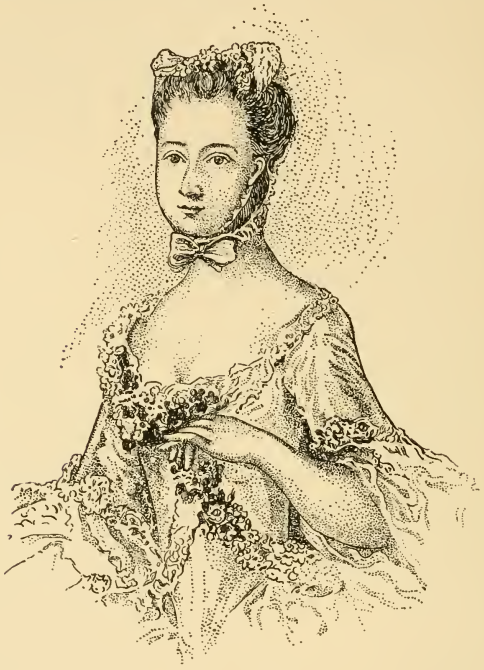
My husband was encamped with the rest of the army: being myself about an hour's ride behind the army, I went every morning to pay him a visit in the camp, and sometimes I dined there with him, but generally he took his dinner in my quarters.

But all at once, on the 7th of October, he marched away with the whole staff, and then our misfortunes began. While breakfasting with my husband, I heard that something was under contemplation. General Fraser, and, I believe, Generals Burgoyne and Phillips, were to dine with me on that day.

I remarked much movement in the camp. My husband told me that it was a mere reconnoissance; and as this was frequent, I was not much alarmed at it. On my way homeward, I met a number of Indians armed with guns, and clad in their war dresses. I asked them where they were going, and they re-

plied, "War, war"; by which they meant that they were about to fight.

This made me very uneasy, and I had scarcely reached home, before I heard reports of guns; and



MADAME RIEDESEL.

soon the fire became brisker, till at last the noise grew dreadful, upon which I was more dead than alive. About three o'clock in the afternoon, instead of guests whom I had expected to dine with me, I saw one of them, poor General Fraser, brought upon a hand-barrow, mortally wounded.

The table, which was already prepared for dinner, was immediately removed, and a bed placed in its stead for the general. I sat terrified and trembling in a corner. The noise grew more alarming, and I was in a continual agony and tremor, while thinking that my husband might soon also be brought in, wounded like General Fraser.

That poor general said to the surgeon, "tell me the truth: is there no hope?" I heard often amid his groans, such words as these, "O bad ambition! poor General Burgoyne! poor Mistress Fraser." . . !

Orders had already been issued, that the army should break up immediately after the funeral, and our calashes were ready. I was unwilling to depart sooner. Major Harnage, though hardly able to walk a step, left his bed, that he might not remain in the hospital, upon which a flag of truce had been erected.

When he saw me thus in the midst of danger, he put my children and female attendants into the vehicle, and told me that I had not a moment to lose. I begged to be permitted to remain a little longer. "Do what you please," replied he; "but your children I must at least save."

83. A Lady in Battle

By Madame Riedesel (1777)

About two o'clock, we heard a report of muskets and cannon, and there was much alarm and bustle among our troops. My husband sent me word that I should immediately retire into a house that was not far off.

I got into my calash with my children, and when we were near the house, I saw on the opposite bank of the Hudson, five or six men who aimed at us with guns. Without knowing what I did, I threw my children into the back part of the vehicle, and laid myself upon them.

At the same moment the fellows fired, and broke the arm of a poor English soldier who stood behind us, and who, already wounded, sought a shelter. Soon after our arrival a terrible cannonade began. The fire was principally directed against the house, where we had hoped to find a refuge.

This was probably because the enemy inferred from the great number of people who went towards it, that this was the headquarters of the generals. In reality none were there except women and crippled soldiers.

We were at last obliged to descend into the cellar, where I laid myself in a corner near the door. My children put their heads upon my knees. An abominable smell, the cries of the children, and my anguish of mind, did not permit me to close my eyes during the whole night.

On the next morning the cannonade began anew, but in a different direction. On an inspection of our retreat, I discovered that there were three cellars, spacious and well vaulted. I suggested that one of them should be appropriated to the use of the officers, who were most severely wounded, the next to the females, and the third to all the rest of the company.

We were just going down, when a new thunder of cannon threw us again into alarm. Many persons who had no right to enter threw themselves against the door. My children were already at the bottom of the staircase, and every one of us would probably have

been crushed to death, had I not put myself before the entrance and resisted the intruders.

Eleven cannon-balls passed through the house, and made a tremendous noise. A poor soldier who was about to have a leg amputated, lost the other by one of these balls. All his comrades ran away at that moment, and when they returned, they found him in one corner of the room in the agonies of death.

I was myself in the deepest distress, not so much on account of my own dangers as of those to which my husband was exposed. He however frequently sent me messages inquiring after my health. Major Harnage's wife, a Mrs. Reynell, the wife of the good lieutenant who had on the previous day shared his soup with me, the wife of the commissary, and myself were the only officers' wives at present with the army.

We sat together, deploring our situation, when somebody entered. All my companions exchanged looks of deep sorrow, whispering at the same time to one another. I immediately suspected that my husband had been killed. I shrieked aloud, but was immediately told that nothing had happened to my husband. I was given to understand by a sidelong glance that the lieutenant had been killed.

His wife was soon called out and found that the lieutenant was yet alive, though one of his arms had been shot off, near the shoulder, by a cannon-ball. We heard his groans and lamentations during the whole night: they were dreadfully reëchoed through the vaulted cellars. In the morning he expired.

My husband came to visit me during the night. This served to diminish my sadness and dejection in some degree. On the next morning, we thought of making our cellar a more convenient residence.

Major Harnage and his wife, and Mrs. Reynell took possession of one corner, and transformed it into a kind of closet by means of a curtain. I was also to have a similar retreat; but I preferred to remain near the door, that I might escape more easily in case of fire.

I had straw put under my mattresses; and on these I laid myself with my children, and my female servants slept near us. Opposite to us were three officers, who, though wounded, were determined not to remain behind, if the army retreated. All three swore they would not depart without me, in case of a sudden retreat, and that each of them would take one of my children on his horse.

One of my husband's horses was constantly in readiness for myself. He thought often of sending me to the American camp, to save me from danger. I declared that nothing would be more painful to me than to live on good terms with those with whom he was fighting. Upon this he consented that I should continue to follow the army.

However the apprehension that he might have marched away, repeatedly intruded itself into my mind. I crept up the staircase more than once, to confirm or dispel my fears. When I saw our soldiers near their watch fires, I became more calm, and could even sleep.

The danger in which my husband was, kept me constantly in the most unpleasant state of mind. I was the only one who had not lost her husband, or whose husband had not been wounded, and I asked myself very often, "Is so much happiness reserved for me alone?"

This reflection was so much the more natural, as he was day and night in the very jaws of death. He

never passed a whole night in his tent, but sat by the watch-fires. This alone considering the coldness and dampness of the ground might have been sufficient to have killed him.

The want of water continuing to distress us, we were extremely glad to find a soldier's wife so courageous as to fetch some water from the river. This was an occupation from which the boldest might have shrunk, as the Americans shot every one who approached it. They told us afterwards that they spared her on account of her sex. At last the capitulation was talked of, and a cessation of hostilities took place.

84. Cruise of the Fair American

(1777)

The poetry in this piece is not very good, but it is a spirited account of naval warfare at that time.

THE twenty-second of August,
Before the close of day,
All hands on board of our privateer,
We got her under weigh;
We kept the Eastern shore along,
For forty leagues or more,
Then our departure took for sea,
From the isle of Mauhegan shore.

An ancestor of Nathaniel Hawthorne, the author.

Bold Hawthorne was commander,
A man of real worth,
Old England's cruel tyranny
Induced him to go forth;
She, with relentless fury,
Was plundering all our coast,
And thought, because her strength was great,
Our glorious cause was lost.

Yet boast not, haughty Britons,
Of power and dignity,
By land thy conquering armies,
Thy matchless strength at sea;
Since taught by numerous instances
Americans can fight,
With valor can equip their stand,
Your armies put to flight.

Now farewell to fair America,
Farewell our friends and wives;
We trust in Heaven's peculiar care,
For to protect their lives;
To prosper our intended cruise
Upon the raging main,
And to preserve our dearest friends
Till we return again.

The wind it being leading,
It bore us on our way,
As far unto the southward
As the Gulf of Florida;
Where we fell in with a British ship,
Bound homeward from the main;
We gave her two bow-chasers,
And she returned the same.

We hauled up our courses,
And so prepared for fight;
The contest held four glasses,
Until the dusk of night;
Then having sprung our main-mast,
And had so large a sea,
We dropped astern and left our chase
Till the returning day.

I.e. lasted four hours.

Next morn we fished our main-mast,
The ship still being nigh,
All hands made for engaging
Our chance once more to try;
But wind and sea being boisterous
Our cannon would not bear,
We thought it quite imprudent
And so we left her there.

A SEA FIGHT.

We cruised to the eastward,
Near the coast of Portugal,
In longitude of twenty-seven
We saw a lofty sail;
We gave her chase, and soon perceived
She was a British snow
Standing for fair America,
With troops for General Howe.

Our captain did inspect her
With glasses, and he said,
"My boys, she means to fight us,
But be you not afraid;
All hands repair to quarters,
See everything is clear,
We'll give her a broadside, my boys,
As soon as she comes near."

She was prepared with nettings,
And her men were well secured,
And bore directly for us,
And put us close on board;
When the cannon roared like thunder,
And the muskets fired amain,
But soon we were along-side
And grappled to her chain.

And now the scene it altered,
The cannon ceased to roar,
We fought with swords and boarding-pikes
One glass or something more,
Till British pride and glory
No longer dared to stay,
But cut the Yankee grapplings,
And quickly bore away.

Our case was not so desperate
As plainly might appear;
Yet sudden death did enter
On board our privateer.
Mahoney, Crew, and Clemmons,
The valiant and the brave,
Fell glorious in the contest,
And met a watery grave.

Ten other men were wounded
Among our warlike crew,
With them our noble captain,
To whom all praise is due;
To him and all our officers
Let's give a hearty cheer;
Success to fair America
And our good privateer.

85. Capture of Stony Point

By Henry Lee (1779)

Stony Point, July 18, 1779,
11 o'clock at night.

An official account of the enterprise on the night of the 15th must have reached Congress. For your satisfaction I furnish the particulars.

This capture, perhaps the most daring deed of the Revolution, gave to General Wayne his nickname of "Mad Anthony Wayne."

Early on the morning of the 15th, I received orders from General Wayne to join the light infantry with my corps. The General was so polite as to show me his disposition of attack, and as my station was the post of intelligence, he also consulted with me on the line of approach.

The right column under the command of General Wayne took the route along the beach, crossed the morass up to their knees in mud and water, and moved on to the enemy's left.

Colonel Butler commanded our left column, and made his way through the morass over the relic of the bridge, although the passage was very difficult and defended by a work twenty steps in it; a feint was made in the centre; my corps of infantry followed on the rear of the two columns as a reserve.

The troops rushed forward with a vigor hardly to be paralleled, and with a silence that would do honor to the first veterans on earth. General Wayne has gained immortal honor; he received a slight wound, one proof that Providence had decreed him every honor in her gift.

Every officer acquired fame in proportion to his opportunity. The storm was more rapid than can be conceived, and in fifteen minutes, the works were carried with the loss only of eleven killed on the spot, which every officer engaged reckoned would be purchased by the sacrifice of nothing less than every third man.

Lieutenant-Colonel Fleury led on the right, Major Stewart the left; Captain Lawson and Lieutenant Gibbons, who commanded the vans of the columns, distinguished themselves by their valor and coolness.

We captured the whole garrison excepting a few who got off in boats. One hundred of them were killed and wounded; four hundred and forty-four inclusive of eighteen officers have marched towards Lancaster as prisoners. The humanity of the Americans perhaps never was more conspicuous than on this occasion.

Although from the repeated cruelties of the enemy exercised on our countrymen, known by all and felt by many, from the nature of assaults by storm and particularly in the dead of night, yet I can venture to affirm the moment a surrender was announced, the bayonet was laid aside. The British officers are candid enough to declare their gratitude for the lenity of their treatment. May this fresh proof of the magnanimity of our soldiers tend to civilize our foe; if it does not, it must and will be the last.

Fifteen cannon, mortars, cohorns, howitzers, &c., were found in the fort, an abundance of military stores and a quantity of baggage. The most valuable of these are safe, the rest are now burning. Some unfortunate accidents have prevented till too late the intended attack on Verplank's Point. General Clinton is at hand, and we have evacuated Stony Point.

I fear the consequences from this signal success will not be adequate to moderate expectations. It is probable it will be repossessed by the British, and of course our old position will be reassumed, a position which affords neither policy nor comfort.

The fort was relinquished by Washington.

To-morrow perhaps Clinton's intentions will begin to show themselves; should anything turn up and I should be among the fortunate, you may expect to hear from me, provided you assure me that my hasty incorrect epistles are not disagreeable.

86. Capture of the Serapis

By Robert Dale (1779)

Dale was a lieutenant on the *Bon Homme Richard*. The battle is one of the most notable in the Revolution, for it gave the Americans a great reputation for its navy.

On the 23d of September, 1779, I was roused by an unusual noise upon deck. This induced me to go upon deck, when I found the men were swaying up the royal yards, preparatory to making sail for a large fleet under our lee. I asked the coasting pilot what fleet it was? He answered, "The Baltic Fleet, under convoy of the Serapis of 44 guns, and the Countess of Scarborough of 20 guns."

A general chase then commenced by the Bon Homme Richard, the Vengeance, the Pallas, and the

Alliance; the latter ship was then in sight, after a separation from the squadron of nearly three weeks; but that ship, as usual, disregarded the signals of the commodore.

At seven P.M. it was evident that the Baltic fleet perceived we were in chase, from the signal of the Serapis to the merchantmen to stand in shore. At the same time, the Serapis and Countess of Scarborough tacked ship and stood off shore, with the intention of drawing off our attention from the convoy.

At about eight, being within hail, the Serapis demanded, "What ship is that?" He was answered, "I can't hear what you say." Immediately after the Serapis hailed again, "What ship is that? Answer immediately, or I shall be under the necessity of firing into you." At this moment I received orders from Commodore Jones to commence the action with a broadside, which, indeed, appeared to be simultaneous on board both ships. Our position being to windward of the Serapis, we passed ahead of her, and the Serapis coming up on our larboard quarter, the action commenced with the ships abreast of each other.

The Serapis soon passed ahead of the Bon Homme Richard, and when he thought he had gained a distance sufficient to go down athwart the forefoot to rake us, found he had not enough distance, and that the Bon Homme Richard would be aboard him, put his helm alee, which brought the two ships on a line. The Bon Homme Richard having headway, ran her bows into the stern of the Serapis.

We had remained in this situation but a few minutes, when we were again hailed by the Serapis; "Has your ship struck?" To which Captain Jones

answered, "I have not yet begun to fight." As we were unable to bring a single gun to bear upon the Serapis, our topsails were backed, while those of the Serapis filled, and the ships separated.

The Serapis wore short round upon her heels, and her jib-boom ran into the mizzen-rigging of the Bon Homme Richard; in this situation the ships were made fast together with a hawser, the bowsprit of the Serapis to the mizzen-mast of the Bon Homme Richard, and the action recommenced from the starboard sides of the two ships.

With the view of separating the ships, the Serapis let go her anchor, which manœuvre brought her head and the stern of the Bon Homme Richard to the wind, while the ships lay closely pressed against each other. A novelty in naval combats was now presented to many witnesses, but to few admirers. The rammers were run into the respective ships to enable the men to load, after the lower part of the Serapis had been blown away, to make room for running out their guns, and in this situation the ships remained until between 10 and 11 o'clock P.M. when the engagement terminated by the surrender of the Serapis.

From the commencement to the termination of the action there was not a man on board of the Bon Homme Richard ignorant of the superiority of the Serapis, both in weight of metal and in the qualities of the crews. Neither the consideration of the relative force of the ships, the fact of the blowing up of the gun-deck above them, by the bursting of two of the eighteen-pounders, nor the alarm that the ship was sinking, could depress the ardour or change the determination of the brave Captain Jones, his officers and men. Neither the repeated broadsides of the

The Alliance, a consort of the Bon Homme Richard, is supposed to have been unsafe.

Alliance, given with the view of sinking or disabling the Bon Homme Richard, the frequent necessity of suspending the combat to extinguish the flames, which several times were within a few inches of the powder magazine, nor the liberation, by the master-at-arms, of nearly five hundred prisoners, could change or weaken the purpose of the American commander.

At the moment of the liberation of the prisoners, one of them, a commander of a twenty gun ship, taken a few days before, passed through the ports on board the Serapis, and informed Captain Pearson, that if he would hold out only a little while longer, the ship alongside would either strike or sink, and that all the prisoners had been released to save their lives. The combat was accordingly continued with renewed ardour by the Serapis. The fire from the tops of the Bon Homme Richard was conducted with so much skill and effect as to destroy ultimately every man who appeared upon the quarter-deck of the Serapis, and induced her commander to order the survivors to go below.

Upon finding that the flag of the Serapis had been struck, I went to Captain Jones, and asked whether I might board the Serapis? to which he consented; and, jumping upon the gunwale, I seized the main-brace pennant, and swung myself upon her quarter-deck. Midshipman Mayant followed with a party of men, and was immediately run through the thigh with a boarding-pike by some of the enemy stationed in the waist, who were not informed of the surrender of the ship. I found Captain Pearson standing on the leeward side of the quarter-deck, and addressing myself to him, said, "Sir, I have orders to send you on board the ship alongside."

The first lieutenant of the Serapis coming up at this moment, inquired of Captain Pearson whether the ship alongside had struck to him? To which I replied, "No sir, the contrary; he has struck to us." The lieutenant renewing his inquiry, "Have you struck, sir?" was answered, "Yes, I have."

The lieutenant replied, "I have nothing more to say," and was about to return below, when I informed him, he must accompany Captain Pearson on board the ship alongside. He said, "If you will permit me to go below, I will silence the firing of the lower-deck guns." This request was refused, and, with Captain Pearson, he was passed over to the deck of the Bon Homme Richard. Orders being sent below to cease firing, the engagement terminated, after a most obstinate contest of three hours and a half.

87. The Execution of André

By William Heath (1780)

André was a British officer who came to bargain with Benedict Arnold for the surrender of the post of West Point by treachery. He was captured while returning, and condemned as a spy.

October 2d. — Major Andre is no more among the living. I have just witnessed his exit. It was a tragical scene of the deepest interest. During his confinement and trial, he exhibited those proud and elevated sensibilities which designate greatness and dignity of mind. Not a murmur or a sigh ever escaped him, and the civilities and attentions bestowed on him were politely acknowledged.

Having left a mother and two sisters in England, he was heard to mention them in terms of the tenderest affection, and in his letter to Sir Henry Clinton, he recommends them to his particular attention.

The principal guard officer who was constantly in the room with the prisoner, relates that when the hour of his execution was announced to him in the morning, he received it without emotion, and while all present were affected with silent gloom, he retained a firm countenance, with calmness and composure of

JOHN ANDRÉ.

mind. Observing his servant enter the room in tears, he exclaimed, "leave me till you can show yourself more manly."

His breakfast being sent to him from the table of General Washington, which had been done every day of his confinement, he partook of it as usual, and having shaved and dressed himself, he placed his hat on the table, and cheerfully said to the guard officers,

"I am ready at any moment, gentlemen, to wait on you."

The fatal hour having arrived, a large detachment of troops was paraded, and an immense concourse of people assembled; almost all our general and field officers, excepting his Excellency and his staff, were present on horseback; melancholy and gloom pervaded all ranks, and the scene was affectingly awful. I was so near during the solemn march to the fatal spot, as to observe every movement, and share in every emotion which the sad scene was calculated to produce.

Major Andre walked from the stone house, in which he had been confined, between two of our subaltern officers, arm in arm; the eyes of the immense multitude were fixed on him, who, rising superior to the fears of death, appeared as if conscious of the dignity which he displayed.

He betrayed no want of fortitude, but retained a complacent smile on his countenance, and politely bowed to several gentlemen whom he knew, which was respectfully returned. It was his earnest desire to be shot, as being the mode of death most fitting to the feelings of a military man, and he had indulged the hope that his request would be granted.

At the moment, therefore, when suddenly he came in view of the gallows, he involuntarily started backward, and made a pause. "Why this emotion, Sir," said an officer by his side? Instantly recovering his composure, he said, "I am reconciled to my death, but I detest the mode." While waiting and standing near the gallows, I observed some degree of trepidation; placing his foot on a stone, and rolling it over and choking in his throat, as if attempting to swallow.

So soon, however, as he perceived that things were in readiness, he stepped quickly into the wagon, and at this moment he appeared to shrink, but instantly elevating his head with firmness, he said, "It will be but a momentary pang," and he took from his pocket two white handkerchiefs; the provost marshal with one loosely pinioned his arms, and with the other, the victim, after taking off his hat and stock, bandaged his own eyes with perfect firmness, which melted the hearts, and moistened the cheeks, not only of his servant, but of the throng of spectators.

When the rope was appended to the gallows, he slipped the noose over his head and adjusted it to his neck, without the assistance of the awkward executioner. Colonel Scammel now informed him that he had an opportunity to speak, if he desired it; he raised the handkerchief from his eyes and said, "I pray you to bear me witness that I meet my fate like a brave man."

The wagon being now removed from under him, he was suspended and instantly expired; it proved indeed "but a momentary pang." He was dressed in his royal regimentals and boots, and his remains, in the same dress, were placed in an ordinary coffin, and interred at the foot of the gallows; and the spot was consecrated by the tears of thousands. Thus died in the bloom of life, the accomplished Major Andre, the pride of the royal army.

88. A Surprise

By Timothy Dwight (1781)

This extract shows the danger of sudden attack and capture during the Revolution.

General Peleg Wadsworth was appointed to the command in Camden, in the district of Maine. General Wadsworth dismissed his troops, retaining six soldiers only as his guard, and was making preparations to depart from the place.

A neighboring inhabitant communicated his situation to the British commander at Penobscot, and a party of twenty five soldiers commanded by Lieutenant Stockton, was sent to make him a prisoner. They embarked in a small schooner, and landing within four miles of the general's quarters, they were concealed at the house of one Snow, a Methodist preacher, professedly a friend to him, but really a traitor, till eleven o'clock in the evening, where they made their arrangements for the attack on the general's quarters.

The party rushed suddenly on the sentinel, who gave the alarm and one of his comrades instantly opened the door of the kitchen, and the enemy were so near as to enter with the sentinel. The wife of the general, and her friend Miss Fenno, of Boston, were in the house at the time, and Mrs. Wadsworth escaped from the room of her husband into that of Miss Fenno.

The assailants soon became masters of the whole house, except the room where the general was, which was strongly barred, and they kept up a constant firing of musketry into the windows and doors except into those of the ladies' room. General Wadsworth was provided with a pair of pistols, a blunder-

buss and a fusee, which he employed with great dexterity, being determined to defend himself to the last moment.

With his pistols, which he discharged several times, he defended the windows of his room and a door which opened into the kitchen. His blunderbuss he snapped several times, but unfortunately it missed fire, he then seized his fusee, which he discharged on some who were breaking through one of the windows, and obliged them to flee.

He next defended himself with his bayonet, till he received a ball through his left arm, when he surrendered, which terminated the contest. The firing however, did not cease from the kitchen till the general unbarred the door, when the soldiers rushed into the room, and one of them who had been badly wounded, pointing a musket at his breast, exclaimed with an oath, "you have taken my life and I will take yours."

But Lieutenant Stockton turned the musket and saved his life. The commanding officer now applauded the general for his admirable defence, and assisted in putting on his clothes, saying, "you see we are in a critical situation, you must excuse haste." Mrs. Wadsworth threw a blanket over him, and Miss Fenno applied a handkerchief closely round his wounded arm. In this condition, though much exhausted, he, with a wounded American soldier, was directed to march on foot, while two British wounded soldiers were mounted on a horse taken from the general's barn. They departed in great haste.

When they had proceeded about a mile, they met at a small house, a number of people who had collected, and who inquired if they had taken General Wadsworth. They said no, and added, that they

must leave a wounded man in their care, and if they paid proper attention to him they should be compensated, but if not, they would burn down their house.

General Wadsworth was now mounted on the horse behind the other wounded soldier, and was warned that his safety depended on his silence. Having crossed over a frozen mill pond about a mile in length, they were met by some of their party who had been left behind.

At this place they found the British privateer which brought the party from the fort. When the captain was told that he must return there with the prisoner and the party, and saw some of his men wounded, became outrageous, and called the general a rebel, demanding how he dared to fire on the king's troops, and ordered him to help launch the boat or he would put his hanger through his body.

The general replied that he was a prisoner, and badly wounded and could not assist in launching the boat. Lieutenant Stockton, on learning of this abusive treatment, in a manner honorable to himself, told the captain that the prisoner was a gentleman, had made a brave defence, and was to be treated accordingly, and added, that his conduct should be represented to General Campbell.

After this the captain treated the prisoner with great civility and afforded him every comfort in his power. General Wadsworth had left the ladies in the house, not a window of which escaped destruction. The doors were broken down and two of the rooms were set on fire, the floors covered with blood, and on one of them lay a brave old soldier dangerously wounded begging for death, that he might be released from misery.

The anxiety and distress of Mrs. Wadsworth was inexpressible, and that of the general was greatly increased by the uncertainty in his mind respecting the fate of his little son, only five years old, who had been exposed to every danger by the firing into the house, but he had the happiness afterward to hear of his safety.

When he arrived at the British post, the capture of General Wadsworth was soon announced and the shore thronged with spectators to see the man who, through the preceding year, had disappointed all the designs of the British in that quarter; and loud shouts were heard from the rabble which covered the shore. But when he arrived at the fort and was conducted into the officers' guard room, he was treated with politeness.

General Campbell, the commandant of the British garrison, sent his compliments to him and a surgeon to dress his wounds, assuring him that his situation should be made comfortable. The next morning, General Campbell invited him to breakfast, and at table paid him many compliments on the defence he had made, observing however, that he had exposed himself in a degree not perfectly justifiable.

General Wadsworth replied, that from the manner of the attack he had no reason to suspect any design of taking him alive, and that he intended therefore to sell his life as dearly as possible. "But, Sir,' says General Campbell, "I understand that the captain of the privateer treated you very ill; I shall see that matter set right."

He then informed the prisoner, that a room in the officers' barracks within the fort, was prepared for him, and that he should send his orderly sergeant

daily to attend him to breakfast and dinner at his table. General Wadsworth retired to his solitary apartment, and while his spirits were extremely depressed by a recollection of the past, and by his present situation, he received from General Campbell several books of amusement, and soon after a visit, kindly intended to cheer the spirits of the prisoner by conversation.

Not long after, the officers of the party called, and among others the redoubtable captain of the privateer, who called to ask pardon for what had fallen from him when in a passion, adding, that it was not in his nature to treat a gentleman prisoner ill, that the unexpected disappointment of his cruise had thrown him off his guard, and he hoped that this would be deemed a sufficient apology. This General Wadsworth accepted.

89. An Escape from Prison

By Timothy Dwight (1781)

About the same time, orders were received from the commanding general at New York, which were concealed from General Wadsworth, but he finally learned that he was not to be paroled nor exchanged, but was to be sent to England as a rebel of too much consequence to be at liberty.

Not long afterwards Major Benjamin Burton, a brave and worthy man, who had served under General Wadsworth the preceding summer, was taken and brought into the fort, and lodged in the same room with General Wadsworth. He had been informed that both himself and the general were to be

sent, immediately after the return of a privateer now out on a cruise, either to New York or Halifax, and thence to England.

The prisoners immediately resolved to make a desperate attempt to effect their escape. They were confined in a grated room in the officers' barracks within the fort. The walls of this fortress, exclusively of the depth of the ditch surrounding it, were twenty feet high, with fraising on the top, and chevaux de frise at the bottom.

Sharp wooden stakes.

Two sentinels were always in the entry, and their door, the upper part of which was of glass, might be opened by these watchmen whenever they thought proper, and was actually opened at seasons of peculiar darkness and silence. At the exterior doors of the entries, sentinels were also stationed, as were others in the body of the fort, and at the quarters of General Campbell.

At the guard house, a strong guard was daily mounted. Several sentinels were stationed on the walls of the fort, and a complete line occupied them by night. Outside the ditch, glacis and abattis, another complete set of soldiers patroled through the night. The gate of the fort was shut at sunset, and a guard was placed on or near the isthmus leading from the fort to the main land.

The room in which they were confined was railed with boards. One of these they determined to cut off so as to make a hole large enough to pass through, and then to creep along till they should come to the next or middle entry; and then lower themselves down into this entry by a blanket. If they should not be discovered, the passage to the walls of the fort was easy.

In the evening, after the sentinels had seen the prisoners retire to bed, General Wadsworth got up and standing in a chair attempted to cut with his knife the intended opening, but soon found it impracticable. The next day by giving a soldier a dollar they procured a gimlet.

With this instrument they proceeded cautiously and as silently as possible to perforate the board, and in order to conceal every appearance from their servants and from the officers their visitors, they carefully covered the gimlet holes with chewed bread. At the end of three weeks their labors were so far completed that it only remained to cut with a knife the parts which were left to hold the piece in its place.

When their preparations were finished, they learned that the privateer in which they were to embark was daily expected. In the evening of the 18th of June, a very severe storm of rain, with great darkness and almost incessant lightning came on. This the prisoners considered as the propitious moment.

Having extinguished their lights, they began to cut the corners of the board, and in less than an hour the intended opening was completed. The noise which the operation occasioned was drowned by the rain falling on the roof. Major Burton first ascended to the ceiling, and pressed himself through the opening.

General Wadsworth came next, put the corner of his blanket through the hole and made it fast by a strong wooden skewer, and then attempted to make his way through by standing on a chair below; but it was with extreme difficulty that he at length effected it, and reached the middle entry.

From this he passed through the door, which he found open, and made his way to the wall of the fort,

and had to encounter the greatest difficulty before he could ascend to the top. He had now to creep along the top of the fort between the sentry boxes at the very moment when the relief was shifting sentinels, but the falling of heavy rain kept the sentinels within their boxes, and favored his escape.

He now fastened his blanket around a picket at the top, and he let himself down through the chevaux de frise to the ground, and in a manner astonishing to himself made his way into the open field. Here he was obliged to grope his way among rocks, stumps and brush in the darkness of night, till he reached the cove. Happily the tide had ebbed and enabled him to cross the water, about a mile in breadth and not more than three feet deep. About two o'clock in the morning General Wadsworth found himself a mile and a half from the fort, and he proceeded through a thick wood and brush to the Penobscot river; and after passing some distance along the shore, seven miles from the fort, to his unspeakable joy he saw his friend Burton advancing towards him.

Major Burton had been obliged to encounter in his course equal difficulties with his companion, and such were the incredible perils, dangers and obstructions, which they surmounted, that their escape may be considered almost miraculous. It was now necessary they should cross the Penobscot river, and very fortunately they discovered a canoe with oars on the shore suited to their purpose.

While on the river they discovered a barge with a party of British from the fort in pursuit of them, but by taking an oblique course, and plying their oars to the utmost, they happily eluded the eyes of their pursuers and arrived safe on the western shore.

After having wandered in the wilderness for several days and nights, exposed to extreme fatigue and cold, and with no other food than a little dry bread and meat, which they brought in their pockets from the fort, they reached the settlements on the river St. George, and no further difficulties attended their return to their respective families.

90. Difficulties of Ocean Travel

By John Trumbull (1780–1781)

John Trumbull, a gallant young Connecticut officer, in this piece shows us how dangerous it was to cross the ocean. Besides the danger of wreck there was always the danger of capture.

Two opportunities offered for going to America; one was on a small fast sailing merchant vessel, unarmed, and relying entirely upon her speed to avoid the British cruisers which she must expect to meet; the other was the South Carolina, commanded by Commodore Gillon, a frigate of the first class, too strong to fear anything less than a ship of the line.

I chose the Carolina. Several of us passengers went on board, and on the 12th of August, soon after sunrise, the wind began to blow from the northwest, directly on shore, with every appearance of a heavy gale. The proper thing to have done, was to have run back into the Texel roads, but that we dared not do, lest the ship should be seized. We dared not run for the English channel, lest we should fall in with British cruisers of superior force.

The gale soon increased to such a degree, that it would have been madness to remain at anchor on such a lee shore. The only thing which could be done, therefore, was to lay the ship's head to the northeast, and carry sail. A fog soon came on, so

thick that we could hardly see from stem to stern; the gale increased to a very hurricane, and soon brought us to close-reefed topsails. The coast of Holland was under our lee, and we knew that we were running upon the very edge of the sands, which extend so far from the shore, that if the ship should touch, she must go to pieces before we could even see the land, and all hands must perish. We passed the morning in the deepest anxiety; in the afternoon we discovered that we had started several of the bolts of the weather main-chain plates. This forced us to take in our close-reefed topsails, as the masts would no longer bear the strain of any sail aloft, and we were obliged to rely upon a reefed foresail.

By this time, we knew that we must be not far from Heligoland, at the mouth of the Elbe, where the coast begins to trend to the northward, which increased the danger. At ten o'clock at night, a squall struck us heavier still than the gale, and threw our only sail aback; the ship became unmanageable, the officers lost their self-possession, and the crew all confidence in them, while for a few minutes all was confusion and dismay.

Happily for us, Commodore Barney was among the passengers, (he had just escaped from Mill prison in England,)—hearing the increased tumult aloft, and feeling the ungoverned motion of the ship, he flew upon deck, saw the danger, assumed the command, the men obeyed, and he soon had her again under control.

It was found that with the squall the wind had shifted several points, so that on the other tack we could lay a safe course to the westward, and thus relieve our mainmast. That our danger was imminent

no one will doubt, when informed that on the following morning, the shore of the Texel Island was covered with the wrecks of ships, which were afterwards ascertained to have been Swedish.

Among them was a ship of seventy-four guns, convoying twelve merchantmen — all were wrecked, and every soul on board perished. The figure-head of the ship-of-war, a yellow lion, the same as ours, was found upon the shore, and gave sad cause to our friends for believing, for some time, that the South Carolina had perished.

When the gale subsided, we stood to the northward, made the Orkneys, then Shetland, and when off Faro encountered another gale, more furious, if possible, than that of the 12th, but we had now sea-room and deep water. In the night, however, the ship labored so heavily as to roll the shot out of her lockers.

Several of us passengers had our cots slung in the great cabin, over the guns, which were forty-two pounders, and it was by no means a pleasant sight to see several dozens of these enormous shot rolling from side to side of the ship, with the roar of thunder, and crushing all that stood in their way, whether furniture, trunks or chests, while we hung over them swinging in our hammocks. This difficulty was overcome, and the rolling of the shot stopped, by throwing the sailors' hammocks among them.

Another danger was also apprehended — that some of the immense heavy guns might break loose. They were secured by running one of the cables outside, fore and aft, in front of the open port-holes, and passing strong lashings around that; by this addition to the usual ring-bolts, all was held safe until the gale was over.

We had now cleared the land of the British islands, and were off the west coast of Ireland, when it was thought to be necessary to examine into the state of our provisions and water. We were short; consequently, instead of continuing our course for America, it was determined to bear away for Corunna in Spain, the nearest friendly port.

We arrived in safety, in a few days. There we found the Cicero, of twenty guns and one hundred and twenty men, belonging to the house of Cabot in Beverly. She was to sail immediately for Bilboa, there to take on board a cargo, which was lying ready for her, and to sail for America.

The usual time required to run from Corunna to Bilboa was two to three days. We were again unfortunate; the wind being dead a-head, we were twenty-one days in making the passage, and, as if Jonah himself had been among us, at the end of eighteen days, we fell in with a little fleet of Spanish coasters who told us that they had seen a ship and two brigs, which they believed to be British cruisers. At sunset we saw what appeared to be the force described, and about midnight found we were within hail.

The Cicero ran close alongside of the ship, and hailed her in English — no answer; in French — no answer. The men, who were at their guns, impatient of delay, did not wait for orders, but poured in her broadside; the hostile squadron (as we supposed them) separated, and made all sail in different directions, when a boat from the large ship came alongside with her captain, a Spaniard, who informed us that they were Spanish vessels from St. Sebastians, bound to the West Indies — that his ship was very

much cut in her rigging, but happily, no lives lost. He had mistaken us for British vessels, and was delighted to find his mistake. We apologized for ours, offered assistance, and we parted most amicably.

DEBORAH SAMPSON.

No accident befel, until the last day of our passage. We saw the land of America, (the Blue Hills of Milton, near Boston,) in the afternoon of a beautiful day in January; at six o'clock, P.M., we laid the ship's head to the eastward, and stood off under easy sail

until midnight, when we hove about, and stood in to the westward, under the same sail. We expected to find ourselves at sunrise, at about the same distance from the land, and all was joy and merriment on board, at the near approach of home.

One honest old tar was happily on the lookout, and at three o'clock sung out from the forecastle, "breakers! breakers! close under our bow, and right ahead!" He was just in time; the crew, though merry, were obedient, and flew upon deck in time to escape the danger.

We found we were close upon the rocks of Cape Ann. We must have been drifted by a very strong current, for our course had been careful, and could never have brought the ship there. Before noon, we were safe in the port of Beverly, where we found eleven other ships, all larger and finer vessels than the Cicero — all belonging to the same owners, the brothers Cabot — laid up for the winter.

Yet such are the vicissitudes of war and the elements, that before the close of the year they were all lost by capture or wreck, and the house of Cabot had not a single ship afloat upon the ocean. In the evening, after we got into port, a snow storm came on, with a heavy gale from the eastward. The roads were so completely blocked up with snow, that they were impassable, and we did not get up to Boston until the third day; but I was at last safe on American land, and most truly thankful.

91. The Siege of Yorktown

By a Chaplain (1781)

September 22d, 1781.

To-day some of the troops arrived. General Washington arrived from the French fleet. The vessel he came in ran aground.

The British had taken Charleston (S.C.) and then marched northward, but were hemmed in at Yorktown by the American troops on one side and the French fleet on the other side.

Sunday, 23d. General Lincoln returned to-day from the mouth of the river, having been down to supply the troops with provisions. His vessel ran aground, and he was in great danger. I went to Williamsburgh and preached to the light infantry commanded by the Marquis De la Fayette.

28th. This day we marched to a place which is about two miles from the town of York.

29th. Our troops lay on their arms last night and expected an attack from the enemy; but they did not disturb us. This day the whole army approached the enemy's lines. A cannonade from the enemy took place, but we received very little injury.

October 2d. The firing of the enemy has continued all day, in order to annoy our men who are working on a redoubt. No men have been killed to-day in the American camp.

3d. This day the firing from the enemy abated. Last night four men were killed in our camp by one cannon ball by the enemy.

5th. Preparations are making to besiege the enemy with great vigor. Our troops vie with each other in the performance of duty and the love of danger.

9th. This day an American battery of six guns, eighteen and twenty four pounders, and four mortars began to play on the town.

10th. Last night the cannonade and bombardment did not cease. A second American battery is opened, and a French battery increases the horrors of war. The British batteries are mostly silent.

11th. A cannonade and bombardment continued through the greater part of last night. All day the engines of war have raged with redoubled fury. Two of the enemy's ships were burned last night; one to-day. They were fired by red-hot shot from a battery under the direction of Simon de St. Simon. I have heard of no man being killed to-day.

12th. The French have this day played upon the enemy from seven batteries. The horrors of war must have been very evident to our enemies.

13th. Last night the firing of the enemy was very constant and severe.

Sunday, 14th. No cessation of firing last night. This day Captain White and four soldiers were killed, and ten wounded in our trenches.

15th. Last night an attack was made on two redoubts of the enemy. They were both carried in the most gallant and enterprising manner.

The American light infantry, under the Marquis De La Fayette, in storming the redoubt had about eight killed and but four wounded. None of the enemy were put to death after they asked for mercy. This is an evidence of the generosity and humanity which dwell in the breasts of Americans, when they have a cruel and unmerciful enemy in their power.

17th. This day we opened some batteries on the second parallel, and are almost prepared to cannonade and bombard the town with seventy pieces of ordnance. The cannonade of to-day has been prevented by the arrival of a flag from the enemy.

They request a cessation of arms for twenty four hours; also desire to know upon what conditions the garrison may expect to surrender. General Washington informed them what terms he would give them. He has allowed them only two hours to consider them and to give an answer.

Four years ago to-day Burgoyne and his whole army surrendered to the United States. That signal instance of the smiles of heaven, and what we now have in prospect, should make us very thankful to Almighty God.

18th. This day the enemy have agreed to surrender themselves prisoners of war to the combined arms of France and America. Hallelujah!

19th. This day the enemy marched out of their works and laid down their arms. Some French and American troops have taken possession of the town.

20th. What an alteration do we find! The fields and plains, which so lately were the theatres of death and carnage, are now places of safety, and peace!

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